THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garet Garrett—Isaac F. Marcosson—J. P. Marquand—Elizabeth Frazer
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NATIONAL CANNED FOODS WEEK

NOV. 8-15

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the one certain way to get

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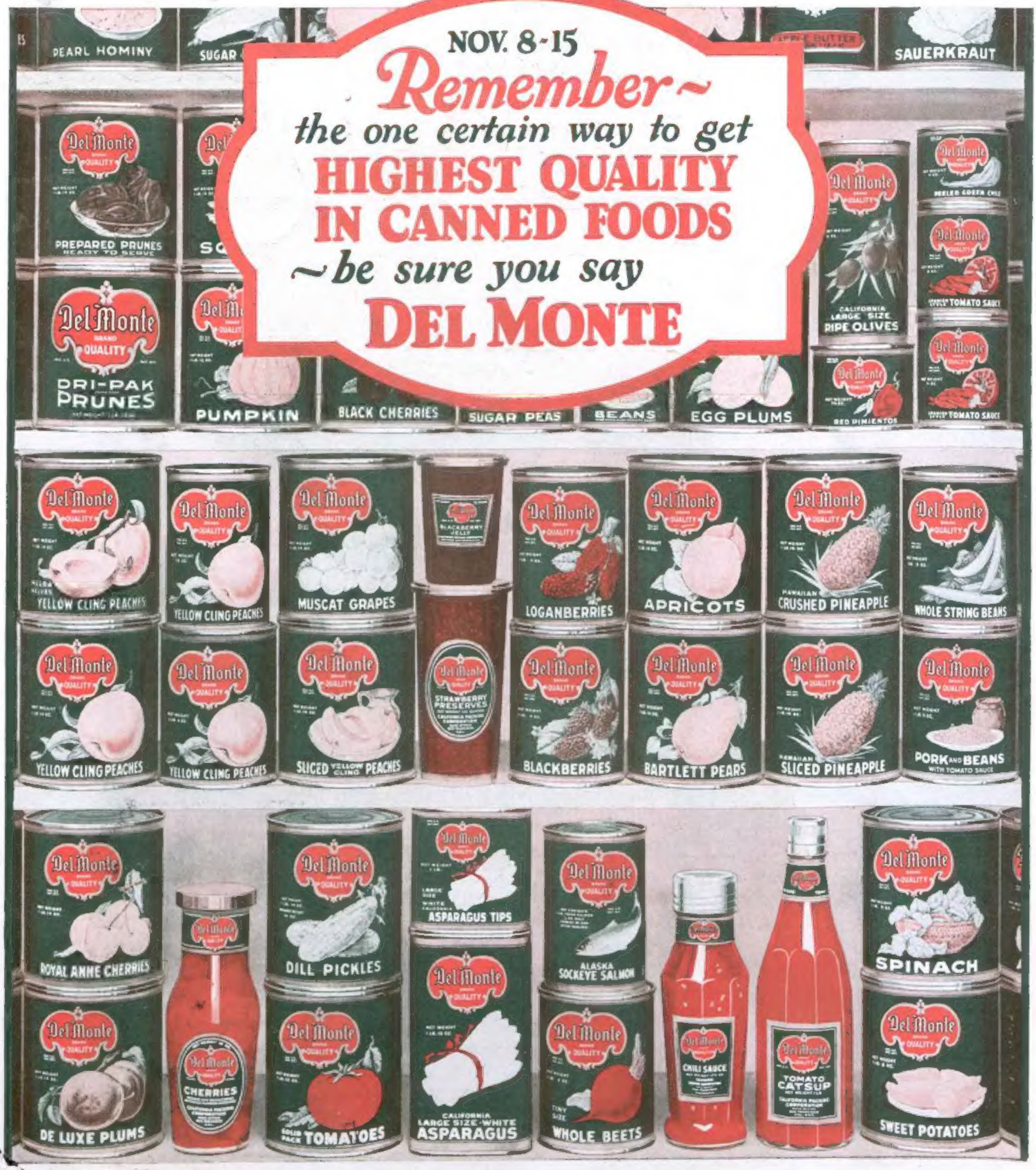

Order by the dozen cans~for convenience

Observatory Road, Cincinnati, Ohio. Tarvia-built 1908.

Traffic doubled and redoubled many times —but the Tarvia street is still good

IN 1908 they built the Tarvia pavement on Observatory Road. Motorists "flocked" to this new pavement—found it smooth, always free from mud and dust. On fine afternoons as many as twenty cars chugged by—heavy motor traffic for those days.

The old cars have gone their way—motor traffic has doubled and redoubled many times. But after sixteen years of this ever-increasing grind, Observatory Road's Tarvia pavement is as good as the day it was built.

Tarvia pavement can be kept good indefinitely at little cost. Or to put it another way—to make a Tarvia pavement last indefinitely, only the most economical maintenance is necessary. And these facts in addition:

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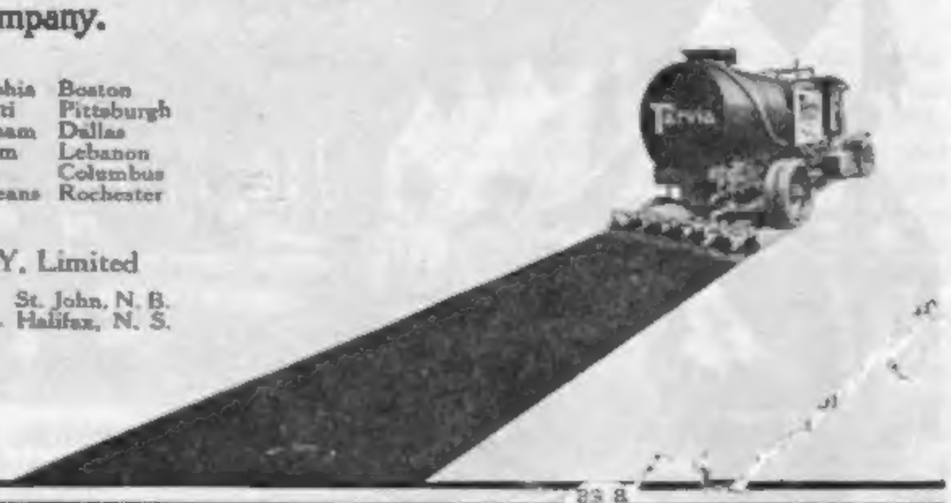

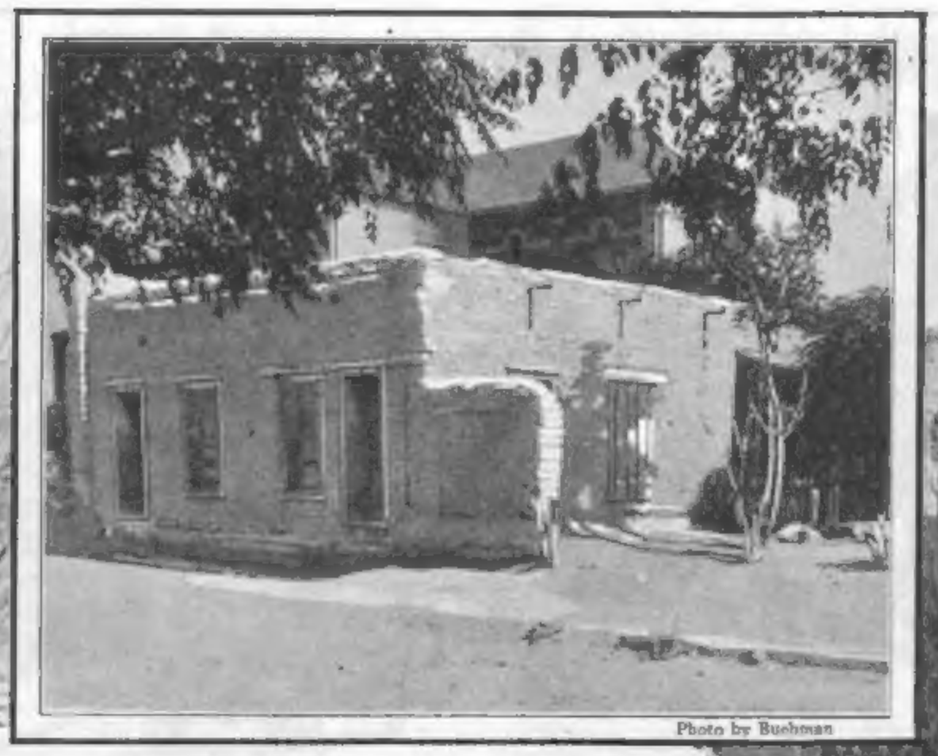

Photo by Buehman

The original charter for the pueblo of Tucson was granted by the King of Spain in 1551. The beautiful modern city of 20,000 inhabitants is said to have more sunshine than any other part of the United States. It was once Arizona's capital. The photograph shows the ruins of the second capitol building.

Tumacatori, the oldest mission in Arizona

"From ARIZONA to the ADIRONDACKS"

How women from Tucson to Plattsburg came to a common choice in soap

THE wave of public opinion in favor of fine *white* laundry soap has swept clear across America!

Geographical location makes little difference. Even in towns as unlike and widely distant from each other as Tucson, Arizona, and Plattsburg, N. Y., P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling soap. To set down the complete list of such towns and cities would far exceed the limits of this page.

There are, of course, women who sincerely doubt that by changing from the older types of soap, which have given acceptable results, they can get still better results with far less effort.

But as such women have learned, one by one, the advantages of a *white* soap as fine as P and G, they have become enthusiastic converts.

Today, therefore, P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in the country.

The reasons for this triumph of a particular soap are clear. Women have learned that P and G lessens rubbing and boiling, keeps white clothes *white*, preserves colors, sudses well in water of any desired temperature, dissolves dirt quickly and safely, rinses out thoroughly and leaves clothes sweet and clean, without the slightest trace of soapy odor or yellowish tinge.

Whether you do the laundry work yourself or employ a laundress, you should see that P and G is used. Its advantages will soon be revealed by the clock, by back and arm muscles, and by the clothes themselves.

Procter & Gamble

The DeLord House and Historic Museum; British headquarters during the Battle of Plattsburg

Photo by Brush Studio

Plattsburg, on beautiful Lake Champlain, was named for Zephaniah Platt, who founded the outpost in 1784. Here, in 1916, the Citizens' Training Camp idea was given its first trial. Nearly 30,000 officer candidates were actually trained here.

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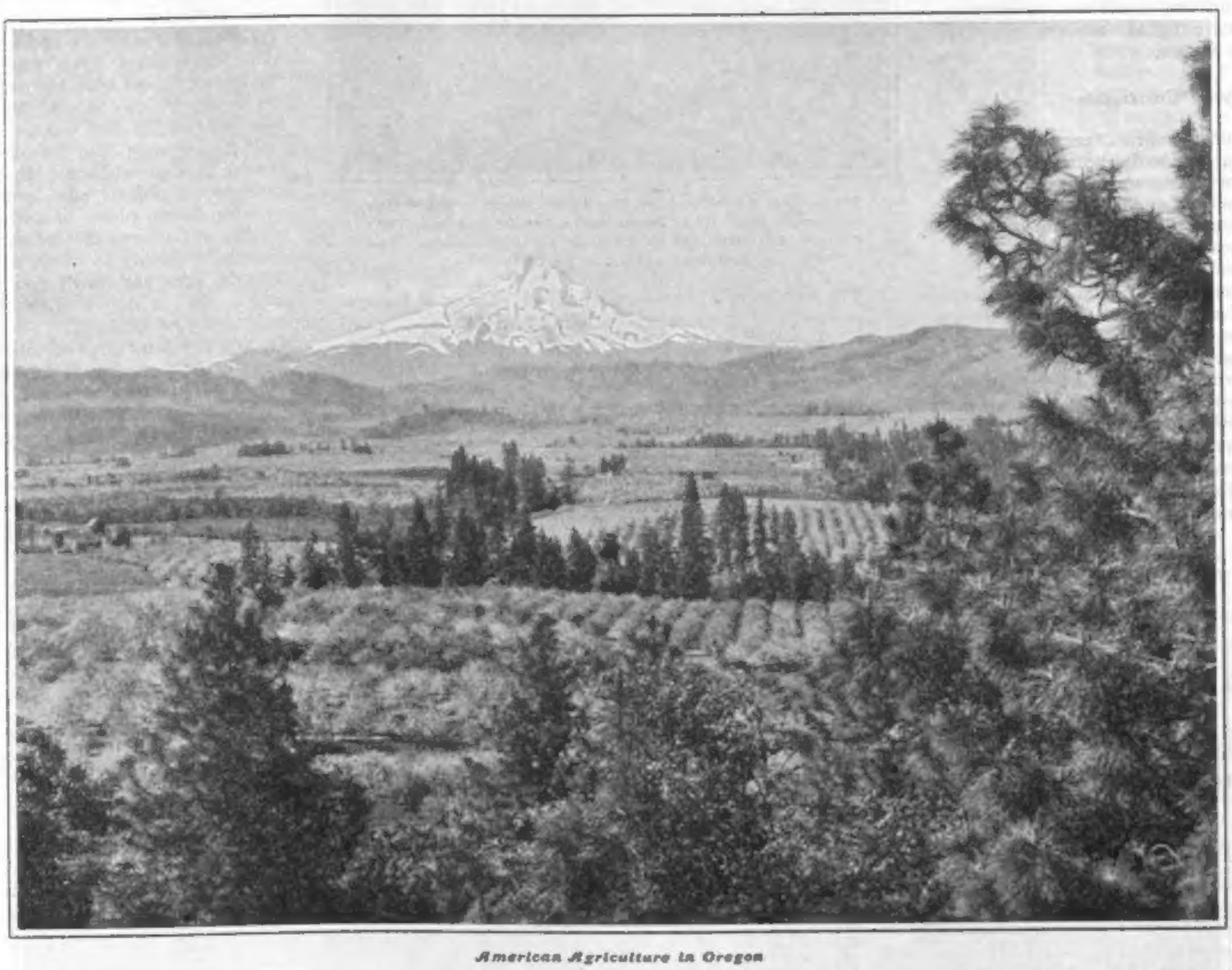
Exposing the Farm Problem

By GARET GARRETT

THIS plight of agriculture, entitled the farm problem, is very old. The trouble began in the Garden of Eden when the Lord said to Adam:

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake. . . . Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."

Adam appears to have had a proper conviction of sin. No fatuous word of lamentation is recorded of him. He studied weed control, did the best he could, and Cain came to do the chores. It had to be proved all over again to Cain. It is written that he became a tiller of the ground, not a cattleman running his flocks on the free range like his brother Abel, but a hard-working dirt farmer. And it came to pass, according to the Word, that in the process of time he brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord.



American Agriculture in Oregon

"But unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect." There it was. A good crop, no doubt, in spite of the thorns and thistles; a good crop, and no credit for it. Agriculture despised. The earth's produce held in contempt.

How was this to be explained?

You see how the first people explained it. They referred the condition of agriculture to the calamity of original sin. There are worse explanations. For why should the precious fruits of the ground be taken for granted and without wonder? Why should the labor of tillage be disesteemed? Why, indeed, should it not be anxiously rewarded above any other, seeing how necessary it is and that all the artificial magnificence of the world must be sustained thereby from a film of soil thinner than the skin of a plum? Yet even the Greeks in their splendor called the farmers who nourished them "dust feet."

Do City Men Control Prices of Farm Products?

CAIN was angry. Who wouldn't have been? He might have become a farm bloc, only there was then no Congress. What he did was to leave the farm. He went and made a city, where there was organ and harp playing; also lights, dancing, barter and manufacturing. This strange, revengeful act of Cain's greatly complicated the farm problem. Henceforth forever there would be two ways of living and two kinds of people—urban and rural. Agriculture was despised by the cities. Besides which, the people of the cities became cunning in trade, which they invented, and made all the prices, which also they invented, so that the farmer who fed them, without whose labor they could not have enjoyed their wickedness, was obliged to take whatever they were pleased to say his produce was worth. When he complained, they told him they did not make prices. The law of supply and demand did that. It was true, but that didn't help him and he has never believed it.

Empires, civilizations, races of men have come and vanished since then; science has appeared, the elements are classified in a mathematical scale, the mysteries of the Garden of Eden are the working facts of plant biology, the ox is a gasoline tractor, mechanical power is in every man's hand, extending it incredibly—and the grievances of agriculture are still the same as in the time of Cain. They are two, only two: First, that the labor of tillage is despised and ill rewarded; second, that cities make the prices and control the terms of trade.

By selecting a few facts you can easily prove these grievances to be either true or false. If it is truth, not argument, you seek, the way is much more difficult. There are too many facts. In the impossible event that you got them all you could never weigh them. Therefore it is necessary to generalize from representative facts. What are the largest indisputable generalizations that may be made concerning American agriculture? They are these—namely: That the American farmer, taking him freely, is the most prosperous, the most assisted, the most entertained, the most exhorted in his own behalf, the best informed, the best housed, the best dressed, the most extravagant and the least bent farmer in the whole world. Never before anywhere was there an agriculture comparable in all these respects to American agriculture.

The Two Complaints of the Farmer

AND yet the American farmer is very discontented. His complaints are notorious. They seem to be numberless. Always, however, they are two—the same two: That his labor is despised and ill rewarded; not actually, since he cannot any more say his labor is actually ill rewarded, but relatively in contrast with the rewards of trade and industry; and that he deals at a disadvantage with the cities. They run together at last and come to but one thing. What the farmer complains of is that he is not getting his share. His share of what? His share of wealth.

What the farmer wants is more. That is human. So does everybody else want more. It seems very simple at this point. All that is left is the problem—the farm problem, that is.

It may not exist. Certainly it does not exist as a horizontal problem touching agriculture as a whole, because agriculture as a whole is like mankind as a whole, or the average man of statistics. Who is mankind? Where is that average man? There is no such thing. There is only the idea of it. None the less, perhaps all the more, the idea of a farm problem with implications universal to agriculture as a whole has an enormous displacement in all current political and economic thought. People of many kinds are

persuaded that agriculture as a whole does not receive its share—those who know nothing about it, who do not know even what they mean, who would have not the faintest notion of how to prove what its share is, or, if it were proved to be less than enough, how it might be increased.

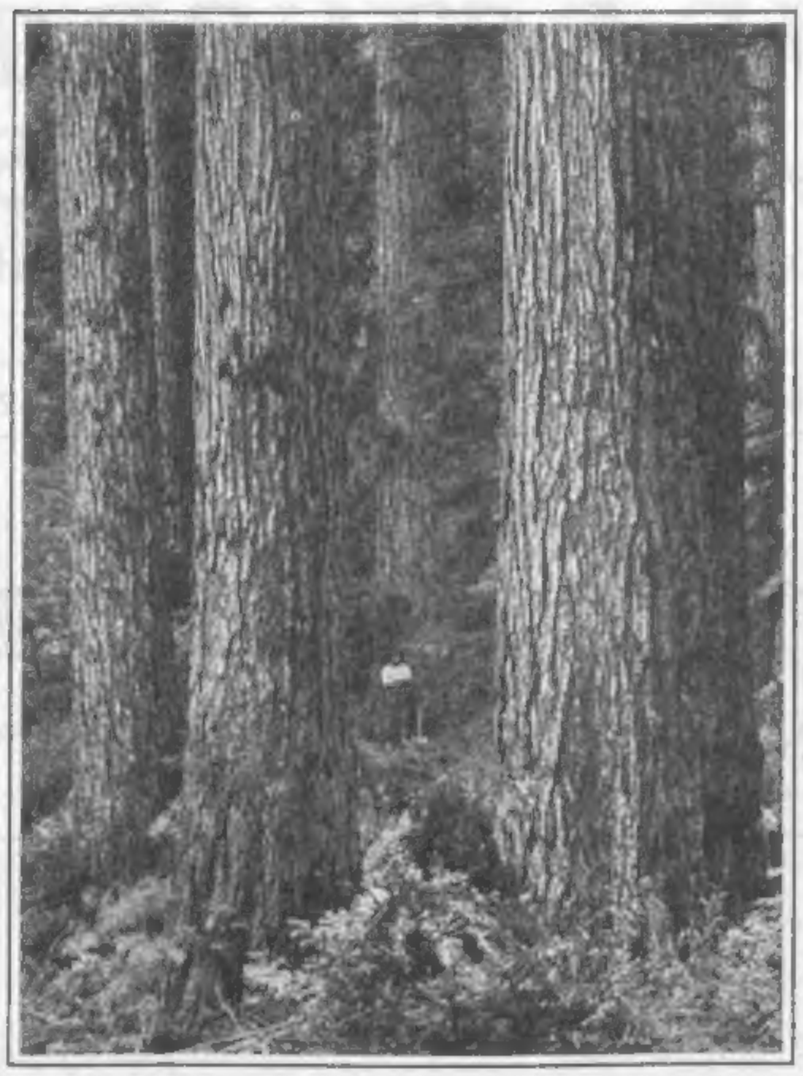
The idea is emotional and historic. It is shared by people who are not farmers and never mean to be; and it signifies perhaps a certain attitude toward the power and growth of modern business, toward industrialism, which is new in the world. How otherwise explain the association of radical farmers with radical labor? They have nothing rational in common. Remember that agriculture is very old. For long it was the only source of power and wealth. This country at first was wholly agricultural; what trade there was was derived from agriculture. Then suddenly industry displaced agriculture. Industry became the paramount source of power and wealth. This has happened just now, in our own time, and nothing comparable had happened in all the history of the world before.

Coincidentally with the rise of industry, the condition of agriculture has enormously, magically improved. To know this you have only to think what a successful farmer now has to use and enjoy in contrast with what he had fifty years ago—mechanical power, automobiles, milking machines, automatic tools, telephones, electric lights, modern schools, paved roads, suburban houses.

A Study in Contrasts

THE profits of American agriculture in the last twenty years—a period including both the wartime inflation and the postwar depression—were greater than ever before. They were greater than the profits of agriculture had been anywhere in the world before until then. But the profits of industry were even greater. There is the rub. All is relative. What the farmer complains of is contrast. When he was poor indeed—without the contrast, that is—when all agriculture was in fact poor, he did not complain at all. In the extreme northwest corner of Washington is a fertile valley so far away from the world that farming is still practiced in the primitive way. Once a year the people bring out their surplus on pack animals. They do not complain. But a peach grower in the San Joaquin Valley, of California, with two automobiles in his garage and an electric range in the kitchen, complains that he cannot live on what he gets for his fruit, which is now thirty-five dollars a ton against fifteen in premotor days. There is contrast of another kind. It may be mentioned.

None of this is clear in the controlling idea of the farm problem. Almost nothing is clear in that idea. It makes no wonder of the fact that examples of successful and unsuccessful farming lie side by side, with only a fence between them; of the fact that growing the same crops on the same soil under the same political and economic conditions, one farmer spends his winters in California or Florida and another becomes exhibit 32,643 in the Department of Agriculture's picture of American agriculture's hardships; of the fact that though there is said to be no profit in farming, it is a common thing to find one farm sustaining two families—one the proprietor family living in town, the other the tenant family living on the place.



These Enormous Douglas Firs in Washington are Being Lumbered Off. What Remains is Cut-Over Land, Very Fertile, But Difficult to Reclaim for Agriculture. The Problem is What to Do With It

The literature of the farm problem is heavier than a corn crop, and nowhere in it is there an established conclusion. The National Economic League has just devoted an issue of its Consensus to the unsatisfactory condition of agriculture as "one of the paramount problems for consideration by this country at the present time." It sent out a questionnaire and then classified the replies. Causes assigned for the unsatisfactory condition of agriculture had to be grouped under twelve general heads; the remedies proposed were grouped under sixteen heads. And under each head it would be possible, aye, necessary, to write an economic treatise for purposes of further argument.

So now we are at the other extreme. Nothing is simple. The complexities are overwhelming. Well, you may say, there is some gain in this. The problem is lost in its own wilderness. Let it alone. But you cannot let it alone. The idea of it is a very troublesome political fact.

All confusion arises from this—that the idea is general, whereas the problem is in each case a particular problem demanding a particular solution. Agriculture, itself endlessly diverse in method and opportunity, is a way of life for half the people. It contains every contradiction that operates in human affairs. Very often there is no answer.

Why the People are Riled

FOR a complete view of the problem in one of its unanswerable aspects you might go much farther than the general store at Augusta, Montana, and then miss it. Augusta is an old cattle town in the Sun River Valley. Before cattle there was mining. Now it is where people stop for supper on their way to see why farmers fail on the United States reclamation project. There is no railroad. The general store is the strangest in the world. Walk right in. Eberle will appear. He may be taking that wink of sleep he lost fifty years ago when it was his use and wont to rise at dawn and shoe forty mules. From going up and coming down he has worn out with his own feet a stout stairway built with his own hands. Never having had time to get married, he has wanted nothing from the Lord but the common day. Besides what you might think to see in a general store, there are many forgotten, unexpected objects, such as little clay crucibles, old pewter dishes, pieces of antique furniture and curiosities of battered bric-a-brac. On the second floor, coming suddenly to view, will be a nest of coffins.

Eberle, who has heard you prowling about, pokes a beard above the stair well and roars agreeably, "Help yourself to a good fit."

"Do you also bury your customers?"

"Yes," he says, coming all the way up. "Look at them!" He points out the window to a little graveyard.

"How did you get all this junk together?"

"Bought it from people going out."

"Why?"

"Why? Wasn't anybody else to buy it, was there?"

"Miners first, then cattlemen, and now the farmers who try it up here on the land the Government has irrigated—the losers and quitters. Those you mean?"

"You've got it," he says.

"What about the people who are still here?"

"They're riled up."

"What riles them?"

"Wouldn't you be? Suppose you brought in ten dozen eggs and got fifteen cents a dozen for them and had to live a month on that. Would you be riled?"

"Who buys their eggs?"

"I do."

"Do you ship them out?"

"Where to?"

"What do you do with them?"

"Sell them to the Indians around here."

"Why not charge the Indians more for them? Then you could pay more and people might not be so riled up."

"Ain't the Indians got to live? They can't pay any more. Anyhow, why should they?"

(Continued on Page 161)

Wheat Grown in 1924 by the Summer-Fallow Method in the Triangle of Montana, a Region where Bonanza Farming Had Brought Hard Times to Large Numbers of Homesteaders

POZZI OF PERUGIA

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

BEHIND the Square of St. Mark's in Venice was where Mr. Otto Frankenstein made his discovery. It was on a canal, too narrow and evil smelling to tempt the tourists' gondolas, three flights up in a grim stone building whose battered façade lowered sullenly over the muddy water. It was there that Mr. Frankenstein found the man he wanted. A gentleman less astute and less equipped would never have found him, but Mr. Frankenstein had his own underground sources of information. He knew his Venice every bit as well as Ruskin knew his; but though both had art as their aim, Mr. Frankenstein's Venice was different from Ruskin's. From long experience Frankenstein knew where to buy all sorts of things for a low price and no questions asked, as well as officials at the customs barrier who would not bother to open packages.

The stairs that Mr. Frankenstein climbed on his voyage of discovery were difficult and long. He was obliged to pause occasionally for breath, for he was growing too old and fat to manage stairs in a dingy Venetian tenement. At the third landing he paused for nearly a minute, and took off his hat, a Tyrol felt hat, and wiped the rim with a checkered silk handkerchief. It was late September, but it was very hot. Next he passed his handkerchief over his pendulous, clean-shaven cheeks, and finally removed his thick gold-rimmed spectacles in order to wipe the lenses. He was standing in a long hall, lighted by a broken window. Before him was a battered door.

Apprehensively Mr. Frankenstein looked up and down the hall, but finally he doubled his fist and brought it down on the panels. It was not a hard, rather an insinuating, confidential knock, but it was full of portent and carried far. The touch of his soft knuckles closed a circuit that crossed an ocean. Is there anything in premonition? Over in America, did old Jethro Courtney and Helen Courtney and Tom Bacchus move restlessly when Mr. Frankenstein knocked on that dingy door? They should have; a great many people should have.

Mr. Frankenstein paused expectantly, but he did not have long to wait. A bolt rattled and the door opened a crack, but no farther.

"Ah," came a voice from behind the door which did not sound wholly pleased. "Now what the devil do you want here?"

"My friend," remonstrated Mr. Frankenstein in a slightly guttural tone, "don't be alarmed at me. Is that the way to speak to anyone who comes from America to talk business?"

The door opened wider and Mr. Frankenstein gave a soft, contented grunt. The room he entered was unprepossessing. A single grated window looked out over tiles and chimney pots. Two chairs, a table and a bed were the only furnishings, all horribly untidy. Each article of furniture, and even the floor, was covered with loose yellowed pages of manuscript. There was a little heap of steel instruments on the table beside several saucers filled with rusty ill-smelling liquids, but Mr. Frankenstein did not mind. Before him was standing the man he had been looking for. He was a young man with a fair, almost æsthetic face, and with eyes which were studiously intent. He was wrapped in a faded plum-colored dressing gown of old brocade. There were ink spots on the dressing gown and traces of ink on his hands.

"Ah!" said Mr. Frankenstein ponderously. "They told me you were up to something."

"Who?" the other asked him hastily.

"Ah," said Mr. Frankenstein, "now why are you so suspicious? I have not come to hurt you. My London correspondents told me. You have something to show me. Now tell me what you are doing."

"Resting," the other answered shortly.

"No, no," said Mr. Frankenstein. "You never rest. You always have something interesting, Mr. Ashby."

The young man before him hastily raised an ink-stained hand, and for the first time he smiled, a smile that made his whole face pleasantly bright.

"Hush!" he said. "I'm not English; I'm Italian now. Haven't you heard? Haven't you heard about the trouble with the candlesticks in London? And then there were bracelets in Paris—trouble, nothing but trouble; but what do you want? I'm always ready to talk."

"You needn't tell me," responded Mr. Frankenstein, "that you're not up to something. You always appear and go away. No, don't look at me so; I'm not here to bother you. I'm here because you're a student and a connoisseur; because you know more about Renaissance jewelry than any other man alive."

"Ha!" The young man made a motion so quick and unexpected that Mr. Frankenstein jumped. "I know you. You want another affidavit. Well, you don't get it! You don't get it, do you hear?"

"No! No!" cried Mr. Frankenstein hastily. "I've come about gold work. I want it for New York."

There was a moment's silence.

"How did you guess," asked Mr. Frankenstein's host, "that I was interested in that?"

"Ah," said Mr. Frankenstein with an expansive smile, "I find out all sorts of things."

"New York!" The other half closed his eyes, and his face was no longer the face of a scholar. "It's been a long time since I've seen the tall buildings. I hadn't thought about New York. Perhaps—I don't know you well—but perhaps I might talk business."

"Good!" said Mr. Frankenstein. "Then you are up to something!"

Without replying directly, the other opened a door to an adjoining room.

"Amelio," he called softly, "bring in the Pozzi chain."

And the circuit had closed. The story of the Pozzi chain had started, and it was too late to stop.

"Boys," He Would Inquire in a Queer High Voice Which Never Had Lost its Nasal Note, "Is Anything Stirrin' in Old Gold?"

II

FROM the days of the Italian Renaissance it seems a long and dubious road to the adventure of Jethro Courtney and the Pozzi chain. Superficially speaking, there seems a shocking difference of morals and manners of life. Yet often as he thought of it afterwards, alone in his great unwieldy house, it seemed to Jethro Courtney that the Renaissance, the very days of Benvenuto Cellini, swept over him like a wave when he acquired the Pozzi chain.

There is something peculiarly indestructible in the elements that make up the world. Drifting somewhere beyond the vision of the law, there is still that old inversion of moral sense which once drew sparks from daggers. One's heart, even an old man's heart, has a way of skipping at the sight of a goldsmith's scroll, and beauty can still awaken a hot desire for possession as strong as ever burned beneath an Italian sun. He had a love for beauty, though no one ever guessed it. It was a curious vagrant streak within him which was more than acquisitive instinct.

No one ever guessed it, and least of all his family. The rest of the Courtneys, like everyone else, thought he was an eccentric old gentleman who threw away his money. Even Helen Courtney, who was the only one he cared to see, knew nothing of his purchase of the Pozzi chain until her mother told her.

It happened late one afternoon in early spring. Helen Courtney was seated near a window in the library upstairs, where she could see the automobiles on Fifth Avenue and the trees of Central Park, still bare, but faintly green. She was looking impatiently out the window when she was surprised by her mother coming in. She was surprised because she and her mother did not belong to the same set and seldom met except at dinner. At the sight of her mother in the doorway Helen raised her eyebrows slightly and tossed a cigarette she was smoking in the general direction of the fireplace.

"Why, mother," said Helen, "you look as if something was the matter!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Courtney, "I wish you would be more careful. You'll burn a hole in the rug some day."

"Never mind," said Helen languidly, "we can always buy another."

"Do I Interrupt?" He Said. "Excuse Me. I am Sorry"

Mrs. Courtney did not pursue the subject. She may have felt the truth of the remark, for it was true without a doubt that the Courtneys could always buy another.

"My dear," said Mrs. Courtney, "you have a caller downstairs."

"If it's Tom Bacchus," said Helen, "why didn't they send him up?"

Mrs. Courtney also raised her eyebrows, though very slightly. There was a grace about all the Courtney women such as is apt to come of wealth, a delicate untroubled impersonality. Her voice changed when she answered, but only in the subtlest way.

"What you can see in Tom Bacchus," said Mrs. Courtney, "is more than I can imagine. It is the younger generation, I suppose. Personally, I find him very stupid, and he always drinks too much. Tom is not downstairs."

"If it's anyone else," said Helen smoothly, "I've left orders to say I'm out."

"I know you did, dear," said Mrs. Courtney; "but I came in just in time. Your Uncle Jethro is waiting for you in the drawing-room."

Helen sat up straighter.

"But he can't want to see me," she said.

"He asked for you especially," said Mrs. Courtney. "Now hurry and go on down."

"But what does he want?" asked Helen. "He's never wanted to see any of us before."

Mrs. Courtney smiled very faintly and looked at Helen in a disconcerting way before replying.

"Uncle Jethro is always very blunt," she said. "I suppose it's the way with all self-made men. He says you're the only member of the family with any brains, my dear—think of that! He says you're the only one who can think a consecutive thought. You talked to him about old rings on Thanksgiving Day. I was watching across the table. He never noticed you till then."

"But what does he want?" repeated Helen. "I had to speak to him about something."

"He wants," said Helen's mother, "to take you with him to Long Island. If you ever troubled to read the papers, dear, you couldn't help knowing why. Your uncle has spent a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on an antique gold chain. The Harrowers and, I believe, the person who discovered it are coming down for dinner. He wants you to help entertain them. Now don't keep him waiting."

"I can't go to Long Island," said Helen.

It was a weak thing for her to say. She could not tell why she could not. Perhaps it was some premonition that warned her. For a moment she seemed to feel the shadows of the entrance hall of her Uncle Jethro's house. Through some architectural freak the hall was shadowy even on the brightest day, and the carpets were so heavy and noiseless that everyone who walked across the threshold was also silent, like a shadow. She could not tell why she could not go. She only knew that something inside her drew back and urged her against it.

"I can't," she said. "Please don't make me, mother."

"My dear," said Mrs. Courtney, "remember, we must all be very nice to your Uncle Jethro. I had always been afraid he would leave his money to an institution, until he came today. You can cancel your other engagements."

Helen stood up. As she did so her hands went instinctively to smooth down her dress. It was a dress of gray satin cut in flowing lines. As her hands touched it, its surface felt as smooth and light as air and as faithless as a wish. It felt light and inadequate, a useless flimsy thing, and her touch itself seemed strangely light and futile. She seemed to be going against her will on a journey to a strange unwelcome place.

"I can't go," she said; "Tom and I were going to ride tomorrow."

"Your Uncle Jethro," said her mother, "has already asked Tom. He told him you were coming down."

Why was it, there in the library, where everything had seemed so dully sure, that she should have a feeling that she was dealing with unfamiliar things?

Helen Courtney was still too young and still too much immersed in the mechanics of living to be afraid. Helen had never been afraid, but instinctively she dreaded things which she could not understand.

She was not the only one who could not understand Jethro Courtney. None of the Courtneys could. He was the last of the older generation, and, as Helen's mother put it, he had never quite got over it. It was a vague term, but it had its own distinctive meaning. Uncle Jethro was Helen's great-uncle and the last of the Courtneys who had felt the buffets of the world. Though it had all happened a very long time ago, Uncle Jethro's eye still retained its old triumphant glitter, that ordinary attribute of mortals who have pitted themselves against the handicaps of life. Like an antiquated fire horse that runs at the first alarm, like the habituated orator who can never refrain from addressing a meeting, however small or humble, Uncle Jethro, even at the age of sixty-eight, had never found the secret of sitting back and letting the world go by.

When Jethro Courtney and Helen's grandfather were both very young, long before the Courtneys' name appeared in the Social Register, they put their belongings in a handkerchief and left a horse breeder's farm in Vermont, where they were doing manual labor. Neither of them guessed as they plodded through the dust of the highroad in that glowing day of their youth how far they were going to leave the farm behind them.

At the age of fifty the Courtney brothers emerged from obscurity with some three million dollars apiece, gained from investments in land and grain and mining. At this stage Helen's grandfather, victorious but weary, saw fit to stop and die, and to his children and his grandchildren the products of money became a part of fact. But Uncle Jethro kept right on. He turned the wheat market upside down. He doubled his capital in the panic of 1907 and tripled it in the war. He was a little dazed when he stopped at last, but the habit of buying and selling was too heavy upon him to cast off like a laurel wreath.

In that fair haven which since the beginning of time has afforded refuge for rich and tired old men, Jethro Courtney joined the rest. He was weary of collecting dollars, but not of the collector's instinct. Instinctively he turned to those things which in a way are the memorials of wealth, and which have begun to drift about the world, the last survivals of the wealth which made them. Old Jethro Courtney took up collecting. Mr. Jethro Courtney, with his old lank figure which no tailor could ever fit, still square of shoulder, with his face still lean and wrinkled into a rustically staring look, would wander moodily through the Fifth Avenue showrooms. His eyes were of a pale delft blue, which gave him that innocent mildness indelibly connected with blue-eyed men whether old or young. Many and many a man had made regrettable mistakes when they looked into old Jethro's eyes. His hair was white, and he had a mustache, venerable as the January snows, which drooped limply over the corners of his mouth. It was his habit in the showrooms, and, indeed, in almost any room, to smoke long, thin cigars of an inexpensive, suffocating brand. In the showrooms and in the auction rooms there were many who wished he would stop, but no one for many years had dared to ask old Jethro to stop smoking.

"Boys," he would inquire in a queer high voice which never had lost its nasal note, "is anything stirrin' in old gold?"

From day to day he would ask that question expectantly, as though he always hoped for a panic in ancient jewelry.

"If not," he would conclude, "how's the price in Renaissance silver runnin'?"

And then they would hand him the auction catalogue and he would go through it with slowly blinking eyes.

They used to think he asked those questions from an innocent desire for knowledge, until they found he knew more about that exotic market than the members of the firm.

III

HELEN COURTNEY could smell her great-uncle's cigar. Its smoke was curling through the portières of the drawing-room as she came down the stairs. Out in the hall, on a Jacobean settee, intended more for hats and coats than people, Martin, her great-uncle's man, was sitting. As Helen passed him, however, Martin sprang up deferentially, and as he did so a box of japanned iron he had been holding across his knees slipped in his fingers as he grasped at it and dropped clear of his hands.

With a convulsive movement, so sudden that she started back, he had bent down and snatched at the box before it struck the floor.

"Beg pardon, miss," said Martin; "it was very unfortunate of me."

It was curious, the desperate way that Martin had snatched for that cheap shiny thing. Surely it would have come to no hurt if it had fallen on the floor.

"Why, Martin ——" she began.

Her heart was still beating fast. Not the violence of Martin's action but the motive impelling the violence startled her most. In that trivial instant the light in his eye and the flashing white of his hand awakened within her a vague understanding. It was there, and then it was gone. It had lasted for only an instant, for a fleeting bit of space not properly measured by time.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said again. "But—but the new chain's inside. Surely you know of it, miss—the Pozzi chain."

He had started like someone in pain—all for a chain of gold.

When Helen came in the drawing-room Uncle Jethro removed his cigar from his mouth and pursed his lips.

"So there you are," he said. "Well, well."

It was his usual salutation, but even when she was a little girl, brought down the stairs by her nurse, she realized that in his last two words he could compress a wealth of meaning. They bore his estimate of character. They could run merrily, or limp with regret, or glide with cynical contempt, or sometimes they could be as blank or quiet as his eyes.

It had always frightened Helen when Uncle Jethro said "Well, well," and he seemed to notice it with a sort of gentle pleasure.

"Well, well," he said again, "are you ready to start?"

"But, Uncle Jethro ——" began Helen.

"Don't tell me you don't know all about it," interrupted Uncle Jethro. "I've never married, thank the Lord, but I know about women. Tell one woman something and every woman knows. I heard your mamma running up the stairs —— Let's get moving."

"But I didn't say I was coming," Helen retorted.

"There ain't any need to say," returned Uncle Jethro. "Martin, ring for a maid and tell her to bring Miss Helen's hat and coat."

"Perhaps," said Helen, "I don't want to come. Did you ever think of that?"

Uncle Jethro looked at her and the wrinkles grew deeper beneath his eyes. For the first time he appeared to give her his full attention.

"Well, well," he said, "don't you want to?"

"I don't know," said Helen.

"Now don't that beat all?" said Uncle Jethro. "I sort of hoped you'd like to go. Well, well."

Suddenly she knew that he was hurt and sorry. It was the first time she had ever noticed anything in him like loneliness or regret. For a moment he stood looking at her quite indecisively, stroking his white mustache.

"Well," he said, and coughed. "Well, I guess it's time to be going. I meant to make it nice. I asked that young feller of yours, too, but I'll fix him up all right."

"Uncle Jethro," said Helen, "I didn't say I wouldn't. Only—I haven't packed. I haven't had time to think."

Uncle Jethro's lips curled under his white mustache.

"Your bag's all ready in the hall," he said.

The sun was growing low as they reached the street, making the trees of the park cast long shadows over the soft green grass, and the shadows of the pedestrians on the pavement were incongruously long and black. Helen's great-uncle had on a broad-brimmed felt hat and a long dark opera cloak. It was a costume which always disturbed the Courtneys. Helen said it was like an aged fencing master's. They all agreed that it was an undignified striving for effect. That afternoon the drapery of his cloak appeared to give him an added height, so that Helen could almost imagine that the sun played some part in his appearance, that the sun was striving to make her uncle long and disproportioned, a shadow which would not lie flat like other shadows on the ground. A chauffeur and a footman were on the outside seat of the limousine. As Helen and her uncle came down the steps, the footman, a straight, fair-skinned young man, pulled open the door. Jethro Courtney did not seem so feeble that three men, young and strong, should be required to take him to Long Island.

"Why, Uncle Jethro," said Helen, "you never had another man before!"

"You don't know much about me," her uncle agreed cheerfully, "and I don't—not generally, but today's a particular day for me."

"But what ——"

"Get in," said Uncle Jethro; "you'll know about it by and by. Martin, get in, too, and sit on the folding seat. Here! I don't want any help. I'm not a cripple yet, boy. Close the door and keep your eyes open. That's what you're here for. Close the door and tell Harry to let her go."

The door closed and the limousine moved forward without a jar, hardly giving more perception of motion than a liner leaving its slip. Jethro Courtney leaned back in his corner of the seat. For some time he volunteered no further information, and instead looked thoughtfully out of the window while his car edged its way to the Williamsburg Bridge, leaving Helen to wonder why he had asked her and what pleasure he found in her company. He did not speak again until they were close to the edge of the river.

"Thunder!" he said half to himself. "It don't seem possible I can remember when half this was vacant lots and boys were playing ball. It looks as if I've seen the whole world change and all life change."

He glanced mildly at Helen when he had finished, without visible approval or disapproval. She had on a coat of a wine-red color trimmed with a soft gray fur. Her hat was one of those bell-shaped hats that half hid her eyes, so that she was obliged to tilt back her head to meet her uncle's glance. She ran her hand over the fur trimming, and, like her dress, it was peculiarly inadequate and yielding to her touch.

"Yes," said Uncle Jethro, "men have changed and women have changed. It seems to me none of 'em think or act the same."

"Oh, I don't know," said Helen.

Uncle Jethro blinked sleepily.

"Well, well," he said, "I know you don't. Why should you?"

"You know I didn't mean it that way," Helen began.

"Well, well," replied Uncle Jethro. He was always fond of a tilt at words, and sometimes he could play at them with extraordinary skill. "It's the only sensible way to mean it, and all I look for's sense."

"Everybody, when they get old," said Helen, "thinks the world's going to pieces."

"I didn't say it was," replied Uncle Jethro; "I said everything is changing, which is not the same."

"Then," said Helen, "why has everything changed? What's changed it?"

"You want to have me tell you?"

"Yes," said Helen.

"All right; but it won't interest you, I guess."

Uncle Jethro did not begin immediately. He looked out the window and craned his neck to stare at the road in front. They had crossed the bridge. They were through the traffic and were going more quickly past that ugly fringe of buildings in Long Island which marks the end of city streets. In front of them Martin was sitting stiffly with the japanned box balanced on his knee. Now and then Martin would move his head in the direction of the driver's mirror. She had been over the Jamaica road a hundred times. Why was it she should feel she was being carried to some place she did not know?

"What's changed the world since I was young?" her uncle was saying. "It's funny you want to know, for you're the one who put me in mind of what's changed it."

"I did?" cried Helen.

"Well, well, you almost did. I don't suppose you recall it. On Thanksgiving Day, when you had to sit next me at table. I wasn't listening much. It don't often pay to listen when

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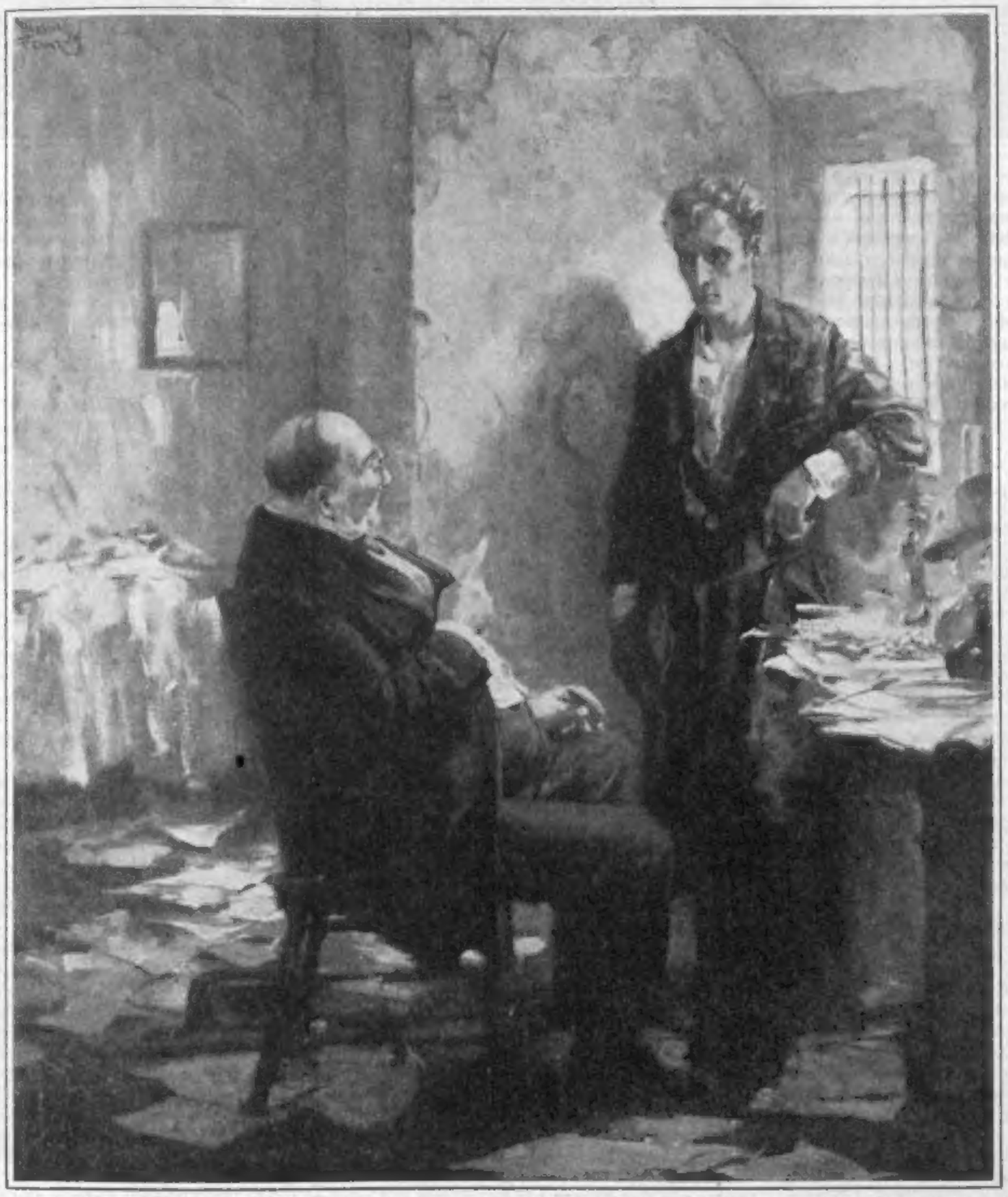

"How Did You Guess That I Was Interested in That?" "Ah," Said Mr. Frankenstein With an Expansive Smile, "I Find Out All Sorts of Things"

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

Trotzky—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN EACH of the three European countries whose potentialities for trouble need no diagram, there has been one outstanding personality these last years who dramatized the national traits. In Germany, Hugo Stinnes not only thrived on inflation but capitalized the aftermath of the World War. Mustapha Kemal Pasha embodies the new Turkish nationalism that is not without its menace to the Balkans. Lenine and Trotzky formed a sort of Siamese twins that incarnated the red Russian creed. So intimately were they associated for offensive and defensive purposes that when Lenine died thousands of peasants, who thought that they were the same person, wondered how one could live without the other.

At Top—The Parade on the Red Square. Leo D. Trotzky Saluting the Red Army. Below—A Close-Up of Trotzky

With Lenine out of the picture, Trotzky today is the outstanding and compelling personality of all Soviet Russia. Not only is he the most feared and at the same time the most respected individual in Bolo Land, but at the moment he is the center of a storm full of significance for the whole crimson domain. He has rebuked the autocrats who rule the nation. He has questioned the economic policy that is swinging the country back to communism. He has excoriated the bureaucracy which impedes administration and makes industrial production a joke. He has denounced the officialdom that preys upon the administrative structure.

Niagaras of Speech

IN CONSEQUENCE, he has complicated the already acute situation which grew out of the death of Lenine and the inevitable struggle for power among his heirs, of whom he is one. A cabal against him is in full swing. If he beats it he can almost approach dictatorship. If he loses, he is still the Soviet war lord. Whatever the outcome, he remains a character of peculiar and engrossing interest. The story of Trotzky the man, as well as the account of what is happening to him and about him, is the animated record of a considerable portion of Russia in evolution.

I met him in interesting circumstances. For hours I listened to him expound his theories of life and economics. He is not only the livest wire in Bolshevism, but in a country where incompetency is the rule and not the exception he represents an efficiency that makes him marked. Like Lloyd George, he does not seem to be a single being, but an institution. He is as many-sided as he is many-tongued, for he is an expert linguist.

None of the figures that loom large in contemporary history is better known than Trotzky, yet his name, with which every schoolboy is familiar, is a hissing and a byword to a considerable part of the civilized world. In popular un-Bolshevist conception, alongside him Attila was a philanthropist, Torquemada a humanitarian and Ivan the Terrible a real benefactor of the human race.

Trotzky looks like Mephistopheles, and there are many who believe that the parallel goes farther than facial resemblance. He attracts and repels, dominates and domineers. He is elemental, almost primitive, in his fervor, a high-powered human engine. He inundates you with a Niagara of speech, the like of which I have never heard. It is somewhat similar to the flood of words that William Jennings Bryan used to pour forth in the good old days when he was at his best. While the talk offensive was on, you were almost enthralled by his limpid eloquence. When it was all over, you wondered how and why it charmed you, because, in cold appraisal, what he said lacked substance.

The same thing applies to Trotzky, although his mental equipment—and particularly his knowledge of world economics—is far superior to that of the Nebraskan. Trotzky is the most effective speaker in Russia. When you fall under the temporary spell of his oratory—it is difficult for him to engage in an ordinary conversation without making a speech—you can readily understand why Lenine made him the prize Soviet salesman.

In his public appearances he assumes the rôle of both fanatic and actor. Lenine was always the thinker of red revolution and only a moderate talker. It was Trotzky who enunciated the faith in flaming phraseology. He has something of the self-hypnotism that you so often find among religious zealots, and with it an astonishing faculty of being able to impose his will upon an audience.

The story was told me in Moscow that on the day when Lenine was shot by a would-be assassin and believed to be mortally wounded, Trotzky made one of his greatest speeches. He seemed frantic with grief. Walking down to the edge of the platform, he said, in a frenzy of passion, "We will him to live, and he will live!" He swept the vast crowd to its feet in a wild emotional outburst.

Trotzky followed almost precisely the same procedure in shaping the red army, which represents perhaps his greatest achievement. He took a force of ragged men at a time when the country was without food and other resources and knit them into the compact fighting force that overwhelmed Wrangel, Denikin and Kolchak in turn, and ended the danger of a white succession. Whether it was hypnotism, will power or sheer organizing genius, he made a Russian army.

As I sat alongside his desk, I could not help thinking of my last interview with Kerensky in April, 1917, when that exploded phenomenon occupied in the eyes of his own people something of the same position that Trotzky has today. Temperamentally, the two men have considerable in common. Each is a superegoist who dramatizes himself in everything he does.

Trotzky's Personal Background

HERE the parallel ends, because Kerensky fell a victim to colossal vanity, false assurance and utter inability to organize his forces. He believed in hot air, not performance, and lacked consecutive driving power. Trotzky, on the other hand, though equally vain, is both organizer and doer. Once engaged on a task, he sticks. He is action incarnate. Moreover, he is a master manipulator of forces to his own political and personal ends. Amid the coterie of professional revolutionists—dreamers all—who came into authority with the Kerensky overthrow, he is revealed as the one and only really practical person. Only one other man in Russia approaches him in power of coördination. He is Dzerzhinsky, who built up the Cheka, the dread instrumentality of terror, later got some sort of service out of the railways and is now head of the Supreme Council of People's Economy.

Clearly to understand the events that evolve around Trotzky, and in order to make some adequate measure of the man himself, you must briefly get his biographical background, as well as some idea of what has happened politically in Russia since Lenine's death early this year. So long as the master was alive, and save for aporadic outbreaks, Trotzky remained in line. Once the almost uncanny personal influence of Lenine vanished, insurgency, which is natural to him, broke loose.

Although wedded to communism, he is a stark individualist. After Trotzky had aroused the ire of his fellow rulers, Stalin, in explaining one of the efforts to sap his power, said, "We cannot deal with Trotzky. He is an individualist." In Russia individualism is lèse majesty.

Trotzky was born forty-seven years ago in the government of Kherson, in South Russia. His comparative youth, particularly in the light of what is several lifetimes of action, will come as a surprise to most people. Nor is he alone in this, since most of his associates in the government are far from old. Rykoff, the premier, for example, is only forty-three; Kalinin, the president of all Soviet Russia, is forty-eight; Dzerzhinsky is forty-seven, while Zinoviev

and Kamenev are forty-one. Yet when you look at these men, and especially Trotzky, they seem to be years older than they actually are. It results from the fact that practically all of them served long terms in exile in the Siberian mines. Others, like Rykoff and Dzerzhinsky, did long stretches of solitary confinement. In addition, all the Bolshevist officials, so far as my observation went, seem to live at abnormal pressure, none more so than Trotzky.

Another feature of Russia today is that Trotzky, like all the other Jews among the Soviet powers that be, has changed his name. Trotzky was born Bronstein, and his real full name is Leo Davidovich Bronstein. The middle name requires an explanation. In Russia, the middle name of a son is the first name of his father with the suffix "vich." Trotzky's father's name was David. In the same way a Russian daughter takes the father's name, but adds the feminine suffix "ovna." Tatiana, the daughter of Ivan, would be Tatiana Ivanovna.

It is worth adding that Zinoviev's real name is Apfelbaum, while that of Radek is Sobelsohn. In most of the cases where Russians have changed their names it has been for the purpose of obtaining *noms de plume* employed in revolutionary writings, particularly prior to 1917. The name "Trotzky" was first used by him for literary purposes alone.

Unrest seems to have been wished on Trotzky from the start. In his early twenties he was banished to Siberia for four years because of his connection with the South Russian Workman's League. In the third year of his term he escaped and took part in the revolution of 1905, which was a failure. Just about this time he became president of the St. Petersburg Council of Workmen. Shortly afterward he was arrested and exiled to Siberia for life. With that marvelous facility which later enabled him to wriggle out of ticklish political corners, he managed to get away again. During the following ten years he lived in France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and New York, supporting himself all the while by journalism. He wields a trenchant pen and is an apt phrase maker. At the outbreak of the World War he was in Paris editing a Russian socialist paper. He made his way to New York, but returned to Russia after the Kerensky revolution of March, 1917, when he became Lenine's right-hand man.

Trotzky as a Storm Center

A GREAT deal of absurd detail has been circulated about Trotzky's life in New York. It has been broadcast, for example, that he worked as tailor and restaurant waiter on the East Side. He did none of these things. Trotzky told me that he spent exactly twelve weeks in New York, and that except for a brief period he earned his livelihood by writing articles—some of them expounding pacifism—for a Russian daily newspaper called Novy Mir, which means the New World. The exception was the two weeks that he spent in the publicity offices of Morris Gest, the theatrical producer. His job during that fortnight was to translate press notices about a play called The Wanderer for the Yiddish press. Incidentally, he has not lost his cunning as press agent.

In connection with Trotzky's trip from New York to Russia in 1917 occurred one of the many war blunders big with significance. With his family—he has a wife and two children—he traveled on a British ship that put in at Halifax, where the passengers got the once over. Trotzky was under suspicion as a revolutionist and was taken off. He likes to tell the story of what his oldest boy, then eleven years old,

Leo D. Trotzky

did on that occasion. The youngster ran up to the men who held his father and said, "Papa, shall I hit them?" He seems to be a chip of the original red block.

For some inscrutable reason the British authorities permitted Trotzky to proceed on his journey. It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened had he been detained and therefore barred from the fateful affinity with Lenine that made the counter-revolution of November, 1917, possible and put Bolshevism on a considerable part of the European and Asiatic map.

Now for the storm that beats about Trotzky. To comprehend it you must know that the Communist Party, 650,000 strong, rules Russia, and the Communist Party, in turn, is ruled by the so-called political bureau, composed of Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Trotzky, Bukharin, Tomsky and Rykoff. Although he is still a part of this all-powerful group, he has, for the moment, lost the commanding position that he once held in it. The events that brought about the crisis of which he is center, but which have not impaired his popularity with the masses, are illuminating for two reasons. One is that they disclose the audacity and mentality of Trotzky. The other is the revelation of the way the machine wreaks its vengeance.

As long as Lenine could go through the motions of leadership—in his last year he was paralyzed and almost incapable of speech—Trotzky was what American politics would call regular. Except for occasional outbreaks of temper and impatience at the incapacity about him, he bowed to that relentless thing in Russia which is party discipline. During Lenine's last months, Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev—the big three of the machine—constituted themselves the link between the dying premier and the public, paving the way for their ultimate stewardship of the government. They were even able to keep Trotzky away from the man with whom he had worked hand in hand for the Soviet advance. The triumvirate prepared for the inevitable readjustment when the spirit should leave Lenine's racked body. It is a tribute to Trotzky that he was singled out as the one person who would cause them trouble. Rykoff, who was understudying Lenine as premier, lacks force, resistance and vitality. Besides, he is a strict party man.

Organized Opposition

BEHIND what soon became a growing hostility to Trotzky lurked the fear that capitalizing his hold on both the red army and the people, he could make himself dictator of Russia. The psychological moment, of course, would come with Lenine's passing. The apprehension that Trotzky might seek to emulate Napoleon is not new. The rumor that he was preparing himself for overlord has been a hardy perennial since 1919.

Various well-informed people in Russia told me that but for his Jewish extraction Trotzky might get away with it. This statement may sound incongruous in view of the fact that three of the most conspicuous Russian leaders—Trotzky, Zinoviev and Kamenev—are Israelites, although they renounced their faith long ago. The truth of the matter is that during the past twelve months anti-Semitism has grown to an alarming extent throughout the country, especially among the peasants, who believe that the Hebrews higher up have been responsible for many of their economic ills. The recent pogroms in the Ukraine, in which 70,000 Jews were slain, confirm this statement.

Circumstance played into the hands of the triumvirate. A few weeks before Lenine died, Trotzky suffered a breakdown in health and went to the Caucasus to recuperate. In his absence the political bureau began a systematic campaign to undermine his strength at the War Office. One of his principal aids, S. S. Kamenev—this is a common name in Russia—an able strategist of the Military Council and a loyal Trotzky adherent, was transferred to a distant post and was succeeded by Frunze, the Ukrainian leader, who is hostile to the war chief. Another Trotzky prop, Muralov, who was head of the Moscow garrison, was demoted and replaced by Voroshilov, who had been administrative chief of the grim G. P. U., which has become the substitute for the no less sinister Cheka as the agency of terror in Russia.

When Trotzky returned to Moscow restored to health he found the cabal arrayed against him. He immediately organized the first definite opposition that had existed in Russia since the dawn of Bolshevism. In a pamphlet called The New Course he made a direct assault upon the party machine. Among other things he declared:

"In the past eighteen months there has arisen a particular secretarial psychology, the main feature of which is the conviction that a

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Trotzky Speaking to Soldiers and Citizens of Ekaterinodar

NEW STUFF

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

EVERYBODY in America who was twenty-eight years old last November will be able to hark back into the dim pages of memory and recall the time when the first hue and cry arose in the motion-picture industry of Hollywood, California. There have been in all, including the scandal about a certain national film figure and whether he wore corsets or did he just look that way naturally, about eleven hues and a round dozen cries since the early days, but this one I have in mind was really the first portentous and agonized shriek that ever arose above the mansard roofs of the bungalow city by the sundown sea. It was a clarion call and it was heard here and there and beyond, from Flamingo, Florida, to the outermost bounds of Sweet Prairie, Kansas.

The hue amounted to practically nothing at all, but the cry was for authors, because at this time, perhaps seven short years ago, the guiding geniuses of the films decided almost overnight to elevate the art, and to stop people, if possible, from sneering at the eager young industry. There was, as the studio managers and production supervisors saw it, entirely too much withering criticism of motion pictures, especially by supercilious book reviewers and dramatic critics who can see no good in anybody but Shakspere and William James, and not much in them.

People are still sneering in the movie theaters, and some are snoring, but no just person can deny that the silent drama has tried its level best to be more artistic and meaningful, and less of an insult to the intelligence of a college man wearing spats and pronouncing dance the wrong way. The cry for living authors was loud, insistent and was inspired by telegrams to and from New York.

"You cannot," the producers told each other, speaking from limousine to limousine, "continue to make motion pictures, and advance, unless you have stories, although we have sneaked by up to now. The novelty, they say, has worn offen us. In future, we must have stories; and where will we get stories?"

"Send for authors," suggested a millionaire Napoleon of the new business, formerly a well-known figure in metropolitan shirting and panting circles; and forthwith anxious telegrams were written by persons accustomed to writing and forwarded to New York, Boston, Chicago and Indiana, ordering at least one-half gross of authors to be shipped f. o. b. to Hollywood, upper berths unless otherwise specified.

For many weeks thereafter pale creatures in spectacles, and having the diffident air of a guinea pig at a lions' convention, drifted into California, and asked timidly if this was the place where the man said to go. I happened to fall into the second shipment, along with an elderly lady novelist whose fame rested upon her ability to call a sex a sex, and a young man whose only novel up to this time was a volume dealing with mussels and the fifty ways to cook them without butter.

My own literary foundations were deep in the solid rock of accomplishment. I qualified, and there was no doubt about it, because of my vivid novel dealing with Chinese politics in the twelfth century, and though it was my only book, it landed me safely in the eligible list. In Hollywood there is a certain broadness of vision, and a one-novel chap is just as good as any five-novel man, especially if his book is more than two hundred pages long and contains pictures.

I was treated handsomely by the producing firm of O'Day and Grogan, young and vigorous college men and graduates of the Akron, Ohio, Commercial Night School, and was given the usual liberal contract of the period, which declared that I was to write direct for the films for so many months, and if, at any time, the movie firm decided my stuff was not up to their standard, the contract was thereby annulled and canceled, beginning not later than suppertime that evening.

Somewhat to my surprise I was assigned to a comedy company, or unit, as it is slangily called, which produced two-reel pictures, known in the trade as the Gil and Shorty Comedies. I made no protest, because, at the time, I knew as much about writing comedies as I knew about vampire dramas or the great moral photoplays of society life in New York, where we see the rough diamond from the Arizona wheat fields drift into the morass of metropolitan fashion and keep his hat on for six reels.

It was all the same to me. Another young novelist, who had come out in our shipment, was immediately put into the department of Western dramas by O'Day and Grogan, and I happened to know definitely that this man had written nothing but novels of French diplomacy and intrigues among the Balkans. If he could write Westerns I could write comedies.

At the same time that we authors began drawing salary, the company employed a number of directors, and one of them was placed in charge of the Gil and Shorty unit. He was a polite youngish fellow named Arthur Saunders, with no particular experience, except two years as a cameraman.

Saunders and I, it was ordered, were to be responsible for the next Gil and Shorty, evolve a plot and submit it to the authorities.

After this was done I was to take the naked framework and clothe it with a story, writing out the vivid details, and giving it a strong literary flavor. Mr. Saunders was to have a scenario made from my story, watching the continuity writer closely while he did the job.

I was to assist in this enterprise, chucking in stray bits and artistic touches, with whatever fragments of comedy happened to come along. Mr. O'Day sent for me soon after we got under way. He leaned back in his mahogany chair, tapped his desk with a solid-gold paper cutter and explained that the vogue of helter-skelter pictures was over, and that from now on the story was the thing. All else was subsidiary to the tale.

"Of course," he said, "you can write good brisk comedy, Mr. Parkman?"

"I assume that you have read my novel," I countered.

"To be sure."

"Then you must have noticed if I have any gift at all, it certainly is for comedy, and by comedy I mean the higher forms of humor. Now, for instance, you take the scene in my book where the Chinese army is marching into Yang-tse."

"True enough," said Mr. O'Day. "You go ahead and get us up something snappy."

No One Could Complain That Gil Was Not Trying to be Artistic and Painstaking, and He Worked Out Each Sequence With Elaborate Exactitude

I bowed and went out, passing the sex-slinging lady novelist, who was now hard at work upon a six-reeler for Baby Betty, the studio child marvel.

Up to this important hour in the movies Gil and Shorty had struggled along without either director or story. They had managed their own pictures, and it was a simple process. Gil was the leader and brains of the unit, and his full name was Walter Wesley Gilfillan. Shorty was a mild-mannered little creature about thirty, with a retarded intellect and bulging eyes. He had been named William Hamp by a misguided mother, and was useful in the movies because of his physical brevity and the fact that he resembled a keg.

Mr. Walter Gilfillan had been making his two-reel pictures, before the clear call for art and advancement, by the singularly uninvolved process of taking Shorty Hamp, a pretty soubrette and a lone cameraman into the streets of Hollywood, or the fields adjoining, and shooting whatever came to mind.

He generally used the same plot, because there seemed to be nothing wrong with it, and it had proved acceptable and popular in the movie houses. At least, none of the fans complained or demanded a new plot. The formula was chaste and simple. Gil was always a tradesman with

a pretty wife. If he was not a butcher or a grocer he was a plumber, milkman or police officer, and his wife was a pretty young thing, usually played by Miss Bessie Bellair.

It was Shorty Hamp's duty, in these stirring tales, to stroll into Gil's shop, to behold the young wife, to flirt with her in Gil's momentary absences, and finally to kiss her and be caught in the act. Gil thereupon chased Shorty out of the shop, armed with a cleaver, fly swatter, monkey wrench, ice tongs, shotgun or whatever tool represented his trade, and the remainder of the photoplay consisted of Gil chasing Shorty Hamp down alleys, over roofs, into humble homes, along the sea and the sand dunes, using trolley cars, motorcycles, galloping horses, ostriches and other means of locomotion. Whenever Gil caught Shorty and kicked him out of the scene the motion picture ended and the fans threw their gum away and went home entirely pleased.

"Of course," Mr. Saunders announced, early in the struggle, "we will have to get a real plot now, a story containing heart interest, suspense and true drama. The day of these slap-dash things is over."

"They certainly are," I concurred. "It is up to us, Mr. Saunders. Men like ourselves will have to take hold of this chaotic business and lead it upward to better and finer things."

"You said it," the director agreed, and we resumed our work.

Saunders was given a rather ornate office containing an oil painting of a young girl sleeping on an oyster shell, a grass rug and a calendar with three months to go. My office adjoined his, a small darkened room and more in keeping with the social status of an author, which in those early days was not high in Hollywood, nor is it looking out of any lighthouse windows today, for that matter. Authors in Hollywood are thought of merely as persons who have monetary trouble with hotels.

A scenario expert was called in, after the first week, to help us avoid technical troubles, and presently we clawed a story together. It was a fair plot, a pleasant tale containing a moral, not too lofty in tone, and yet entirely free from the coarse touches which taint so many comedies. And it contained the genuine story germ without which the movies cannot expect to forge ahead. Saunders was delighted. As a student of such things I considered it about right. Rascoe, the scenario person, was inclined to be dismal about it, which at first annoyed me, until I learned that Rascoe was dismal about everything.

It revolved around a brave Western sheriff, to be played by Mr. Gilfillan, the star, and the action moved briskly through the picturesque mining town of Yellow Gulch, in the early days when romance and adventure flourished and the men went around clanking with artillery, whilst the women wore poke bonnets and flouncy skirts. A stray tramp, one of Nature's wastrels, drifted into Yellow Gulch at a time when the town was housecleaning its morals. The tramp, of course, was Shorty Hamp. He was immediately ordered out of town by Sheriff John Weaver, in spite of the fact that he had trudged many weary miles to meet his only sister, Rheingold, who was due on the night stage. Rheingold had just taken the job of school-teacher in the Yellow Gulch Academy, and Shorty, never having laid an eye upon his sister, left town broken-hearted, and spent the night mourning beneath a cactus tree.

The schoolmarm was a beautiful young thing, fresh from Boston, and terrified by the strange ways of the great outdoors. That night the stage was held up and robbed, and suspicion fell upon the stray tramp, who was sentenced to death when caught. A posse formed, led by Sheriff Weaver, and the tramp was tracked into the hills. The sheriff became separated from his men and captured Shorty single handed. Starting back to Yellow Gulch with his quarry, Mr. Weaver fell upon his own gun and shot himself through an important but not vital organ.

Shorty, noble soul, instead of whacking the wounded official and escaping down the valley, as he might have done, turned good Samaritan. His true fineness of character, hidden beneath a pauper's cloak, came to surface, and he stanched the sheriff's wound, nursed him like a mother, and carried him back to Yellow Gulch, putting his own neck into the noose of those savage and untutored men.

The sheriff recovered, attended by Rheingold, with whom he fell in love, and many days later Wild Bill was captured and confessed to the crime, just in time to save Shorty from the rope. It wound up dramatically with Sheriff Weaver marrying Shorty's sister and giving Shorty a job as town assessor. Naturally, there was a great deal more than this shadowy outline, but anyone who can read subtitles will see at once its dramatic possibilities.

"There's a mighty slick story," Gilfillan remarked when we explained it to him. "We are bound to have a classy picture, and it proves what I always said, which is, that you got to have real stories by real authors before you start shooting."

"Besides which," added President O Day, "it's artistic and very human."

Three days later, while I was busily turning out the story, Gil paid a short visit to my office.

"Henry," he said, "you probably don't know it, being you're a new man in this business, but when you come to writing the script, don't put in any acting for Shorty Hamp. There's a good little mutt, but he can't act and he never could. I keep him with me out of sentiment, because his mother's an invalid, and sometimes he's useful in building up a gag. But your job is to see that I get the laughs in this comedy. After all, the people pay their good money to see me."

I assured the comedian that I understood him, and he departed. At noon the following day Shorty wandered in, took a chair and coughed.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, "because you got a tough job on your hands. Only I thought I'd tip you off, you being new in this studio."

I murmured politely.

"When you're doing this script, you and Rascoe," the little man continued, "throw all the real action my way, where you can, because it's wasted on Gil. Gil's a nice boy, but he ain't funny, and I am. The public knows it and expects it. So remember, when you come to the good gags, toss 'em to me, and you'll have a picture when we get through."

"Thank you," I said.

He went away whistling, and my next caller, omitting company officials, was Bessie Bellair, the soubrette.

"Say," she said briskly, "are you the new boy?"

"I am the novelist who is writing this story," I replied in my usual dignified manner.

"Do I get a fat part or am I atmosphere again?" she demanded.

"You are the little school-teacher on the stagecoach," I said, smiling at her earnestness.

"I'm always the little yahoo on the stagecoach," she retorted. "What I crave is a part where I can act. Throw me some raw meat once in a while, will you? I've been working with these two hams in seventeen pictures, and whenever you notice anything in the distance, it's me. If I come anywhere near a close-up, they throttle me and hold my head away from the camera. Give me something to do, mister," she continued, "and I'll show you some real screen acting."

"I will do my best," I said kindly, "to make your part interesting, Miss Bellair. Of course we will have to stick to the story, but your opportunity in this new picture is really an excellent one."

"I hope so," she said, only half convinced and preparing to leave. "As stated, I can act if I get a chance. Throw me some raw meat, and I'll sit the customers up."

I promised to throw the lady all the raw meat we had, and she went away muttering.

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His True Fineness of Character, Hidden Beneath a Pauper's Cloak, Came to Surface, and He Stanched the Sheriff's Wound, Nursed Him Like a Mother, and Carried Him Back to Yellow Gulch

SYRINGAS

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

UNTIL she received his telegram, Rosina Beckwith had not believed that she and Lazalo would ever meet again, and now as the time for his arrival drew near she found herself increasingly perturbed.

A casual eye, looking upon her as she reclined, book in lap, on a chintz-covered sofa by a bedroom window from which a tapestry of sun-flecked leaves and branches could be seen, might have read comfort into the picture; but closer scrutiny would have revealed that she was not relaxed and that she was not reading.

That morning, as usual, she had ridden through the woodland trails with Amy; but when, after luncheon, they attempted to play duets she had fumbled wretchedly at the piano, and when later she tried to force herself to read she felt so restless that it seemed advisable to come up here lest Amy notice. She was angry with herself. She wished she had not invited Lazalo. There had been no necessity for her to do so.

In the years since she last saw him she had heard from him directly but three times, and his letters, though friendly and sincere, were as brief as politeness would permit. Only this morning she had got them from an old trunk in the attic and read them over critically. The first, written from Brussels, whither he had been transferred from Washington, spoke of her marriage and wished her happiness; the second, also from Brussels, thanked her for the cards announcing Amy's birth; the third, from Tokio, was a letter of condolence written after her husband's death.

Indirectly she had occasionally heard of him through friends who met him on their travels and brought her amiable messages from him. They always spoke of his youthful appearance and his high reputation for ability; and Rosina, listening, would wish that her father and her mother were alive and might hear.

When, a few weeks ago, she read in a newspaper of his arrival in the United States to take up his duties as ambassador, she wrote, congratulating him and reminding him of the half-playful prophecy he had made when they first met.

As Amy Entered There Came With Her a Fragrance That Quickly Permeated the Room, for the Small Glass Bowl She Carried Was Filled With Syringas

How well she remembered! At a large party in Washington soon after she had made her debut, she found herself talking with Lazalo, enjoying it and wondering who he was.

Perhaps he sensed the question in her mind.

"At present," he said in his precise English, "I am the underest of undersecretaries of legation. But it will not always be so."

"No?"

"No, I shall be an ambassador." For a moment she was disappointed, thinking him conceited, but he added, "I am the stupidest of my family."

His shy smile was the more appealing because it seemed to break reluctantly; it was the smile of a sensitive man whose view of life was touched with whimsicality.

The recollection of his smile, coming to Rosina as she glanced through the letter she had written him, had made her wish the letter to sound a little bit more cordial, wherefore, impulsively, she added a postscript of indefinite invitation. In her mind, as she penned the postscript, was a vague thought that he would not accept, or that at most he might come in if some time he chanced to be near. His reply, however, was prompt and specific. Dates were settled.

And this morning he had telegraphed on what train he would arrive.

True, in reveries Rosina had imagined meetings with Lazalo, but in these visions the sharp emotions of long ago gave place to a mature and placid comradeship; if they spoke of what might have been, it was with resignation; their farewells were perhaps a little wistful; she fancied his bending over, in that graceful foreign way of his, to kiss her hand at parting. For in her reveries they always did part again. She had, to be sure, her gardens of romance, but they were secret gardens surrounded by the barbed wire of a determined inhibition. She liked men and was proud of the kind of friendship she could give them; but she could befriend them the better, she believed, because she felt herself secure from them. The only trouble was that sometimes they weren't satisfied with that.

People said women were sentimental, but Rosina thought that men were infinitely more so. To be nice to the average man was dangerous. The first thing you knew he would want to propose, and once he got that in his head he would rush on like a runaway locomotive, though every signal known to tact was set against him. Nothing short of collision with a concrete negative would stop him, and then, as like as not, he would explode.

Through the open windows came the sound of Amy's voice in the garden, then the slam of a screen door, the click of heels as she stepped from the grass and crossed the tiled porch, and a moment later her knock at the bedroom door.

"Come in, dear." Rosina lifted her book.

The door opened and as Amy entered there came with her a fragrance that quickly permeated the room, for the small glass bowl she carried was filled with syringas.

"For your dressing table," she announced, crossing the room and setting the bowl down. "The bushes are all in bloom. I knew you'd want some."

"Thanks, dear."

Rosina laid the book on the sofa at her side and looked up into Amy's face affectionately. What a lovely creature she was, and how the sweetness of her spirit shone out from her eyes. If she had her life to live over, Rosina often told herself, she would do the same thing again, giving up Lazalo and passing numbly through the nine years with Clifford Beckwith in order to be blessed with such a daughter. She was worth it all.

Of course she wouldn't always have Amy. Amy would marry—which was as it should be—and being Amy, she might marry young. She was only nineteen, yet for several years youths had gazed at her with eyes like those of adoring spaniels. And no wonder!

The knowledge that their companionship, so dear to her, was in the nature of things impermanent, added poignancy to her feeling for her daughter and caused her to treasure the more tenderly each passing moment. When the time came, she meant to face the separation bravely. She would look critically but fairly at the man of Amy's choice. Amy must be happy; that was the one consideration. She must make no mistake. And because of her own experience, Rosina meant not only that her daughter must not marry the wrong man but, equally, that she must not give up the right one. The happiest part of her own life, Rosina realized, would be gone when Amy should marry; but that was a relatively unimportant detail. She would be lonely, but she would find things to do. A slow trip around the world might be a good thing, and when she came home she could adopt children.

The scent of the syringas, filling the room, brought her thoughts to the present.

"Every year," she said, and drew a deep breath, "I'm surprised all over again at the sweetness of them."

Amy nodded.

"They're almost too sweet," she answered.

"Oh, no."

"I don't mean always. But aren't scents like certain pieces of music? Don't our feelings about them change? I like syringas today, but sometimes—I don't know—there seems to me to be a kind of deathly sweetness about them, like the smell of tuberoses, or an anæsthetic—ether."

"Funny girl!" said Rosina fondly.

"Don't you see what I mean?"

The mother shook her head.

"No, and I don't want to." She smiled. "I'm not going to psychoanalyze my favorite scent. To me, syringas have the most romantic fragrance in the world."

"Really?" Amy paused at the door and with a mischievous look added, "I know several men who would come across with handsome bribes if they could get that information."

The door closed and Rosina's eyes turned to the bowl of blossoms. What a curious coincidence that the syringas should be blooming now. She had been startled when, earlier in the day, she smelled them for the first time this year. That, perhaps, had something to do with this absurd unrest that had come over her as the time of Lazalo's arrival drew near, for always when the syringas bloomed there came to her the memory of a June night in a moon-swept garden, long ago.

It was at the end of the Washington season, and they walked together out of a ballroom and down the terrace steps. She couldn't remember now at whose house the party was, but she remembered the garden, blue and silver in the moonlight, and the perfume of syringas filling the air. She plucked a spray and held it toward him.

"You had better not," he warned.

"Why not?"

"They are like all the love songs of the world translated into fragrance."

He stood facing her.

"For your buttonhole," she said, and reached for his lapel.

Then the moonlight and the garden scents and the sound of the music from within the house and of Lazalo's voice, low and tender, blended together and became, it seemed, a part of him and a part of her as she floated with him in a magic radiance.

Her happiness was, however, brief. Though Lazalo came of ancient and distinguished family, he was not well-off, and her mother became immediately suspicious.

"He's after your money!" she said over and over.

Had her mother's been the only opposition, Rosina might have overriden it, for she felt certain that any such suspicion of Lazalo was unjust. Her father's attitude, however, weighed with her; he spoke well of Lazalo but dwelt

upon the fact that he was a foreigner with a foreigner's viewpoint; because of differences in temperament, training and customs, matches between American girls and European men were, he reminded her, notoriously unhappy; and when, instead of pressing her to renounce Lazalo, he left the ultimate decision to her, and with moist eyes promised that however matters might turn out he would stand squarely behind her, she weakened. They hurried her abroad and endeavored to divert her by rushing around Europe, and when they came home they settled in New York.

Then Clifford Beckwith came along. Her parents thought well of him and everyone said he would make a good husband. At the altar Rosina had an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn and run down the aisle and out of the church; and often afterward, as she sat across from him at table, watching him eat prodigious meals, and heard him talk of clubs and ocean liners and hotels and restaurants, the impulse to flee recurred. She might have yielded to it, but presently Amy was born, and that settled matters. Thereafter, so far as Clifford was concerned, Rosina's years resembled years spent in a cold, damp mist.

Several times since Clifford's death her hand had been asked in marriage, but her determination never wavered. What, after all, had any man to offer her? Materially and emotionally, she was comfortable. Besides her apartment in New York, she had this old place in the country, with its gardens and its woodland. She had her saddle horses, books, piano, friends and—freedom. And best of all, of course, Amy.

Having for years assured herself upon these points, she resented the thoughts which today so persistently intruded. If, as she was determined to believe, romance was forever banished from her life, why should Lazalo's coming agitate her? Why did her memory continually revert, in spite of her, to tender passages between them? Why was she disturbed by the scent of the syringas? Why was she conjuring up pictures of his luminous dark eyes, his reluctant smile? Why was she wondering whether she would find him greatly changed, and, more acutely still, whether he would find her greatly changed?

She rose from the sofa, crossed to her dressing table, sat down and leaned forward, observing herself closely in the glass. Perhaps, as people said, she did appear younger than she was—a few years younger—but when they said she could pass for Amy's sister they talked nonsense.

Her figure remained slender. That was an asset, and so was her hair. Lazalo used to admire her hair—blond *cendré* he called it. Had he become gray, she wondered. A little gray in that black hair of his might be becoming, but she was glad she had no gray hair.

Turning and surveying her features in the mirror's angled wing, she found her profile satisfactory save for a little fullness beneath the chin—a fullness hardly noticeable when she tilted her head up a trifle. Her skin was smooth and soft; the tiny wrinkles near her eyes were as yet exceedingly minute, and there was natural color in her cheeks, though she wished there were a little more.

The French clock in the library, downstairs, began to strike the hour, but the sound of the last strokes was lost in the placid boom of the grandfather's clock on the stair landing. Soon it would be time to go to the station. Rising, she moved to the closet and stood for a time looking at the dresses hanging there. He had always liked her in the shade which in those days was called Alice blue. Where was her French blue dress?

She moved the hangers along the rod, searching for it, and failing to find it, crossed and rang the bell.

"Oh," said the maid, "Miss Amy had it yesterday."

Rosina went to the door and called to Amy.

"Where's my blue georgette, you young criminal?"

"I'm awfully sorry, mother. I forgot to tell you. You were out and I needed something to go with my blue hat."

"Well, I need something now to go with my blue hat," Rosina said.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I just put it on." Amy appeared in her doorway. "I've taken quite a fancy to it. But I'll be only a minute getting out of it." She turned back.

"Wait! Let me see how it looks on you." Rosina hesitated. Then, "It's becoming," she said. "Leave it on."

Amy beamed.

"If you're absolutely sure you don't want it ——"

"Yes, you keep it. I've always suspected that it looked a little too youthful for me. I'll wear my two-tone brown."

"Thanks, mother. You're a darling." Amy ran across the hall and kissed her. "You look lovely in the brown."

But when Rosina had put on the brown dress she took it off again. It was becoming. Yes, in a way. But it didn't make her look as she wanted to look. She had wanted to wear blue, and now that she had given that up she no longer wished to meet Lazalo at the station. A railroad station wasn't quite the place, anyway, for their meeting. She would send Amy down instead. Lazalo would dress for dinner as soon as he arrived; she wouldn't see him until afterward. And for dinner she would wear her blue chiffon. It wasn't so close to Alice blue as the dress she had given Amy, but it would do.

Amy was quite willing to go to meet the guest and Rosina presently heard her drive away. Slowly she began to dress, her thoughts running over episodes of the past. After a time she heard the car drive up on its return from the station; then the sound of its door slamming, Amy's buoyant laugh, Lazalo's voice.

"He's here!" she exclaimed to herself.

She realized that she had only to walk to her window to catch a glimpse of him before he entered the house; she could scarcely wait to see him; but for some curious reason she rebelled at the idea of going to the window.

"He's here in this house!" she told herself. "In just a little while I'll be with him again!"

II

"WHY, mother, you aren't dressed! Count Lazalo's downstairs and it's almost dinnertime." Amy, in shell-pink, looked in at her door, and Rosina, feeling like a schoolgirl caught daydreaming, became immediately active.

"Oh, I'll be down in a minute. You entertain him till I come."

"That's what I've been doing—or rather, he's been entertaining me." Amy entered, shut the door and prepared to help her mother into the blue gown. "He's very amusing," she went on. "I sort of thought he'd be stiff and impressive, with thin hair and pouches under his eyes."

"Does he look very young?" Rosina bent over and raised her arms.

"Awfully young for an ambassador, I should say. And he has gorgeous eyes."

"Would you think him younger than ——" But at this juncture Amy slipped the dress over her head. "Look out for my hair, dear," Rosina warned, her voice muffled within the silken tube. "I had an awful time doing it."

"Why didn't you ask people in to dinner tonight?" Amy inquired as her mother emerged. "I should think you'd want to show him off."

"It's a long time since I've seen him."

"You mean you weren't sure whether he ——"

"Oh, no. But I wanted to visit with him, and I knew he'd like it better if we didn't entertain. Diplomatists are dined to death. There. Now you run along downstairs."

As Amy departed, Rosina moved to the pier glass and after adjusting her shoulder straps and giving a rectifying touch to her hair, coldly surveyed herself. Why hadn't she more color tonight? Where was the little box of rouge she sometimes used? She searched hastily, found it in the back of one of the dressing-table drawers and touched her cheeks with the cosmetic. It looked natural and it improved her, but somehow she was discontented with herself for doing it. It was as if she had caught herself admitting something. She went and washed her face.

Lazalo would bend over and kiss her hand. With the glass stopper of a perfume bottle she moistened her finger tips. But that was different—almost always she put perfume on her finger tips.

Ready to descend, she moved to the door; but there she brought up and turned back to the dressing table, whence she took a spray of syringa, and standing before the mirror, tried it at her corsage. Then with a slight shake of the head she turned, retraced her steps, replaced the blossom in the bowl and went downstairs.

Amy and Lazalo were not in the house. Rosina hurried to the dining room, saw that the spirit lamp was filled and that cigars and cigarettes were on the sideboard; then she visited the library and made a like inspection. In a household where there were only women one had to watch these details.

Moving down the hall toward the porch she felt all aflutter, but when a moment later she passed out of the door and saw Lazalo the feeling magically departed. She felt at ease and happy. It seemed so natural to be with him again. Simultaneously they spoke.

"Constantine! How young you look!"

"How little you have changed, Rosina!"

And again speaking simultaneously each protested, Lazalo declaring, "Oh, no, for I am quite gray, you see." While Rosina said, "It's nice of you to say so, but I ——" She broke off and they both laughed.

For the moment they were alone. Amy had been showing him the saddle horses and on the way back had paused at one of the flower beds to replace a fallen stake, and now they gazed at each other in frank but not unkind appraisal, as a man and a woman will when they have not met for a long time.

"Yes, he does look young," thought Rosina. "But," she added

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"I'm Awfully Obliged to You, Sir, for Your Advice," Tom Answered Gratefully, as He and Amy Departed

CROWNED-HEAD HUNTERS

WHEN David Windsor, familiarly called Davy by a few, but more widely known as H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, departed for his ranch in Canada he left strewn about on Long Island, New York, not only fluttery hearts, matrons and maidens sighing over unfulfilled ambitions, a new wing of American fashionable society bubbling in the recollections of a conspicuous and significant success, but also a group of newspaper reporters, weary and much the worse for wear and tear. For more than three weeks this detachment of American news writers had spent its time in the pursuit of his ubiquitous highness, and, all in all, it was as busy and as trying a task as had ever befallen those present.

A journalist is popularly presumed to be—and correctly—habitually primed for adventure. Reporting the activities of the Prince of Wales in this country is the kind of assignment generally looked upon as pickings. Several weeks in the country, an automobile and chauffeur to accompany the royal visitor and get about in, contact with two or three members of the Prince's entourage and his hosts, a chat with the Prince occasionally, plenty of time to breathe fresh air and play golf, and possibly a little poker in the evening—that was the picture. Based on experiences with other visiting notables, and even upon the first visit of the Prince of Wales here five years ago, it was justified, and many a metropolitan reporter who later would right eagerly have eaten his words approached his city editor upon the subject of being assigned to this job.

The Prince of Wales at a Luncheon in the Garden of Welwyn, the Beautiful Estate of Mr. Harold Irving Pratt, on Long Island

The picture did not come up to expectations by several nautical miles. For this there were several reasons. For one thing, the Prince is a fast-moving, untiring young man, instinctively shy, and on this trip he was out for a vacation with the idea of being as inconspicuous and as free of royal ceremony as possible.

H. R. H. on His Way to the Polo Game

Curiosity

FOR another, the men in newspaper offices who are at the other end of the reporters' telephone wires went stark crazy over the Prince. Never before had there been anything like it, never such overwhelming, insatiable curiosity in a person, never such hunger for facts. The American newspaper press went after the Prince of Wales with the same gusto and much the same in manner as it would tackle a national political convention or an earthquake.

"How is the Prince wearing his hat today?"

"Where was he at three o'clock this morning?"

"With whom did he dance?"

"Good heavens, is he still asleep at noon? Send us a good story on that."

These are just a few of the thousands of questions that were asked of dozens of reporters by their offices. If the Prince appeared in a new suit of clothes, it was news. If he wore the same suit, it was news. In fact, he couldn't do anything so trivial that it wasn't news. And it wasn't one reporter that had to find out about this, but dozens of reporters—never fewer than twenty to twenty-five, and once the Prince had actually to face a delegation from the press of two hundred.

These two conflicting and colliding factors—the Prince's desire for privacy, the newspaper's ambition to tell all—caused most of the difficulty; but there was one more contributing cause—the frequent tactlessness and oftentimes downright snobbishness of the American hosts.

The Prince and his party first encountered the American newspapermen on the boat coming to this country, and immediately it must have become apparent that there were going to be complications in the plan to slip over to this country with the royal equivalent of a week-end bag and take a democratic and secluded rest. The reporters who accompanied him were mostly European correspondents accustomed to the more leisurely, more genteel and less direct methods of transatlantic journalism, and relations might have been more friendly and satisfactory but for the fact that the American thirst for personal facts at once evinced itself in the form of somewhat positive cablegrams from every central news desk in this country. The general instructions were to send everything.

The consequence was that the Prince and the members of his party were approached with all sorts of strange-sounding questions and requests for information and interviews. It was explained that the Prince wanted to be left alone. He was pleasant but firm on this point. His aides were firmer. Finally, through the good offices of a young American woman with whom the Prince had danced on the ship, it was agreed that the Prince or a member of his party should receive a committee of newspapermen every day, at a regular hour, an arrangement common with public men in this country.

The plan would probably have worked satisfactorily, but it never went into effect because of what, from the journalists' standpoint, was probably the most unfortunate incident of the Prince's whole trip. One reporter, the representative of a group of newspapers, stopped the Prince to ask him about his horsemanship, than which there is no more delicate subject among Englishmen. As has been said, it is better to question a Britisher about his morals than about his ability to ride. There are several versions as to the wording of the query put to his royal highness, but no doubt as to the effect. The Prince was annoyed, visibly annoyed.

Now, in defense of the newspaper profession it must be said that had this question been asked of an American public man he would have met the situation without difficulty, even were the query unpleasant. But the Prince of Wales had had no experience with American newspaper methods, which, I am privately convinced, must be referred to, in the confidential conversation of the Prince's party, as crude. At any rate he made it clear that he had never fallen off his horse unless the horse had fallen first. Then he turned and walked away. The reporter got an opportunity to write "an exclusive interview given to the representative of the — newspapers" that the Prince denied that he had fallen off a horse until the horse had fallen first—and the daily conferences were off.

The Hosts

A COMMITTEE of reporters subsequently sought Lascelles, secretary to the Prince, with explanations and apologies; but Lascelles was positive. The effect of this incident was far-reaching because of its influence upon the viewpoint of the royal party. It cannot be said that it started a feud, but it did make the Prince wary and elusive, and finally his American hosts, taking their color from their guest, also became elusive—and exclusive. Long Islanders whose bombardments and blandishments have worried society editors for years suddenly became unapproachable

One lady, for instance, was the triumphant recipient of an acceptance from his royal highness of an invitation she had extended. Busy days for the press agent. Wads of copy were sent to the newspaper offices daily, containing advance information of the function. It was suggested that reporters would be welcomed after the affair. But, in the parlance of the men of the press, this lady froze up. The refrigeration took place, apparently, during the function. The Prince's party had provided her with a whole new viewpoint. When the reporters came they were greeted by a butler, also recently

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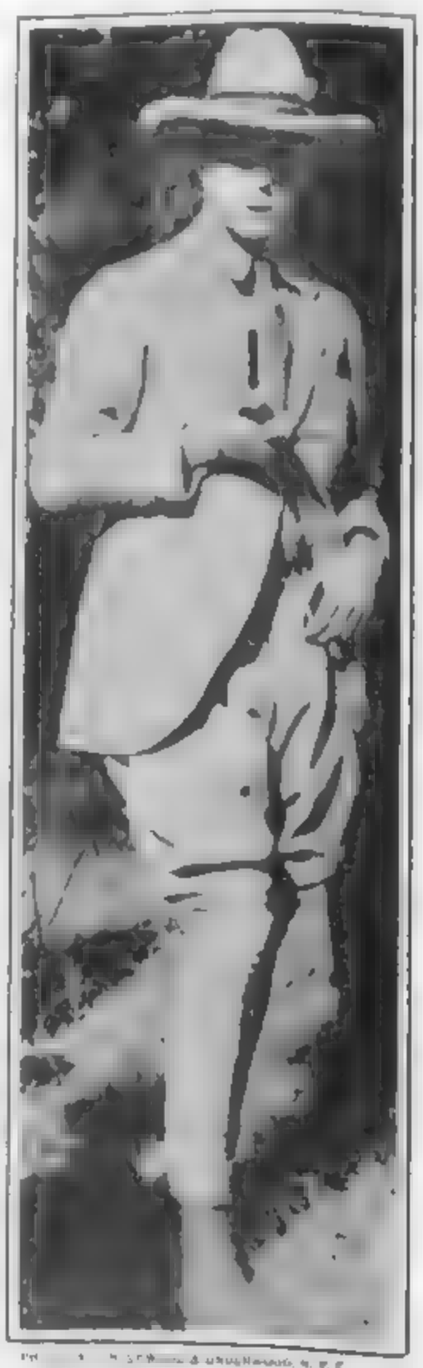

The Prince at His Ranch in Canada

THE CLOTHES LINE

Madame Georgette Wearing One of Her Models Which is Particularly Good for Women Who are Short and Slightly Stout

WHETHER, according to tradition, women are designing creatures in the purely moral sense of the word, I am not prepared to take up at this moment. But applying an artistic interpretation to the word, I am prepared to state emphatically that women have what amounts to a monopoly on designing.

Of all the professions of the modern world, that of designing is probably the only one which is followed almost exclusively by women, and one of the few in which the presence of women is not resented, secretly or openly, by men.

Designing is one of the most desirable occupations for women. It is exceedingly interesting, highly profitable and wide in its scope. It is a field in which there is always room for one more good person; however crowded it may be, there is invariably an opportunity for someone who has new and clever ideas. It is a profession for which no preliminary education—in the formal sense, I mean—is necessary, and it is a profession in which a talented girl can start at the very bottom and rise rapidly. What more can one ask of any profession?

I have been a designer for seven years, and my anonymity in this article enables me to say with candor that I am considered one of the best designers in this country. Yet before I got my first job I had had absolutely no professional experience and no technical training. My entire equipment was a sense of dress and a desire to produce something that was my own. I admit that I had certain advantages of birth and education, and I did once study drawing. My ambition at that time was to become an artist, but I married one instead.

Off to a Flying Start

AS MY husband happens to be a very successful illustrator, there has never been any cause for my working, beyond the fact that I had no children and that housekeeping never had any fatal fascination for me; at least, it never occupied a great deal of my time and I used to amuse myself in some of the hours I had left over by making my own clothes. I think almost every woman likes to experiment with amateur designing, but I seemed to have a special knack for it. Anyhow, others told me so, and I came to believe them. I made up my mind to see what I could do in competition with professionals.

I was dissatisfied doing nothing. Rather vaguely, I sounded my husband on the subject of going to work. He was not enthusiastic. He didn't want to hurt my feelings, but it was evident that he thought I had no capabilities as a wage earner. When cornered on the subject he went so far as to say that he didn't believe there was any job at which I could earn ten dollars a week. That, of course, decided me.

Heads of dress firms are about as accessible as an aviator up for a height record. This is not strange, as they are bothered all the time by people who want something. But here luck broke for me. I was fortunate enough to get a direct introduction. I have always thought that the head of that particular dress firm was a good gambler, because, knowing I had no experience, he bravely took a chance on me.

This meant risking real money. He gave me a workroom, four girls to carry out my ideas and all the expensive materials I wanted to use. This meant that aside from starting me at fifty dollars a week, he was paying the salaries of the girls and taking a chance on materials, which, once cut, could never be put together again.

That fifty dollars a week was considerably more than ten. My friends were surprised, I was thrilled and my husband was astounded. The first week's salary looked bigger than any money I have ever received since.

Jean Patou, Well Known in French Fashion Circles. Many of the French Models are Simple, Smart and for the Most Part Easily Copied

It naturally is gratifying to me to know that the man who had courage enough to give me my first job is now one of the largest and most successful manufacturers in the trade. I have worked for other houses since, but we are still good friends. Within two years I was one of the high-priced designers. It was as simple as that.

Now, though I don't want to create the impression that any woman can go out and do the same thing, I do want to point out that having the necessary requirements, a woman can enter the designing profession more easily and get ahead more rapidly than in any other profession. But she must have these necessary requirements:

First of all, a sense of dress—an instinct for line and color, for fabric and form.

An absolutely photographic mind. It is essential that a designer be able to look at a gown once and remember every minute thing about it, from its neck line to its hem.

A creative imagination. A designer is worthless who cannot evolve something new pretty regularly, and that is frequently trying. Ideas often wear out quicker than dresses.

Adaptability. A designer must be able to take a bizarre French model, for instance, and adapt from it anywhere from two to six charming and practical gowns for American women.

Tact. Aside from the creative aspects of designing, the nature of the work is such that to be really successful a woman must be able to mingle with a great many different kinds of people and to make friends of them all. I will enlarge upon this angle of the designing profession later on.

A great many people have the notion that a designer must know how to draw. This is not so. Naturally it helps if she can make a sketch of her original idea, but it is not at all necessary to do so. Neither is it necessary for her to do the actual cutting of the material. She usually has a workroom and several girls under her, and they do the manual part of the work. She supervises and they cut and sew.

I am speaking now exclusively of the designer for wholesale trade. The problems that beset the two other classes of designers, those who work in the big exclusive Fifth Avenue shops and those who design for the theater, are altogether different. But I have always worked for wholesale houses and it is of this work that I am going to tell you chiefly.

The designer in a wholesale dress house is a very important person indeed. It is really upon her that the business swings. No matter how efficient an organization it may be, if the designer fails to deliver, business will not be good; and if the designer turns out successful models, models that for some psychological reason catch the public fancy, nothing is too good for her. She is given a raise in salary to prevent her from accepting one of the dozen or more offers she will get from rival firms the minute her success becomes known. She is treated like royalty, her slightest wish is granted, her most casual suggestion is carried out.

The Fords and the Pups

IT'S fun to be a designer, and it's precarious too. You never can tell what fate is in store for your creations. Perhaps one of them will turn into what is known in the trade as a Ford. That is, it will become very popular, will sell many hundreds and will be copied everywhere. Perhaps, on the other hand, it will develop into a pup—a failure, a discard. That happens to a great many models, and it is expected. A designer is regarded as a crackajack if 50 per cent of her models are successful sellers. Designers make anywhere from one to five hundred dollars a week; the average is two hundred and fifty.

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A Model of an Afternoon Dress Designed by Charlotte Showing the Boyish Look Which the French are Giving this Season Even to Their Dressy Clothes

VOTES FOR WOMEN

"Tobin Said We Were All to Register and He'd Bring Us and Show Us Who to Vote For"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MRS. RAWLINS was readying a room on the top floor of her rooming house. She seized a bureau by the shoulders and thrust it back against the wall with a single motion; she turned on the huddled bed and slapped it and punched it until it came submissively to order. She was a gaunt and big-framed woman, gray-haired; her large gray eyes were pleasant but resolute. She lived by keeping a rooming house, and she had never worked at anything else; but one could readily picture her dressed in dead white and standing on the threshold of a dental surgeon's torture chamber and saying pleasantly, "The doctor will see you now, madam." Which is to say that there was something professional or heroic about Mrs. Rawlins' pleasant expression as she thumped the bed in her rooming house.

"Mam-ma!"

Mrs. Rawlins strode to the open window and looked down three stories into the Harlem street.

"Well, sweetheart?" she shouted.

"Mamma, here's a man says he is papa."

"I'll be down and attend to him, dear," said Mrs. Rawlins.

Her voice was a barytone, full and somewhat flattened, but pleasant. She took her broom and dust rag and went out into the dark hall. She locked the door behind her for fear of sneak thieves. She went slowly down three flights of stairs, holding onto the rail lest she catch a heel in the ancient carpet, and so to her private quarters in the dim and soap-smelling basement. She went then to the iron gate under the brownstone stoop and shouted, "Won't you come down here, mister?"

A stooping man in baggy clothing, with a tobacco-stained mustache hanging over his mouth, appeared at the head of the three steps that led down into the areaway, and said in a voice that trembled with feeling, "Is that you, Betty?"

"My land," said Mrs. Rawlins, opening the gate; "I do believe it is you! Well, well, Mr. Rawlins. How have you been? Do come in, for a moment anyway."

"Betty!" he said, hurrying toward her with outstretched arms.

"This way," said Mrs. Rawlins, catching one of his hands and steering him by it. "Right through the hall and into the sitting room, and mind you don't hit your head on the gas jet. There now, you hit your head! Everybody hits his head on that darnation jet. The plumber hit his head yesterday, and you should have heard him. Oh, that reminds me! His new washbasin has a leaky faucet. Do sit down there and make yourself at home until I tell one of the children to go around and get him. Take the chair by the window and you can look at the newspaper. Well, well, to think of you walking in on us like this after—almost eight years, isn't it? Goodness, how time flies!"

On the stoop were two children, a boy of seven and a girl of eleven, here by the gentleman who had just stepped out of nowhere and stopped in her sitting room. She sent them off together with a peremptory message to the plumber.

The boy was docile, but the girl lingered, asking questions. She was used to strangers, but a stranger who was also her father interested her.

Her mother snapped her fingers and said, "You got your orders, young woman—march! They're good children, especially Dewey," she said, returning and sitting opposite him. "Veronica is a bit uppity at times, but she'll grow out of that. Oh, yes, she'll grow out of that."

"You called the baby Dewey, did you, Betty?"

"He wasn't born when you went away, was he? Yes, I called him Dewey. After Admiral Dewey, you know. I read once in the paper where he gave his house to his wife, and I never forgot it to him. Then it must be over seven years since you went out West. What did you ever do with the chipmunks?"

"Chipmunks?"

"Wasn't it chipmunks? You remember you wrote me a letter saying that you were in the oil country, and you were going to feed lump sugar to chipmunks and have them bore oil wells for you."

"Prairie dogs," he said throatily. His faded blue eyes pleaded with her, but he was forced to adopt her casual tone. "Not chipmunks, Betty. It was a fine idea as ever I had, and it wasn't my fault it didn't work out. And they weren't going to drill wells for me—of course not. The idea was to feed 'em lump sugar soaked in coal oil and train 'em to scratch around when they smelled oil. Tremendously keen scent animals have—any right animals—and these prairie dogs are just natural diggers and scratchers. Only hitch, Betty, was that these prairie dogs wouldn't eat sugar in the first place—wouldn't eat it on a bet. Unnatural beasts, prairie dogs."

He rubbed a black pipe about in his side pocket and brought it up loaded with tobacco.

Mrs. Rawlins held the match and again his eyes besought her over the leaping flame.

"There's lots of other good things," he mumbled, sinking in the chair and lowering his shaggy brows. "A noticing man can always hit on a good thing if he's wide awake and keeps abreast of the times and sees what people want. That's the thing, Betty—give people what they want! The law of supply and demand—that's all it amounts to. If I'd had time during the last few years to sit down and think things out right, I would be independently wealthy today. But what can a man do when he's got to keep on

the jump? I've got two good things on my mind right now. One is something to drop in coffee instead of an egg to clear it; that would sell in every kitchen in the land. Another is something to take the static out of radio. Pshaw, there's no end of good things going! Look at that man out in Denver that won five thousand dollars only last week by making up a name for a new movie. I tell you what it is, Betty, there's fortunes lying all around us if a man can only sit down and figure things out. And a man needs some capital too. It takes money to make money."

"Why didn't you write to us?"

"Well, Betty, I was planning to write to you; but I thought always I would have good news to send you in a day or two. And then I got to planning on coming back home and dropping in on you and surprising you."

"I see. Are you thinking of staying in New York any time now?"

Her tone was chatty.

"Why, Betty, I wasn't planning on going away again. Really, Betty, I didn't want to say this, but you act very queer. Very queer I call it when a man comes home to his wife after seven or eight years and she asks him right off is he thinking of staying."

"Oh, but I'm not your wife any more," she said smilingly. "I had you declared dead, you know, and the marriage was dissolved. You remember those lots away up in the Catskill Mountains that a fellow came in and sold you one day for three thousand dollars of my money? Well, we had the greatest luck; the city of New York bought them when they were making the new aqueduct and gave us eight hundred dollars for them. That's why I had you declared dead; the lawyer said I couldn't touch the money unless you were declared dead."

"I call this an outrage!" he exclaimed, flashing into anger. "Who does that lawyer suppose he is, going around and declaring people dead? I'd soon show him I'm not dead."

"Of course you're not really dead," she said comfortingly. "I told the lawyer that, and he said it made no difference; you were just as good as dead."

"Why, he don't even know me, Betty!"

"I don't know what we can do about it," she said resignedly. "Maybe we could get him to declare you're not dead for another hundred dollars. Have you got any money?"

"Oh, I have twelve or fifteen dollars in my pocket; but he'll never see a cent of it. A man like that's a murderer at heart."

"It's the way you acted," she said. "I told him you used to lay around the house and never do a tap until all my money was gone; and then you went out West and promised to send for us, and we never heard from you for seven or eight years."

He rose slowly to his feet

"I'll go, Betty," he said in an unsteady voice. "I'll go out into the world and you'll never see me again. If this isn't my home and you are not my wife, I got no business here. This is an awful blow to me after the way I looked forward to seeing you and the children, but I'll bear it like a man. I'll go away, Betty."

"But you don't have to!" she cried, putting out a hand. "I can give you a lovely room upstairs, top floor next the bathroom, for four a week, with breakfast optional at five and a quarter. The sun shines right in. I'll be awful glad to have you, and I know you'll be comfortable. Won't you step up and look at it?"

She led him up the three flights of stairs and showed him into a room which she had just readied.

"Towels every morning and sheets once a week," she promised. "I wash for my people, too, at the same price as the Chinaman, and you know those Chinamen have a nasty way of blowing the water out of their mouths when they iron. And if you don't need breakfast, this room will be four dollars a week—in advance, Mr. Rawlins. That's how I pay my rent, you know," she said extenuatingly. "The landlord is here bright and early every month. Five dollars—I'll send one of the children up with the change. And I do hope you'll feel at home here."

She hummed a tune abstractedly as she marched again down the stairs; she was unaffectedly cheerful, as hardily serene as any normal person must be who can't see beyond the current month and who has accordingly nothing to worry about.

She paused before the door to the first floor front, the best room in the house, and knocked on it—rat-tat! A resonant male voice invited her in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Gentry," she said to the big young man who looked up from his writing at the old-fashioned black walnut desk. "My husband that was is up in the top floor rear east, and I wonder if you can do something for him."

"You don't say!" said Thomas Jefferson Gentry in a tone that he strove to balance between congratulation and condolence. "Pardon me, Mrs. Rawlins, but I had thought you were a widow. Or did I understand you to say that something had just happened to Mr. Rawlins?"

"Nothing has happened to him yet, Mr. Gentry. You're in politics, aren't you?"

"I'm Tammany captain in this election district."

"Can you get Mr. Rawlins a job?" asked the landlady, sitting down.

"Well, now, Mrs. Rawlins, you know that in this season, in the summertime —— Oh, yes, yes, certainly! I'll fix him up somehow, Mrs. Rawlins. Send him around to the Eskimo Club. What does he work at?"

"He's a carpenter by trade and very careful not to do bad work, Mr. Gentry. He's not in the least particular, though. He'll do anything."

"Send him around to the club tonight. The janitor at the Raleigh High School on One Hundred and Fifteenth Street wants a handy man at seventy-five dollars a month and I guess I can work Mr. Rawlins in. Will that do him for the time? . . . Not at all, Mrs. Rawlins. By the way, I've been intending to speak to you. Have you registered yet?"

"Registered? For what?"

"To vote. Don't you know that women are going to vote at the next election? Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution, Mrs. Rawlins—'The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.'"

"Is that so, Mr. Gentry? I do think now that I read something about it once, but I paid no attention on account of not being interested. And who should I vote for, Mr. Gentry?" *(Continued on Page 185)*

"I'll Go, Betty. I'll Go Out Into the World and You'll Never See Me Again. If This Isn't My Home and You are Not My Wife, I Got No Business Here"

WINNIE AND THE SHARK

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS ever a favorite delusion of the Lady Fasterton that, by reason of much experience of the modern world in general and an ultra-modern husband in particular, she was armor plated and impervious to all emotion.

Quite often she had gayly confided this belief to her great friend, Miss Winnie O'Wynn; and though that lovely little free lance was much too sweet to deny it or to inform the lively May that she was hugging to her heart an appreciable fragment of the stuff that dreams are made of, Winnie was much too quick-witted to believe it.

Consequently it occasioned Winifred no amazement whatever when, one morning, she was most urgently implored by Lady May over the telephone to come round to Fasterton House as soon as ever she could.

"I am in bed, Winnie darling, and much too angry to get up," said May; "but that doesn't matter. I have just been listening to a simply infuriating story. You know how I have always said that if only there were a few little Fastertons running about the house I should be a different woman, don't you, Winnie? And how furious I have always been because there aren't any. So you can guess whether I should be sympathetic with a dear friend—Mona Lanborough; you've heard me speak of Mona—who has a charming little son which some scoundrelly man is keeping from her. . . . Oh, no, not kidnaped—much more cunning and legal than that, child. Indeed, it's all so legal, Winnie, that if I can't persuade you to focus your darling illegal mind on it, there's no hope for Mona at all. I won't say any more now, but do come at once. If you think it necessary you can bring that extraordinary creature Jay with you; not that he is in the least likely to be of the slightest use. Do just as you like, little one, as long as you come."

Thus May, from her couch into the phone at her bedside. So Winnie went. One, of course, does not ignore such an appeal as that from a real friend.

But Mrs. Lanborough, who undoubtedly heard the candid May's frank libel concerning Winnie's illegal mind, was a little surprised when, perhaps a quarter of an hour later, the Lady Fasterton introduced them.

"This is Mona Lanborough, Winnie," said May, even before her latest maid, a long-lashed, dark-eyed daughter of Gaul, had closed the door; "and this, child, is my little friend Winnie O'Wynn, who is going to make you happy ever after."

But Winnie, shaking hands with the slim, sad-eyed, distinguished-looking Mrs. Lanborough, demurred a little at that.

"Ah, May is so generous and kind that she thinks—quite mistakenly—that I am clever," said Winnie softly. "But that is only just because I have been lucky once—once or twice, you see."

Her big blue eyes were very steady and intent on Mona.

"She is exquisite," thought Winnie. "Ah, if only I am as sweet and—and so deeply hall-marked as sterling metal as she is when I am her age, I shall be content."

Mona Lanborough smiled faintly, but without much hope in her eyes. She must have been between thirty and forty, and she evidently was not given to attempting any cosmetical concealment of that fact. She had evidently seen a good deal of life, and it was apparent, in spite of the gentle cordiality of her greeting, that, now she had looked upon the shyly radiant youth of Winnie, she had but little belief in the ability of one so young and evidently inexperienced to help her. She sighed a little as she spoke.

"But, Miss Winnie, You Don't Mean to Say You've Just Bought—Committed Yourself for Another Five Thousand of Those Pea-Shuck Shares at a Cold Two Thousand Pounds! Miss Winnie, it's Asking for Trouble—Screaming for It"

"If Miss O'Wynn can help me she will make me forever her slave; but I have to do with a most formidable enemy," she said; and Winnie thought her low voice the saddest she had ever heard.

Mona's big eyes were turned upon May.

"I—May dear, I am not sure that I quite like the idea of dragging Miss O'Wynn"—Winnie felt the gentle affectionate pressure of slender fingers—"into my unhappy business."

Something vague, something remote but nevertheless clear, in the low voice protested that to drag Winnie into that unhappy business would be akin to dragging a lovely little Blue Adonis butterfly through the exhaust pipe of a secondhand motor. But the lady of the lace pillows laughed.

"Dearest Mona," she said in the tone of an ancient mariner addressing the newly joined cabin boy, "Winnie has handled gentlemen beside whom this man Fitzmore is a baby lamb with a bunch of blue ribbons round its little neck."

She sat up, in charming, if rather careless, dishabille.

"Mona," she said, "this dear little soul, who is my very best pal, is accustomed to handle real man-eaters." She turned almost fiercely bright eyes on Winnie. "Darling, do you mind if, to reassure Mona, I tell her at once that it was you who raised the craft of plain, straightforward, inadvertent vamping from just an ordinary everyday craft to a very fine art? Why, Mona, she has caught you already. You think she is straight out of some rural rectory garden—as the man Jay once thought." Lady May leaned back and laughed. "It is so absurd," she said. "I was very angry till Winnie came, and now I am only just foolishly confident."

Mona's eyes were brightening now. May Fasterton may have been frank, but she was also infectious.

"You see, Winnie, it is all so ludicrously unfair," continued May impulsively. "Do you know about Mona? No, it was before your time, of course. Let me explain. Do you mind, Mona? Listen, then, Blue-Eyes."

Blue-Eyes, as trim and sweet and violetlike as she had ever been in her life, kindly listened—to this:

"You see, Winnie, Mona was divorced nearly ten years ago—quite unfairly, unjustly; everyone knew that even then—and her husband was given custody of her boy, Paul, by the court. She did all she could, but there are times you cannot do much against perjury. Paul Lanborough, her husband, legally had the boy—two years old then, twelve years now—and Mona had what a divorced woman in this country gets."

Mona was sitting very still and a little pale. But May's eyes began to glow again.

"Paul Lanborough was no good—a waster, Winnie. Everybody who knew anything at all knew that too. But he had the boy legally. After a time he went away—abroad—on some insane wild-goose chase. But before he went he appointed a man, a cousin, to be guardian of the boy and trustee of the small sum of money Lanborough left for him. This trustee was a person called Fitzmore, Morton Fitzmore, a—a—what my extraordinary husband calls a shark, an ordinary City shark; a man who sells valueless shares. At least, that is what he is now. Lanborough died abroad—lynched, I should imagine, though they called it enteric—and thus Fitzmore became sole—sole—well, proprietor of Paul Lanborough, Mona's boy. Do you see, Winnie?"

The small, shapely golden head nodded gently. May moved restlessly on the pillows of idleness.

"Well, naturally, Mona, knowing now how low this man Fitzmore has sunk, wants to get her boy away from him. Why, he has always refused—more or less legally, no doubt—to let her see him! So, some time ago, she asked this creature Fitzmore for the boy. And Fitzmore, who is always more or less hard up, agreed to produce the boy and hand him over for good on one condition."

The Lady Fasterton paused for breath and a cigarette.

"The condition was that Mona should purchase five thousand shares—pound shares—in a company in which Fitzmore owned the bulk of the shares; a—a thing called the Devon Lead Mines, Ltd. Extraordinarily limited, bah! Mona bought and paid for these worthless shares—Fitzmore had probably given a penny apiece for them—and Fitzmore produced a boy; an unhappy little chap—listen, Winnie!—that quite obviously was no more Mona's son than a son of the man in the moon. Mona's baby had been a dear little thing, as sound and healthy as ever any baby in the world, Winnie, you see. It wasn't Mona's boy at all—Mona is sure of that.

"Fitzmore was quite frank, almost cynically open about it. 'Very well,' he said, 'if you don't care to take this boy, your son, I'll take him back.' And he did so. But he had Mona's five thousand pounds—ostensibly for his worthless shares. So he took the boy away and things were just as they were before. I imagine that, in spite of the creature's evasions, that is criminal; but naturally Mona does not want to risk the publicity and hashing up of all that old scandal which would result if she went to the police. So I thought of you, Winnie."

The Lady Fasterton's fine eyes were bright with the chilly sparkle of indignation as she stared at Winnie; but

Winnie's eyes were wide and blue and wholly unfathomable as she gazed back. Mona Lanborough said nothing at all, sitting still—sitting very still

"Now, some kinds of infamous blackmail one has to suffer gladly," said May, "but not that kind; though evidently Morton Fitzmore believes Mona must, for recently he has approached her again and has offered again to hand over the boy if she will purchase another five thousand pounds' worth of shares in Devon Lead Mines, Ltd. Winnie dear, do you see? It is a sort of circular fraud that keeps on If Mona bought those shares Fitzmore would produce another unacceptable son, and so it would go on. And—legally—Fitzmore is the real boy's real guardian. So please, Winnie, will you do something? Will you get Mona's boy—her real boy—back for her? Mona would do anything if you did. And, of course, both Mona and I would help in any possible way if you cared or wished to—to punish Mr. Fitzmore; by making one of your little coups out of it all," concluded May rather anxiously—for her.

Winnie thought for a few moments before answering. Then she nodded

"I think that Mr. Fitzmore must be a very crafty and cruel and dangerous enemy," she said quietly. "And I will try hard to think of some little plan to help Mona fight against him. Only it does seem difficult."

Her voice was low and her eyes abstracted for a moment only.

"It was nice of you to think of the possibility of—of making a coup, May darling," she went on; "but if I could help in any way at all to get Paul back, that would make me quite happy enough, just to help. I should not mind about a—a coup at all!"

May, who knew Winnie better than anyone else in the world, sighed with an air of very real relief

"Ah, that was what I wanted to hear you say, Blue-Eyes," she laughed, and turned to Mrs. Lanborough. "You see, Mona, when you know Winnie better, and realize that she insists on earning her own living, you will understand that when she speaks of a financial coup in just that tone of gentle aversion it is time for evildoers to walk softly. Oh, she is a darling, and I love her dearly. She makes me laugh and feel all tingly, and she makes sad people happy and herself prosperous. Kiss me, Winnie, and then ask Mona all the questions you like."

Which, in a lady claiming to be emotion-proof, was tolerably enthusiastic

But it was only a few little questions that Winnie asked; so few, indeed, that it lacked at least an hour to lunchtime when the questions ended. Winnie would not stay to lunch. She said a tiny idea had come into her head, and conveyed sweetly to her friend that she believed she might be able to help foster and encourage that tiny idea during the next hour if they did not mind her leaving them now, please.

That there was nothing secret about Winnie's tiny idea was made evident shortly after when, sitting in the extremely businesslike office of that breezy-mannered but also extremely businesslike agent of Finch Court, Southampton Row, Mr. George H. Jay, Winnie rather shyly explained it.

"I only came to bother you about a little investment, dear Mr. Jay," she cooed.

Mr. Jay looked uncommonly solemn for a second, then gave a breezy, hearty laugh. If there was a distant tinge of apprehension about the heartiness of that laugh, Winnie did not appear to observe it.

"Ha, yes, Miss Winnie! Splendid! Nothing like investment; no, indeed. If half the people now busy burning their money only invested it carefully it would be better for themselves, their families, their—um—advisers, and in fact for all concerned. Investment is one of the finest—um—hobbies in the world, if done wisely. That's what my poor father used to say. 'Salt it down, boy, salt it down! That's the secret of success, my boy, salting it down. The very first time I make any money I'm going to salt it down!' But he never got started, ha-ha!" said the gentle George H., his rather glassy eyes scrutinizing the fair face before him with extraordinary intentness.

Winnie smiled.

"You see, Mr. Jay, someone mentioned some shares to me which could be bought very cheaply, and I thought I would like to buy a few in case they rise."

"Quite, Miss Winnie. That's the idea," he breezed. "And what shares are they, and how many do you want?"

"Only a very few. They are shares in a company called the Devon Lead Mines, Ltd."

Mr. Jay's eyes protruded a little, then modestly retired.

"They call them, in the City, the Devon Dead Mines, Miss Winnie. They're worthless—absolutely."

His tone was crisp and confident. He knew what he was talking about, did the gentle George. He was at home in the matter of shareholding and share-letting-go, particularly the letting-go side of it.

"I hate to disappoint you, Miss Winnie, but I know those shares are no good. Why, believe me, they are the staff of life, the stock in trade, of one of the smoothest crooks in the city—a man called Morton Fitzmore. He sells them to innocents," explained Mr. Jay, and added hastily, "Not that I mean to imply that you are innocent—er—um—what I mean, you aren't likely to be deceived by an ordinary shark like Fitzmore."

Winnie laughed a little.

"Ah, thank you so much, dear Mr. Jay, for being so kind and frank with me. I have heard of Mr. Fitzmore, too, and it is only because I want to meet him that I want to buy a few of those dreadful shares."

George H. nodded, his face clearing a little.

"Oh, I see, Miss Winnie; I understand. That's a different matter. You ought to be able to pick up a couple of hundred of these shares for the matter of a five-pound note, though Fitzmore will try for much more. Would you care to have me come round to his den with you, Miss Winnie?"

But Winnie did not think that was necessary; though, as she left, it appeared that there were one or two small matters in which possibly dear Mr. Jay could help her. She detailed these, George H. noted them, and added a final warning:

"You'll excuse your old agent just warning you, just taking the liberty of advising you to handle this man with your gloves on, Miss Winnie. He hasn't got the sort of reputation he'd care to spend real money in advertising I'll put out a few quiet inquiries about him and report results to you as usual."

Winnie caused her blue eyes to shine upon her resourceful old agent.

"Ah, you are as kind and considerate as ever, dear Mr. Jay," she sighed, and so left him to puzzle it all out for himself if he cared to—and could.

For quite a considerable time he stood staring absently out of his office window, muttering to himself.

"She's going deliberately to buy shares which she knows perfectly well are notoriously rotten, and she particularly wants to learn what class of education a crook like Fitzmore gives his family—if any. Um! Well, if it was anybody else in this city of tightwads, I'd say it wasn't worth troubling about. But not when it's little Miss Winnie who's doing the asking. No, not when it's Winnie. I never yet knew her ask for something that didn't in the end prove to be well worth asking for. I'll start right in after lunch.

"And now about my new system," he continued. "Am I going to play it or not? I said after that tomahawking I got over the Jernington land deal that whatsoever Miss Winnie bought in future I would buy and whatsoever she sold I would sell, and chance all. But I did that over the Pollard Storage Battery and five hundred good pounds of mine were instantly struck dead by lightning. Huh! I think I'll let the system mark time a day or two, for if there's anything sure in the world it's the fact that there's no more money in Devon Lead Mine shares than there is lead in the mine."

He pulled out a cigar and lit it thoughtfully.

"There's something wrong with any system that says, 'Buy Devon Lead shares.' Yes, sir, or any other shares that you can buy for half a crown the bushel. That's A B C; and though poor old George Jay has forgotten a whole lot, he still remembers the alphabet he learned across mother's knee—more or less, ha-ha!"

II

IT WAS evidently one of the smooth Mr. Morton Fitzmore's lucky days, a day on which at least two goldfish nibbled nicely at his little hook. The first of these Winnie met in the tiny outer office as she awaited the attention of the rotten-stock expert. He emerged from the inner office, talking over his shoulder, and paused, clutching the

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"Ah, it is the Same Little Boy—the Same That He Brought Last Time!" She Cried. "It is Only Just Another Trick—a Trick. This is Not My Son! I Might Have Known! Oh, Winnie, He Has Deceived, Tricked You, Too, Just as He Did Me!"

THE TARRIBLE SWEDE

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SOMETIMES a punch on the nose carries more real affection with it than a kiss—among some men, that is. And many men had wondered at the strange unswerving friendship between Big Carl Dane and short stocky Yon, whom all knew as the Tarrible Swede. They wondered, because the friendship, which was very near love, which, in turn, when existing between two strong men, is nigh to godlike love, often took weird and wondrous aspects.

Witness, for example, that memorable sailing day when the four-masted bark Khedivieh led the grain fleet out of Frisco Bay, to race to the United Kingdom Cape Hornwards.

Tall ships, long ships, full-built ships and clippers,
Loading up at Crockett Docks with barley, wheat and corn;
Manned by longshore hoboes and wild apprentice nippers,
Officered by iron men, racing round the Horn!

The Tarrible Swede roared out the song at the top of his lungs. As boson of the great steel clipper, he felt it incumbent upon him to put life into the sorry crowd he had to work with. Only Big Carl Dane seemed to know what to do or to be able to keep steady legs to do it. And Big Carl kept his sharp eye upon roaring Yon, for he knew the strongest weakness of his friend. Between jobs of leading down and belaying hauling parts of running gear, the Tarrible Swede would roar at his stumble-footed crew, Big Carl would lead them to the new task, and then roaring Yon would slip away out of sight of the officers on the poop and rinse his drouthy throat with a stout swig from a black bottle.

That was the Tarrible Swede's weakness. It was the first reason for his nickname. Yon was terrible indeed when deep laden with liquor. And he had laid in a stock of raw California brandy, snugly stowed away in the boson's locker, to warm him in the bitter days off Cape Stiff. Big Carl knew. He watched his friend anxiously. Not yet was there cause for serious worry, for the tall fleet had not yet unfolded its white wings. Nine ships, all grain-laden, docilely followed nine tugs out through the Golden Gate; but soon they would cast off their fetters, and then the ship possessing the most capable man drivers would lead the fleet to sea under a towering spire of gleaming sail. The anchors had been taken aboard and the cables unshackled; the chief mate's post on the forecastle head was more a matter of form than anything else. But soon would come the word to make sail; then no job would be matter of form until the big bark leaned to the pressure of the crooning breeze in her thirty-three straining sails.

"Make sail!" the captain roared through the megaphone at last. Carl glared around. Yon was out of sight. Presently, from behind a deck water tank, "Make sail, sir!" roared Yon, and emerged with a slight stagger and a face red from choking down a scalding draught, desperately trying to poke a black bottle into a trousers pocket which refused to stay gaping for it. In two long strides Big Carl was towering over the boson, interposing his vast bulk between his delinquent friend and the wrath of the mate.

"Gimme th' bottle!" wheezed Carl. "By ——"

"More Beef Here! Catch a Holt, Yu!" Roared Big Carl, Hurling His Big Body Upon Yon and Helping to Muzzle the Flying End of the Broken Tack Before It Brained Somebody

The bottle fell and smashed on the deck. Before the tinkling of the shards of glass had well died, the Tarrible Swede had flailed his arms around his head twice and two lumps appeared magically upon Big Carl's cheek bones. Not a sound did the stocky little boson make, except the solid thud of his feet and the swishing impact of his fists upon the worried features of his friend.

"Stoppit! Stoppit, Yon!" pleaded Carl, gently jabbing Yon on the forehead with a fist as big as a jib-sheet block and about as hard. The jab, gentle as it was, set Yon back on his heels and made him shake his head. "I will make yelly of you if you don't stoppit!"

Yon shook his head and bored in, his fists flying wildly, but with sleep in every whirl if one landed. And every time he came in, Carl's sparlike arm straightened out, his blocklike fist thudded squarely on Yon's forehead, and Yon sat down abruptly and hard on the deck. Five times the Tarrible Swede sat down. Five bruises blued his brow. Five times he staggered up, spat on his hands and bored in with whirling arms.

"Vill yu quit?" he snorted each time. "Vill yu quit, before I put a het on yu?"

Carl was beginning to look troubled by the time the mate burst between them and stopped it. He was afraid he would have to hurt his friend. Yon's forehead was blue, growing purple, swelling like a ripe pomegranate.

"What d'ye mean by it?" rasped the chief mate angrily. Mr. Critchlow was a splendid sailorman, and had no use for blood-boat methods; but there was the Euphrosyne drawing out ahead, sail after sail fluttering from the yards. Barely astern of her the Banklands had overrun her tug and was creaming up the sea at her forefoot.

"What sort of business d'you call this? Hey?" The mate shook the Tarrible Swede savagely.

"Th' big loafer is gettin' drunk, sir. I yoost took th' bottle from him," said the Tarrible Swede, viciously glaring up at Big Carl, who regarded him in sorrow rather than anger. Carl had not believed Yon would lie like that. But Mr. Critchlow was shrewd as well as capable.

"I know the loafer who's drunk!" he retorted. "Carl, you take on boson. I'll have the Old Man sign you on soon's we're at sea. Yon, give me your keys to the boson's locker. Come on! Now you let me see you stagger once, and I'll clap you into the chain locker to sleep it off! Shake a leg, there! Make sail!"

Ship after ship of the big fleet crept up on the Khedivieh, biggest, newest, her apprentices said the smartest of them all.

"Oh, you wooden men! You Port Mahón sojers! Won't you sing out? Won't you pull?" The burly young second mate almost wept at the main-topgallant halyards. The great yard, shaking under the terrific flogging of the sail, crept painfully aloft. The men appeared stupefied. Big Carl Dane beat them with his open hands, begging them to haul and promising them shirtsful of sore bones in the same breath.

"Sing, Yon! Sing out, man!" cried Carl.

"Take a runnin' yoomp at yu'self!" snorted Yon, hauling like a sailorman nevertheless.

"Come on, men! Just a short pull!" pleaded the second mate.

The sail was almost set. It needed sweating up. A red-whiskered mild little man who had seemed scared of his surly shipmates suddenly yelped out with a voice like a steam calliope, amazing in its volume:

"King Louey wuz th' King o' France, afore th' Revolution!"

And Big Carl Dane led the chorus line with a bull roar:

"Away, haul away, oh, haul away together!"

The red little man took courage and put a grace note into his next line:

"Th' people cut his head orf, which spoiled his constitution!
Away, haul away, oh, haul away, Jo!"

"That's the sort, bullies!" bawled Mr. Critchlow at the fore. The apprentices and the sailmaker and third mate had all but mastheaded the mizzen. The red-whiskered hero surpassed himself:

"They sent th' pore old King to sea to larn him how to swim!
Haul away, haul, oh, haul away together!
They sent him wis a Bluenose mate who put a head on him!
Away, haul away, oh, haul away, Jo!"

That line made a hit with the sailors. Mr. Critchlow was a Nova Scotian. More good will went into the last couple of short pulls than had gone into the whole business of making sail before. Men who had growled and cursed at their perfunctory work in all the agonies of sailing-day soreheads made a bluff at howling the chorus, and did pull part of a man's weight on the rope.

"That's you, Whiskers! Give's one about th' big squarehead boson!" they cheered.

"I put a het on him aftervarts!" swore the Tarrible Swede right behind the chantey man. Red Whiskers jumped affrightedly.

"Who, me?" he bleated. "Wot have I done?"

"Sing yur songs, Yinyer," Yon growled. "I put a het on that big stiff, Carl. Sing out!"

The fleet was strung out in a flying-wedge formation, and at the apex sped the tall Khedivieh, her bows roaring in foamy thunder, her new sails gleaming like ivory violet-shaded in the westering sunlight. She held pride of place by virtue of her afterguard's alertness and the tireless energy of her newly appointed boson. Within two miles of her, hanging to her flanks like hounds at the flanks of a speeding stag, the four-master Silberhorn to one quarter, the full-rigged ship Talus on the other pressed her hard. Close astern of them raced the smaller Banksland, Euphrosyne and two foreigners. Bringing up the rear, rapidly closing up the handicap she had incurred by having to clear a foul anchor, the stately skysail-yarder Queen Margaret caught the full blaze of the sunlight and gave a touch of almost unearthly guardianship to the picture.

"Is our Old Man a cracker-on?" Red Whiskers asked Yon as the watch below drifted out to the fore hatch in the dogwatch. By merit of his chanteying, the funny little hairy man had taken unto himself an importance which fitted him no better than did the secondhand slops he wore. His shipmates, still soreheaded, regarded him as they might a red-furred rat. That bothered Whiskers not at all; he attached himself to the Tarrible Swede, for Yon had a measure of dignity still adhering to him, having at least left the anchorage as boson of the ship.

"Can this here hooker carry it, Yon?"

"I put a het on th' big stiff!" said Yon, and strode, on firm feet now, to the boson's room, which so lately had been his.

"Hullo, Yon," Carl greeted him in friendly fashion. "Come in and smoke yur pipe. How's ta het? Want a drink?"

Yon did want a drink badly. He swallowed a half tumbler of good rum, which was not in the least like the raw liquor he had brought on board. It was smooth, soothing and mellow. It coursed through his frame and tingled at his toes. He swallowed twice after it had gone down, wreathing his lips critically. Under the black bruise that puffed his forehead, his eyes glittered balefully at Carl. But a man cannot hold anger when his stomach is glowing with an old comrade's rum. He wanted to start something with Carl, but Carl started first.

"I haf not signed on boson yet, Yon," said Carl. "Ta mate tolt me to go aft at eight bells. I vill tell ta captain I vill not be boson. It is yur chob, Yon."

Yon lurched to his feet and rolled out of the cabin, cursing his friend for the kindly thought that had forestalled his own outburst. At the forecastle door he stopped, thought briefly, and went back far enough to shout at Big Carl, "Yu carry on wit' ta bottle ant yu vill not haf to tell ta Old Man. Yu ain't no trinker, yu fat slob!"

Carl was tilting the bottle over a tin cup. A few drops only trickled out. He shook the bottle, regarded it half regretfully and flung it far over the rail into the creaming bow wave.

Then, raising the cup toward Yon, he said without resentment, "It is empty. I haf no more. I am not a trinker, ant I know it, Yon. Yu ain't neither, no more. Here's luck!"

At the change of watches, midnight, the Tarrible Swede turned out seething with rage. He had made no outward show of eagerness when Carl had hinted that he would ask the captain to restore Yon to his lost position. But he had hoped. He was mustered with the watch and sent on the lookout, which satisfied him that Big Carl was to remain boson. And Yon was burning up with drought. He fiercely rattled the ring handle of the boson's locker on his way to the forecastle-head ladder. Behind that steel door was a store of strong liquor big enough to soothe a ship's company of fatheads, and to make them fat all over again. Worst of all, that greatly desired stock was in the care of Big Carl Dane; Carl, who had always kept himself disgustingly sober through sheer inability to stand strong drink. Yon went to Carl's open door, paused long enough to bark a rusty oath up at the impatient lookout waiting for his relief, and then laid violent hands upon the breast of his friend.

"Gimme a trink! Come on, yu robber! Gimme ta keys of ta locker!" he demanded, gripping Carl's skin with the shirt. Big Carl slowly awoke, groping for the annoying hand at his breast.

"Go avay, Yon. Go stick yur het in a bucket ant cool off."

"I'll put a het on yu if yu don't gimme ta keys!" said Yon.

"I'll put a het on yu if yu don't get outa here!" said Carl with a trace of annoyance.

"Yu stole my brandy!'

"Yu li-!"

Yon hurled himself blindly upon Big Carl, hauling him the rest of the way out of his bunk. Staggeringly, they reached the deck, bathed in the first radiance of the waning moon.

"Hey, Swede! Git a move on an' relieve me!" cried the lookout peevishly.

"I put a het on yu!" roared Yon, and the man ducked out of sight beyond the foretack. But it was upon Carl that the head was to go. Yon walked stolidly forward. Big Carl's fist smacked squarely upon Yon's sore forehead and Yon sat down. Five or six times the unvarying routine was followed to the inevitable end. Thump on the deck sat Yon; to rise, shake his head, walk in with whirling arms and fists that never got near enough to land, receive a straight jab on the brow and sit down again.

"I put a het on yu!" said Yon fiercely each time he got up.

"Stoppit, Yon, stoppit!" pleaded Carl. "I haf to hit yu if yu don't stoppit!"

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Keenly Watched by a Good Racing Skipper Who Had Fine Sailing Officers, the Big Four-Master Roared Through the Long Rolling Blue Seas

Achilles Always Has His Heel

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY HIBBERD V. KLINE

IF THERE was any sensible reason for pa to act the way he's doing ——" The girl's voice held exasperation; and her eyes, tears. Yellow sunshine splashed like liquid fire over the Epplebone place; over the great white house of many chimneys and wide yard; over the peach and the apple orchards that on four sides stretched away in geometrical green rows, solidly green this mid-July. The pink-and-white filigree of a previous month had served its seasonal use and was rain-washed away and wind-swept away.

Yellow charmeuse satin splashed at the window of the sitting room where Bella Epplebone sewed. Bella stitched rapidly, her plump foot working the treadle furiously, as is the sewing-machine way of superenergetic domestic women.

"Pa makes me tired," she said hotly. "I—I hate him."

She had dark eyes and hair, and a skin that was clear, firm, red and cream, like her father's Maiden Blush apples. Her mother, who sat near in a rocking-chair, hemming fine red-bordered dish towels—bridal dish towels for Bella—stirred uneasily.

"You mustn't talk that way, Bella."

"I don't care. He's mean, that's all; just plain mean. How you've stood him all these years ——" An eloquent outflinging of a plump youthful hand.

Behind the girl's back, the eyes of the mother dropped as if to conceal unwilling assent. They were faded, passionless eyes, set almost expressionlessly in a spare face.

The telephone rang. The girl sprang, alert and smiling, from her chair, letting the satin dress slip to the floor.

"That's Stan! He said ——"

Esther Epplebone got up from her rocker to pick up the easily soiled breadths. It was true that the brown rug was well swept and the strip of hardwood floor beyond the rug was nearly as clean as the Epplebone pantry shelves; it had been soap-mopped not four hours back by Maidy, the hired girl. But Esther had careful ways.

She listened, Bella's satin in her hands, to Bella's lilting, vital voice at the phone. Something rarely seen seemed to drift over the faded, spare face. It was as if one woman tasted youth again, or renewed youth, in the other's laughter and happiness.

"He's got his new flivver. We're going to the dance at Bubbly Grove tonight," said Bella, returning.

As the girl reseated herself, she drew a long exhilarated breath, as if in one energetic intake of youthful lungs she would inhale the sunshine, the midsummer scent of the orchards and the very essence of life. All unwittingly—and the sight was strange—Esther's older mouth and chest moved with the girl's inhalation.

The phone rang again. Another springing up. Bella flounced back to her chair.

"It's Olly. Says he'll bring that Federal crop report over tonight. Well, pa better stay at home and entertain his favorite."

"Don't talk that way," the other begged, as if mechanically, however. "Your pa means ——"

"My pa means to do his only daughter dirt! Why try, mother, to smooth over what's rougher than a sand bur?"

Esther swallowed hard; then made a valiant effort.

"He's —— he's just ——"

But her daughter fixed her with a glance so eloquent and forceful that the explanation fell back weakly into a rather meek throat.

He Cogitated Heavily. Against His Will, Fright Gathered in His Lumpish Browned Face as He Turned His Stare to the Trees About

"What gets me is why he's so vicious about Stan." Bella frowned in perplexity as she rebasted a yellow frill. "Stan never did anything to him. And it beats me why he's taken such a liking for his young third cousin Olly." There came a hard, undaughterly shrug. "Unless Olly reminds him of himself. They've both got the same lumpish jaw—like Holsteins."

"Bella, you shouldn't talk so about your father."

"Yes," retorted Bella bitterly. "He's my father and the richest peach and apple grower in this end of the state. And he's given me to understand that after my wedding day I need expect nothing from him during his life or at his death. All because I met Stan Gray at college and he followed me to court me in my own home. But he can take in that lumpish Olly and practically turn his orchards over to him."

"It—it isn't fair to you, Bella."

"Fair! I guess it isn't. Oh, Stan and I won't starve, even if he hasn't more than fifteen hundred dollars to his name. But it won't be easy for us. If Stan wasn't a land man—if he didn't like land—it wouldn't be so unfair. As it is, if we live around here, everything will be poisoned for us by pa's hostility. And if we leave this part of the country ——"

"I'd always counted," said Esther miserably, "on you living on at home when you got married; or somewheres right at hand. It'll be awful hard on me, Bella."

"Would it be easier if we hung around here, with the whole county making remarks?"

Angry tears stood in the girl's eyes, making them brilliant. Esther miserably did not answer, although truthfully she would have said yes.

"I'm his only child. I hope," said the girl deliberately, "that this comes back on him. I hope he has some kind of bad luck."

"Please, Bella! That's wicked."

"So is pa." The daughter added, curiously, with less passion, "It seems funny. Pa is no gentle Angel Gabriel; never was. But usually he has a reason for any meanness he does. And at first it seemed as though he didn't dislike Stan at all."

While she spoke, she stitched with vigor, her head bent. It was just as well that Bella Epplebone's intelligent head did not turn; that she did not therefore catch the faint dull flush which, at her words of wondering, had passed, like a cold wind, over her mother's faded, passionless face.

She said presently, one vigorous young hand gathering up yellow folds, "But I'll take back what I said." This with a blush. "I don't wish anybody bad luck."

"Of course not, dear. You—you mustn't."

"I'm lucky enough. I've got the man I love, and who loves me. I'm luckier than a lot of women in this world, who'd give up plenty to be able to say the same." A rare beauty, not of color of skin or of contour of bone, transfigured a somewhat ordinary youthful comeliness. And saying this, Bella chose not to look at her small faded mother, but pretended busily to pick up satin snippings from the floor around the machine. "I'll stay satisfied."

"That's right, Bella." Esther spoke low.

Bella left the room with her finery. A hired girl with stolid body came in, tidied the corner and asked Esther whether cold roast beef should be sliced for supper or fowls fried. Esther replied absently that the beef would do. But for many years Esther had responded to duties, not to fancies; and so she roused from her abstraction and followed the girl to the great clean kitchen to see if the cold beef was sufficient. "Might somebody come for supper, Maidy." Olly Epplebone was a good eater.

Maidy, an angular and stolid Scandinavian, could not know that Esther's lips had unkindly hesitated at the name and said merely somebody. Yet the older woman had nothing acutely against the young man; or, rather, had not had until lately. She had known him from his birth in an adjoining township twenty-four years back. She would not dislike to speak his name now—if he were not of her husband's side of the family; her husband, Stephen, whom she had honored and obeyed for thirty-two years, but whom she had never ——

Those three words, "love," "honor" and "obey"! More than one grim man, at journey's end, would cast away the last two and insist only upon attention to the first. More than one man in the beginning would do this, did he know. Ah, did he know!

Esther had honored the man she married. For all his meanness of soul, he had a certain curious strength of character that called forth a certain unwilling honor, mayhap not of the first quality. But it had served. She had obeyed him scrupulously. Witness Maidy's predecessors who had pilfered from pantry supplies for their families in town, and had been put out without recommendation; although Esther Epplebone was weak enough of her own volition to have given a good word to a snarling cur. But she had never loved him—never; and she had consciously felt for him—well, what is the opposite of love? It is not hate, where such a woman as Esther is concerned; nor is it detestation.

She had been a conscientious wife. In the beginning, she had been plaintively grateful because Steve Epplebone wanted to marry her. She expected to find Steve a good enough husband. Stolid, of course. She expected to forget Harry Vardaman in time. Well, she had more or less forgotten Harry. One cannot lug around memories and butter tubs at the same time. Nature has her laws. It was true that Esther's youthful prettiness—hardly prettiness, at that—had faded, become even dried, like a pressed peppergrass blossom, which is nothing wonderful when fresh. But many women would have envied Esther. Steve had been the son of a well-to-do landowner, since deceased.

In thirty-two years young apple orchards had grown mature and brought in thousands of dollars for a wife's peace of mind; young peach orchards had grown old and other young ones had taken their place; more land had been added; more orchards planted; more dollars accumulated by a stolid man.

Esther had had her silk dresses, her trips to the city, her hired girls; in time, her automobiles. But her life had not become richer, she might have told you. Her life had been rather lacking in savor.

She might have forgotten Harry Vardaman better had she married a man with a more volatile temperament. Harry was light-minded as he was handsomely light-haired; something of a dude, for those days. He had not been very downcast even when the whole Vardaman farm was mortgage-sucked and the family had to move away; westward it was afterward reported. And there had not been really much of a love affair between him and Esther. She often suspected that more than one other girl of the farming country thereabout had a gay kiss-adorned recollection or two connected with Harry Vardaman. But—she remembered the best perhaps

At twenty a girl with sweet eyes and soft hair finds kissing good, whether she lives on a mid-Western American farm or on a South Sea atoll. One corner of the Vardaman land was a tangle of young birch, second growth. In after years Esther Hape, to be Epplebone, never looked at a young birch without remembrance putting a dull hand on her heart. The spring sunlight on young birch leaves!

A young leaf can dry; a life can wither—when its days are burdensome, much weighted. Steve Epplebone was a weight. His longish, rather thick dark head became a heavy object in his wife's life. He had small, unpleasant eyes that could bore into superficial pleasure like a worm into a bud. He had a heavy mouth, with lips that projected and yet could recede cruelly enough over thick white teeth, having let out a stream of objurgation and frightful abuse at hired man or member of his family.

He was a big bulky man who could drag a rebellious steer across a barnyard when the animal did not willingly move in the desired direction. He had arms to toss a barrel of greenings onto a truck. He could handle a spraying hose over his trees for twelve hours at a stretch and wrangle with an overseer for three hours more—and call it a half-filled day.

He was a stolidly muscular young fellow when he married Esther. Against his natural strength of body, the seasons, with their cold and their heat, had been like small stones against a wall of sheet iron. Perhaps there are small dents made, but the quality of the wall is not impaired. He was in his element on a farm. He would have fitted in no other calling, unless it were river freighter

This is the story of Esther Epplebone, not of Bella; except as the girl's story was inconveniently infolded within her mother's, like crinkled and pallid petals within calyx. This was unfair to Bella of course. But this planet has that sort of unfair mix-up taking place all the time. Lives are strangely and bizarrely connected and intertwined, without the right or wrong of such connection being proved. Typhoons and droughts have never found justification in men's eyes, either.

Steve Epplebone

Like music, the soil affects men in one of two ways. It may be observed that when a man lives his life with and over soil, one of two things happens to him This soil seems to find itself repeated in his nature. By some alchemy or circumstance, he responds as he must or as he will. It is hard to say in a man or a woman where "must" ceases and "will" takes command

But while a man works with plow or seed bag upon earth, this earth works upon him. He becomes very hard and brutal, like a sun-indurated clod; or he becomes spiritually fertile, responsive to sun and sky and other influences, like black loam in which all natural life finds renewal.

At the time of Steve Epplebone's marriage to Esther Hape, nearly everyone in that part of the world had enough to eat and wear and plenty of work to keep minds healthy The land was new. There was plenty of this land—there and elsewhere. Actual money was not so plentiful. But money was more of an impersonal matter, like education. Your neighbors had more or less. Comparisons were not too often made. The weather—frost, drought—was a more exciting topic, month in, month out. Of course, the future, more or less consciously to all minds, lay over the present like a warm colorful shawl. Personal character, although never relegated to unimportance—man is not so negligent of his kind—was not analyzed by observers to the morbid degree that was later to be loved by Freudians. Steve Epplebone was merely considered a stolid young man

Some young men who are stolid are turned by time into fine-natured and kindly middle-aged men. As the years went on, Steve became rather cloddish. There were several twelvemonths of excruciatingly hard work on his land, when the orchards were in their infancy of planning and setting out. Even before Bella's birth—she had two stillborn brothers—he had acquired the grim, dogged look of a man who defies weather and sky, even while knowing full well the futility of his defiance. From a slim girl Esther changed soon enough into a thin woman who found her days too well filled to leave much time for sentimental repinings.

Ah, habit! It is potent, like water; it can absorb and show no trace even of things poisonous, provided they are colorless. It can absorb distastes, dislikes, even dishealth of mind.

Bella had a comfortable enough childhood. She did not find her father a discomfort in her life. It was true that he could eat breakfast with so black a face, sometimes not too well rid of yesterday's field grime, that no one cared to start conversation. He could call off a Saturday trip to town at a minute's notice, giving field work as the excuse. He could move about surlily on pleasant days until one judged the sun had temerity to shine.

But as his fortune increased he was not a niggard in money matters, except by streaks. Bella had plenty of Christmas presents, pretty dresses for church, schooling that ended in the state university. For a farmer's daughter she did not work hard. It is true that on the biggest and best farm no one lies late abed week day or Sunday. No one takes a pink-and-purple sunset as hand of a time clock and lays down churn dasher or dish towel. Bella looked much like her mother: but she had some of her father's harder physique, and grew into a healthy and handsome specimen of young womanhood.

She was a sensible girl too; when she was twelve she could pack apples or peaches as expertly as her father's best pickers. You never got, the commission men were well aware, a bruised piece of fruit in an Epplebone basket or barrel. Bella at grade school wrote an essay on borers; at high school she was a foremost debater. Her parents heard

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So Harry Had Once Walked Toward a Smaller Porch Where She Sat, With the Same Smiling Face, the Same Swish of Stick at the Grass

Diary of a Financial Adviser

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

SHE walked into my office looking like a million-dollar rosebud—one of those opulent American Beauty specimens, reared in the expensive greenhouses of some of our best families; slim, firm, exquisite, touched with faint fragrance, the kind gardeners toil and moil over to win blue ribbons and which grow only one on the family rose tree.

She was a raving beauty, absolute girl perfection, gilt-edge, certified. Her coloring—deep cobalt eyes, wavy chestnut hair and dazzling skin—was perfection; perfection her voice, clear, modulated, with a little hidden note of laughter, like a secret fountain at its heart; and perfection also her manners, simple and natural as those of a nicely bred child. I love to see a good job, and here, for once, Nature and nurture, those two deadly foes, had collaborated in artistry to produce a masterpiece. She might have been an old eighteen or a young twenty-eight; my guess was about halfway between.

"She can't be as good as she looks," I thought as she sank gracefully into a chair. "There's a catch somewhere. Probably beautiful and dumb."

I sat still and waited. That's one of my rules, to sit still and let the other party fire the first gun. Evidently it was her rule, too, for she paralleled me: just sat still and waited for me to begin, staring solemnly out of those deep-sea-blue eyes.

"If she wants something she's got to sell herself to me," I thought stubbornly. "She's got to do more than simply sit there and stare."

I knew she wanted something. They all do. They run into dirty financial weather, get piled up on a reef and then they start S O S-ing wildly for me. Attending to S O S's is getting to be my specialty. But it was up to her, if she wanted help, to break out a signal of distress. I had been told she was in financial straits. A friend of hers, one of my best clients, had rung me up and asked me to see Miss S.

"She's in trouble," she informed me.

"What kind of trouble? Kindly specify," I demanded, for I always like to get an outside line on a new customer.

"I'd rather Miss S told you herself. I'm afraid there's not much money in it for you; but be good to her, won't you?"

"If it's advice about her securities she wants, tell her to bring along her list. Who is she? Anybody in particular?"

"Very much so. She's the daughter of S, the famous archaeologist, you know. Her mother is a terrible snob; and now that they're poor she's perfectly intolerable; goes around with her nose elevated for fear she'll breathe common air. But Miss S, by some miracle, escaped that blight. The father, you remember, died last year."

Keeping Ancestors In Their Place

I REMEMBER vaguely. S was a man supposed to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice, who went in for archaeology much as a successful banker goes in for polo. It was not a gift but a hobby, I mean. I recalled the spread heads in the papers at the time of his death. He had caught a malignant germ which was a visitor in his sleeping bag in some old Macedonian ruins, and died within the week. And here was his daughter, born to the purple, or to the lilac at the very least, stony broke, or near it, I gathered, sitting opposite me, twisting her slim ringless hands together in her lap and breathing hard as she stared into my face. To ease the strain I began fussing with the papers on my desk. Silence. Evidently she was not a self-starter.

"All right," I thought. "I can stand this Quaker meeting as long as you can. If you haven't got enough initiative to open your mouth you don't deserve to survive. Go ahead and drown."

"I—I ——" she began in strangled tones.

I glanced at her encouragingly, saw she was near a breakdown and glanced away.

"I—I don't know how to begin," she burst forth, and without looking this time, I knew she was fighting to keep back the tears. Beautiful and dumb and weepy—terrible trinity!

"Don't begin. Smash right into the middle. Give me the headlines, just as if I were skimming your story in the morning paper in the Subway."

She got that. She smiled faintly, then glanced off with narrowed eyes as if visualizing the spread heads on the front page.

Financially, She Had No More Sense Than a Tadpole

"Here they are," she said finally: "Famous Father Dies. Fortune Found to be Nil. Wife, Unused to Penury, Threatens Every Morning at Breakfast to Commit Suicide. Meantime Keeps on Spending. Harried Daughter, Beset by Debt, Grapples with Hydra-Headed Problem and Wonders What the Devil to Do."

She finished and looked at me soberly. Not so dumb after all. Thank heaven, all that artistry of Nature was not confined to the outside.

I looked at her respectfully. I had asked her, in effect, to shoot the whole works and she had shot them; she had shot them remarkably well, and I had to admit they were considerable works.

"What do you want to do?"

"Take a job."

"Well, why not? That's being done."

"Mother won't let me."

"Why?"

"Oh, she thinks it'll make us lose caste—all that old junk. Nobody has ever worked for a living in our family for generations; not since the original ancestor founded the fortune."

"Who was that—Adam?" I asked, smiling. I don't like to razz young aristocrats in trouble. Nevertheless, when I have to, I razz. Her eyes began to dance; she lost her strained look. "It's about time somebody in the family began to work, I should say. No wonder your income evaporated. It takes hard work to keep a fortune going these days. Somebody has to stay on the job."

"That's what I tell mother when she starts in hammering away about our musty old ancestors. Ancestors are all right, but I'd rather be an ancestor any day than have one. It's more fun."

"That's the stuff." I was warming to this girl.

"And I don't really believe mother will commit suicide," she continued candidly, "because she talks about it so much. She's a darling, but she's rather wearing on the nerves."

"Don't fret about your mother. I expect she rather enjoys talking about suicide. But now let's get down to rock-ribbed realities. How much of that fortune is left?"

"Just about enough to pay for mother's transformations and dyeing her hair. Poor dear, that's her pet hobby, you know."

And then she told me her story. Her father had inherited his money, as had his father, and his father's father before him. And like them, he had invested it carefully in gilt-edge securities. He did not gamble. He did not speculate. He was a conservative man, born of conservative stock, living in a conservative period; and so as a matter of course he invested his fortune in conservative, high-grade stocks and bonds, left them at his bank, and from whatever obscure point on the globe his excavation fancies led him, from that point he collected his income on the nail. He did not bother to shift his holdings; he did not periodically clean out the bad timber and realign his investments from time to time; he bought the best securities and left them severely alone. And as their income was ample, father and mother and daughter lived on a grand scale. Father headed expeditions to ancient ruins for considerable sums; mother headed expeditions to strictly modern Parisian dressmakers' revues, likewise at considerable expense, and daughter gravitated luxuriously between the two.

Doctoring Dying Fortunes

BUT living costs began to mount, and at the same time some of the sources of their income seemed mysteriously to dry up; dividends were passed. One company in which Mr. S had invested heavily even dared to go into a receivership without so much as dropping him a line; another selfish, egoistic concern suddenly blew up with a bang. Frightfully annoying. But it was very patent that these catastrophes were not father's fault; they couldn't be, for father was usually 5000 or 10,000 miles distant at the time—a good enough alibi for anyone; and as there was evidently nothing to be done about it, the family continued to live at the same extravagant pace as before.

Of course there were jolts. With the cost of living steadily mounting, an income steadily declining and a family firmly determined to maintain its independence on miserable gilt-edge securities that wouldn't stay gilt, jolts are bound to inhere. And they inhered, and then some, according to Miss S. Then suddenly, without any warning, the malignant germ arrived on the scene and carried father off, upon which the entire financial structure crashed down around those bewildered women's heads.

It had probably been tottering for some time. Mother didn't believe it; of course mother wouldn't; and to do her justice, the catastrophe was only signalized by a letter which came through the post just like any other ordinary common epistle, so that the crash didn't really make any convincing noise, so to speak; she had only to wipe out the letter and she wiped out the crash at the same time. Which she did—as only a woman can. She simply refused to believe in the validity of the crash. It wasn't her affair if gilt-edge securities turned out to be something less than gilt and she flatly refused to consider it her affair.

There had been scenes; there had been debts; there had been, no doubt, bitter recriminations. And the girl, it was plain to see, under the pressure of all these unexpected strains, was just about at the end of her string. Shadows under the eyes and a little nervous twitch of the mouth showed how hard she was pushed. Nor was there any insurance to help out. Father, it appeared, had heart trouble, and had never dreamed that such a noble fortune could flop.

"Well," I said at the end of the somber recital, "let's see the remains."

She handed me the security list. I had a professional curiosity to view the corpse of that fine fortune which had died by sheer negligence. The sight of it made me sad and mad. I suppose that is how a doctor feels about the splendid body of a patient that he's been called in too late to save. For I knew, looking over that list, what any intelligent investment adviser would know, that if those securities had been cared for, watched, shifted from time to time in accordance with the conditions of the general market or of the specific industry involved; if some weak bonds had been disposed of at the proper moment and replaced by other strong ones—that ample fortune would not have

dwindled down to a mere meager tricklet. It would have held its own, and by judicious handling and finessing the income derived therefrom would have even offset the rise in the cost of living. Instead of which it was a wreck. And moreover, the two were in for still more punishment, for some of these securities must be sold at once in order to prevent a greater loss. All told, it was a bad surgical case. The remnant—well, with judicious coddling, it might afford the mother a tiny income, but she would have to curb sternly her passion for transformations at $100 per. The daughter would have to go to work, and that immediately. Probably, with such a mother, she was already badly in debt.

"Do you need some money?" I inquired, still studying the list.

"Yes."

"Much?"

She stirred uncomfortably in her seat and fixed me with those dark blue eyes, her chin cupped in her palm. That firm little chin promised great things.

"I'm always in hot water with mother," she confessed candidly. "She can't seem to get hold of the idea that we're no longer millionaires. Honestly"—she drew a deep ragged breath—"I never know what surprise mother's going to spring on me in the way of expense. And I hate—hate"—she spoke through clenched teeth—"to discipline her by sending back to the store things she has bought and charged, or going around the next day to explain to the manager."

A single large tear slipped its leash and glided down her cheek. I felt sorry for her; she was nothing but a kid.

Methods Inherited From Grandfather

"WELL, how much will straighten you out? I don't need to tell you that, for your mother's sake, you shouldn't dip into your reserve fund a second longer than you can help. It's killing the goose that lays the golden egg."

"I—I know," she faltered.

"Well?" I smiled. "Let's have the dem'd total. Spill it."

"Could I have $1000?"

"Phew! That's a pretty stiff sum to lop off this little capital. Suppose you cut it in half."

"I—I don't see —— They're mostly debts."

"Debts don't have to be paid in full on the nail. Signify your willingness by paying a part, and then an installment every month. That keeps your capital intact. Couldn't you send your mother some place where there aren't any shops to intrigue her eye?"

"I intended to send her to my aunt's in the country and then prospect around for a job."

"Good! I may be able to help you with that job. Bring in your mother tomorrow. We'll have to get her consent to sell the securities and I'll explain to her exactly what her financial situation is. Some of these bonds must be sold at once. They're bad bargains. You're going to lose on them, but it's better to take a small loss now than a big one later on."

She looked dismayed.

"I don't understand. You mean they're not worth what father paid for them?"

"Nowhere near it. They've been depreciating right along, and they're going to depreciate still more. So we'll just cash in what we can on them, stop the loss and then invest in something good. It's like this," I explained as she still looked troubled: "This old world of ours goes on changing every day and security values change with it. For example, what was good, sound financial advice in January may not be so good in February, and in March it may be downright bad. Conditions change and securities change along with them, so that if you don't shift your holdings to meet the changed conditions you're bound to pay a heavy price in the shape of a badly depreciated fortune.

"Stocks and bonds are things that won't stay put. You see, investing money as your father did in gilt-edge securities is only the beginning of the game. It's important, of course, not to purchase worthless stock; but buying with good judgment is only the first step. The second step, equally important, is to keep your eye on your investments all the time in order to get rid of those which are going downhill or have turned out to be poor bets. Or if you don't want to keep your eyes on them, you must hire an expert to keep his eye on them. The point is, they can't be left alone; they have to be watched, shifted, cared for all the time.

"Investments are something like husbands: they're much harder to handle successfully than they are to acquire. Your father took the first step, but he omitted to take the second step necessary to conserve his fortune. If he didn't care for business himself he should have employed an investment adviser."

"I don't suppose he ever heard of such a thing!" she laughed ruefully. "I'm sure I never did. Are you one?"

I nodded.

"And there are plenty of investment bankers or trust companies nowadays which specialize in handling private fortunes and keeping them up to the mark."

"He didn't know," she murmured. "He prided himself on being a conservative man. I've heard him say a hundred times that he believed in buying good securities, sticking them away in his bank and letting them work for him. That's the way his father and grandfather did."

"He was betting that times wouldn't change. But times have changed; they have changed tremendously, especially in the security world. All kinds of new varieties of investments are pushing the old forms to the wall. So while your father went on year after year, tranquilly betting that times wouldn't change, those altered times were quietly and efficiently wiping him out."

The Investment Trust System

"HE HATED business, you see. He used to say, 'Thank God I'm not a business man!' We used to play around with a lot of English people," she added reflectively, "and they prided themselves on knowing nothing about business too. They didn't bother about their investments; they lived on their incomes just like father, and yet they haven't lost their fortunes. How was that?"

"The English have a different system. In a way it's better than ours. It's better, at least, for people who want to enjoy their incomes without bothering about the capital. We've started their system over here, but it's only been going a few years and so it's rather limited yet. The way the Englishman does is something like this. Let's take a typical case: A group of men get together, pool their money and form what they call an investment trust. Then the directors in that firm purchase shares in a great number of companies—not in just one or two, but in a very great number so as to get diversity, which is just another name for safety. For example, they'll buy a lot of shares of high investment standing in different railroads; they'll buy shares in reliable oil companies; in industries; in electric power; in public utilities and government bonds in short, they'll cover the whole field of investment. And they have trained experts in each of these different fields

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"Ancestors are All Right, But I'd Rather be an Ancestor Any Day Than Have One. It's More Fun"

THE PINES

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

IV

WHEN the word got abroad—and Will Belter had his hand in spreading it—that Dale Warner had mortgaged his farm to buy the tract of pines from Pettibaw, it was generally agreed that Dale was rather more of a fool than most people had supposed. Belter had been a witness to the conclusion of the transaction between the two men, and there was no seal upon his tongue.

"He's buying the pines just to keep 'em from being cut down," he declared. "He said so, over and over. And he's give a two-thousand-dollar mortgage on his farm and contracted himself to pay back four hundred dollars a year on it, beginning next September. I heard the whole thing, and I signed the agreement to witness it too."

Dale had not come to the store in the village that night. Still bewildered and half stunned by what he had done, he lingered over his chores, over his supper, over the dishes; went at last to bed, still dazed.

Those who did gather at the store were therefore free to discuss his action.

They felt sure that he had no money saved up; they were equally sure that the farm had in the past supplied him with no more cash money than his needs demanded.

"What it'll amount to," Gay Hunt concluded, "is that he's traded his farm for some standing lumber. That's all. He won't make even the first payment. He can't, no way."

"He can't unless he changes his ways a good deal," Jim Saladine agreed. "But that farm of his could be made to bring in more than it does."

Most of them were inclined to laugh at this suggestion. "I can't see Dale hustling himself much," George Freeland commented. "It ain't like him."

"Well, and it ain't like him to go and take a chance like this," Saladine reminded them. "I ain't so sure but what maybe Dale might surprise us some, f'om now on."

Saladine, himself a successful farmer, knew better than most of them the real potentialities of the land; but while they were ready enough to concede this they were not willing to grant Dale the qualities of energy and force which had made Saladine successful.

"You might do it," Freeland retorted. "You might make that farm of his pay. But he can't."

"It looks to me," Joe Race suggested, "that there's something else funny about this. That bunch of pines is worth just about two thousand, but Dale's farm ain't worth that. He couldn't sell it for fifteen hundred, the way it's run down. Looks to me like Dale kind of got the better of Pettibaw, at that, if he ever wants to sell them pines."

"He ain't buying them to sell," Will Belter reminded him.

"Says he ain't," Joe agreed. "But what'd Pettibaw want to trade for? He's in the lumber business, and they're about the best lumber in town."

"What'll happen," Gay Hunt prophesied, "is that Dale'll lose the farm on the mortgage, and then he'll have to sell back the pines pretty cheap, and Rad'll have 'em both."

"That'd mean Dale'd have to leave town and go in to East Harbor or somewhere," Saladine suggested thoughtfully.

"Dunno as that'd do Pettibaw any particular good," George Freeland reminded them.

"He might figure it would," Will Belter exclaimed, sudden enlightenment in his tone. "He might figure it would." Attention turned his way; but before he could go on Saladine interrupted him coldly.

"Guess not, Will," he said quietly. "I guess not."

"The Whole Town Keeps Trying to Take Care of Me," He Said Vehemently. "I Can Take Care of Myself"

Will hesitated. Saladine was one of the few men in the village who could, when they chose, silence his babbling tongue. He met Jim's eye now, and he hesitated, and then he surrendered. "Well, that's right too," he confessed lamely. "I don't see how he could figure that way at all."

His surrender was so abrupt that most of them guessed what he had meant to say; but in the face of Saladine's disapproval he did not say it. They returned to the discussion of Dale's folly; agreed in the end that he had let his heart run away with his head and would regret what he had done.

Jane Thomaston was one of those who took this view. When she heard the news, the morning after the event, she set out at once for Dale's farm to ask him whether it were true; and when he confessed it she said irately, "Well, you're a bigger numskull than I ever figured you to be, Dale."

Dale said moodily, "I guess it's my affair."

"Sure, it's your affair, long as you're allowed to run loose. But you ought to have somebody to take care of you. You ain't got sense enough to be left at large."

"You said your own self somebody ought to do something about the pines," he reminded her.

She laughed scornfully. "And a fine thing you've done, now ain't you?" she demanded. "Gone and give Rad Pettibaw your farm, or it's the same thing. Couple of years and you'll be on the town and we'll have to dig in and support you. That's about what you've done."

"I aim to pay up that mortgage," he said sullenly.

"You aim to pay him interest and four hundred dollars a year!" She set her hands on her hips. "A fine chance of that, now ain't there! How much cash money did you take in last year, after your taxes and store bill was paid? Not fifty dollars, I'm going to say."

"The apples didn't do so good last year," he confessed.

She glared at him in an anger that was curiously near to tears. "I declare, Dale, I get so mad at you sometimes," she told him. "You're like a child. Rad Pettibaw ain't any business taking advantage of you!"

"Nobody's took any advantage of me," he said in slow anger. "I'm a grown man. I know what I'm doing. What's the sense of talking before you wait and see?"

"Jim Saladine his own self couldn't make this farm pay four hundred a year," she declared angrily.

"Pettibaw said he figured he could make a thousand a year, cash, out of it. If he can do it I can."

"Rad Pettibaw's full of say-so, and he's got a lot of do-so too. But he was talking foolish if he said that; and you was a bigger fool to believe him."

The more she talked with him the more angry she grew; and it was some time before she took note of the surprising fact that Dale was showing signs of anger too. He was not, ordinarily, a short-tempered man; yet this day he eventually burst out upon her with such a storm of angry words that he silenced her completely. He told her that she had tried to run him for a good many years and that it was time she stopped; he said he was tired of her interference, and that if he wanted to throw his farm away it was his own affair; he said that no woman ever could learn to 'tend to her own business; and he sent her stiffly out of the house at last and watched her stride away toward town, indignation in the very pitch of her head.

During the weeks that followed, this open break between them was softened into something like an armed neutrality; she watched, as did the rest of the town, the beginnings of Dale's effort to make his farm more productive. He asked for neither advice nor encouragement. Jim Saladine volunteered a little of the first, which Dale took gratefully enough; but no one gave him any of the second. Summer passed into fall, and winter came upon the land; and Dale worked with more and more energy at the task he had set himself to perform. And as he worked a slow change was coming in the man.

V

ONE afternoon in the spring of the following year, Dale, driving home in his team along the road from Liberty to Fraternity, with two small pigs in short sacks in the back of his wagon, overtook Jane Thomaston afoot and offered her a ride. This was by the bridge across the stale and sullen little stream which meanders through the Whicher Swamp. It may have been two miles from there to the village and Jane's door.

Dale asked Jane where she had been, and she explained that she had gone to see young Evered's wife, recently confined with her first baby in the house upon the shoulder of high ground above the swamp, on the road toward North Fraternity. "Ruth's mighty spry," she told Dale. "And the baby's wonderful pretty." Her tone was faintly wistful, and she added thoughtfully, "Seemed to me he has a little the look of his grandpaw, though." Dale made no comment; and she looked at him and asked, "Where you been?"

"I come over to get them pigs," he replied. "I got four cows fresh this spring, and nothing to do with the milk till the road to town gets better. Pigs might as well have it."

"It pays to raise pigs long as you've got slops and milk for them," she agreed. "Never could see any profit in buying feed though."

He shook his head. "Me either. I don't buy any."

She eyed him sidewise. "Didn't know you ever had as many as four cows fresh," she suggested. "Thought you always figured that you got along with one or two."

"I figure on selling two of them, say," he replied. "But if the milk's right rich, I'll milk them for a spell and send the cream to town. It ain't any bother hardly "

"Looks to me you're getting to be a money-maker," she told him. "I never did know you to be so spry. Been making lime casks all winter, too, ain't you?"

Dale nodded. "I got to hump right smart," he explained, "if I'm going to pay Pettibaw four hundred dollars come the first of September. Let alone interest."

"I told you that," she reminded him. "But I will say, I never looked to see you change all your ways so sudden."

"I dunno's I've changed so much "

She laughed grimly. "You was always plenty satisfied to set around and let your farm keep you," she reminded him. "Now it looks more like you figured on keeping the farm. I see you've hauled manure all over your lower field. Going to reseed it, are you?"

"I aim to put potatoes in there," Dale replied. "I was talking with a phosphate man the other day, and he says as how the price ought to be pretty good in the fall. The company's giving a man credit for as much fertilizer as they figure he can use."

"There's been others potato crazy around here, the last four-five years," she remarked.

He nodded. "That's so. Price went up, so they doubled their planting; and the price went up again and they done it again; and the price kept climbing and they kept planting more every year. Till there wasn't anybody left to buy the potatoes, and they had to burn them 'stead of coal. Now everybody's quit, mostly. And it looks like another good year."

"It ain't natural to hear you talk so, Dale," she told him. "You talk more like Rad Pettibaw hisself. Like you had some ideas about business on your own account."

He said mildly, "I went into this thing because I got kind of mad; and then I did hate like time for him to cut them pines. But now's I'm in, looks to me like I got to keep up my end."

"A pity you couldn't have worked for your own sake. A pity you couldn't have took hold this way without being driv to it." She eyed him askance. "You going to be able to pay Rad?"

"I figure to," he replied. "Take the cordwood I cut last winter and fall. I was in to see Gates the other day, and he's coming out and make me a price on that. And I sold my apples pretty good, keeping them till February. They kept first rate in the cellar. I didn't lose many, and I got a sight better price than I could have got last fall."

"Looked like to me every time I saw you last October you was hauling cider apples to town."

"Well, they were paying a good price for them even."

She shifted her position, faint impatience in her movements. "Rad never figured you could pay him," she remarked. It was almost as though she were disappointed because Dale seemed likely to succeed in spite of her predictions of failure.

"I told him I would," Dale objected.

"I guess he wouldn't have made a trade with you, only he kind of figured you'd have to let him have your farm. He's a man that wants to settle down."

He looked at her in some curiosity. "When'd he tell you so much?"

"I see him ever' so often," she confessed. "He's got the mill over toward Burnetville now; but I see him whenever he comes through here. He goes to East Harbor 'bout once a week or oftener."

"He ain't the kind to farm," Dale commented.

"He's a man'll do whatever he's a mind to," she insisted.

"You can't run a farm on talk," he reminded her.

"He's a talker," she agreed. "But he's a doer too. I like to see a man knows his own mind. Far as talk goes, I guess you talked him out of a good profit on them pines. Got him kind of sorry for you, till he went to give you a chance. He's a soft-hearted kind of man."

Dale grinned uncomfortably. He had never seen the soft side of Pettibaw. If the man had such an aspect, then he reserved it for his contacts with Jane Thomaston. Dale, very busy with his own affairs all this winter past, had nevertheless known of these contacts. It is not easy to keep a secret in such a community as Fraternity; and there was no apparent intention on the part of either Jane or Pettibaw to conceal the fact that he came often to her house. He was a widower with two daughters, still in their early teens; and these two girls had been with him on one occasion when he passed through the village on his way to East Harbor. They had stopped at Jane's house to eat cookies and drink milk which she set out for them. On other occasions the man had come alone, had spent a Sunday afternoon or an evening in Jane's company. The village discussed the situation with interest, watched it intently; but beyond the fact that Pettibaw paid Jane attention, they could discover nothing. One or two of the bolder spirits among the women in the village ventured to question her; she silenced them with a brusque authority.

Dale himself had seen little of Jane through the winter. His activities had been many. In his shed he unearthed a rusty old machine designed for bending barrel staves and holding them in place while the hoops were bound about them. He got a load of staves and heads from the mill below the store, cut hoop poles and set them to soak in the brook in his lower meadow, and devoted rainy days to this task of cooperage. The returns, though small, were definite and certain. Later, when winter settled down and the snow was not too deep, he went into the birch lot on the ridge above the house and cut and corded wood for sale the coming summer. He kept very busy; his occasional despondent periods became less and less frequent; and by the time winter had fully gripped the land Dale found himself possessed of a restless and pervasive energy, forever seeking outlet in new activities.

He became so absorbed in his own plans and projects that he no longer had time for loneliness. He still found satisfaction in looking down toward the pond where the green tops of the tall pines were silhouetted against gray sky or blue, or against the white snow blanket covering the flanks of distant hills. But that which had been at first the moving spring of his actions—his affection for the great trees—no longer so stoutly gripped his heart. He began to be conscious of the feeling which can only be described as

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"If You Meant to Say That, I'll Take You All to Pieces Right Here," Pettibaw Cried Loudly

INDUSTRY TURNS TIGHTWAD

By Forrest Crissey

A MECHANIC appeared at the window of the supplies cage of his section in a large manufacturing plant, slapped a requisition slip on the counter and said to the varnished-haired youth within: "Kid, gimme some emery cloth."

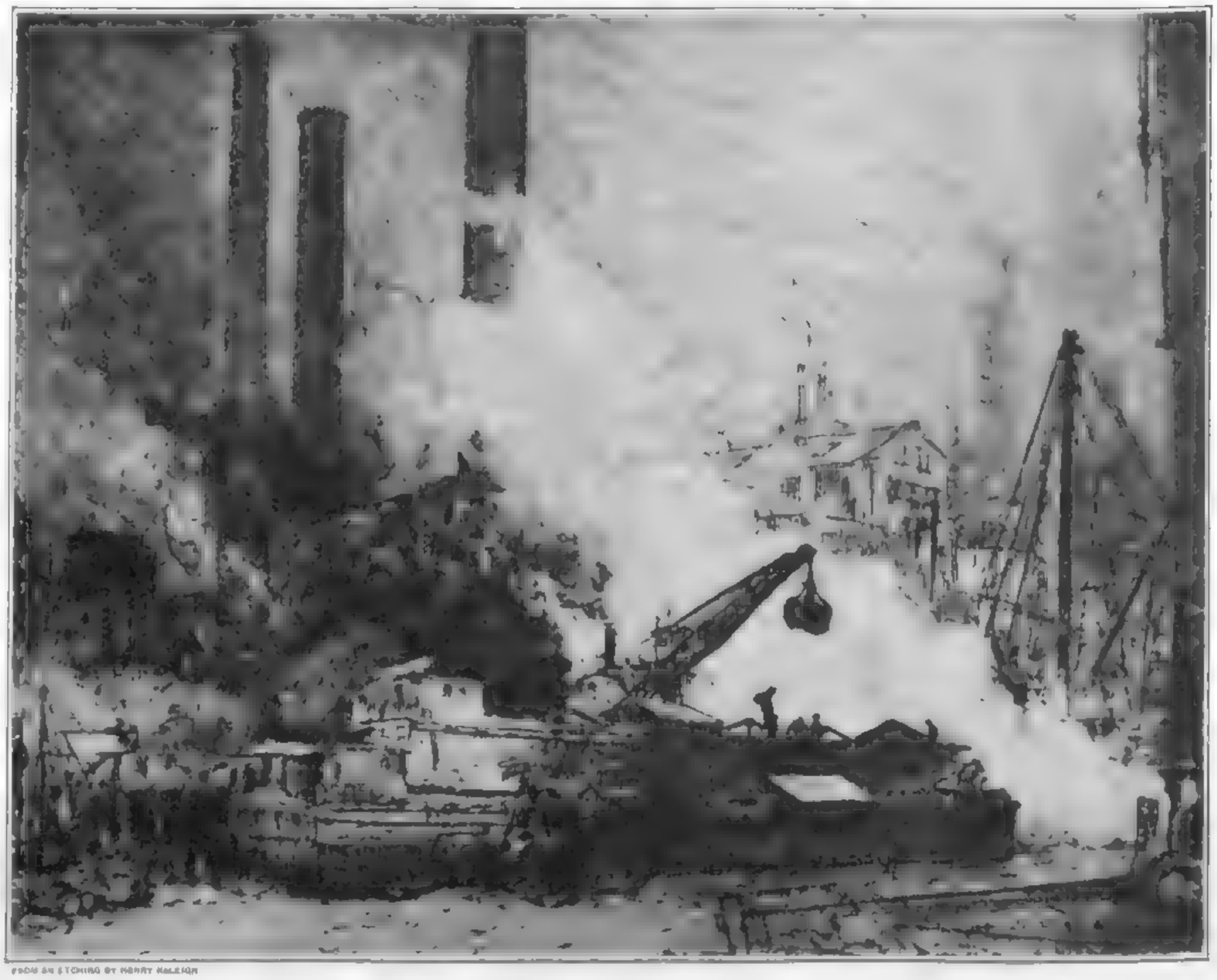
Without glancing at the slip the lad nipped about a dozen sheets from a stock behind him, passed them to the mechanic, spindled the requisition and carefully smoothed back his glossy hair.

As the workman walked back to his bench he made the comment:

"They've sure got that stuff to throw away."

This happened shortly before the signing of the Armistice, when industry was still humming at wartime speed.

About six months ago the same man went to the supplies cage for more emery cloth. The sleek-haired sheik was gone. The supplies were in charge of a man of about sixty who had been set back from a better position because he was slipping. There was also a slight change in the requisition slip; it specified six sheets. The man in the cage handed out two sheets and the remark: "When you've used those up come back for two more. This window is always open for business in working hours. That stuff costs money, Jim, and this company has stopped slinging supplies."



FROM AN ETCHING BY HENRY HALEIGH

Enter the Stock-Chaser

"WELL, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the astonished mechanic; and then added: "The company has sure turned tightwad all of a sudden. What's it all about, anyhow?"

"That's easy," was the quick reply. "It's getting thrifty because it's got to unless it runs at a loss; and also because there isn't any sense in wasting. Which would you rather work for, a company that doesn't waste supplies—and doesn't let you waste 'em, either—or one that's shiftless and unbusinesslike? Which'll last longer and which'll be able to keep on paying good wages?"

"I get you, Tom," returned the mechanic.

Today that mechanic doesn't go to the cage for supplies—and he's glad he doesn't because he's on a piecework basis and every minute counts. Another man, demoted from a minor supervisory position in which, because of years, he was letting down a little, is now the stock-chaser for the section. He goes from bench to bench, sees what supplies each worker needs, and delivers them. He is typical of the new army of thrifters who have tackled the job of cutting the costs of production. Just how far the stock-chaser is pushing the thrift drive is suggested by the fact that he is applying the turn-in principle at every possible point. When a worker wants emery cloth he must turn in his used sheets. So with all manner of supplies.

The mechanic who remarked that the company had turned tightwad said an earful. This is precisely what all industry is doing. And it's making a regular job of it too; getting right down to cases all along the line.

The particular incident which I have related happened in a plant of a huge corporation where, of necessity, every departure from routine practice is carefully determined and is then systematically applied throughout an organization of many thousands of men. A high official of this company, who related this incident, remarked:

"We found ourselves strictly up against it. With all fixed costs sticking stubbornly at about the wartime peak, the only plan of salvation open to us was to cut to the bone all costs capable of being lowered and to practice the most rigid economy in every particular. In any large organization the first question about any radical change of practice is 'How will the men take it?' In other words, where you employ thousands of men you can't hope to put over a new policy unless you have the men with you. Their attitude will make or break it. If you start something which is generally distasteful to them, some of them will scatter out to other employment and give you a labor-turnover cost which will kill the economy at which you are driving. And those who stick will smother the policy through lack of cooperation.

"When we faced the necessity of enforcing a reign of economy which would dig deep and comb fine, the officials and chief executives were all called upon to pass judgment on the question of how the men would take it. Would they put us down as penny-pinchers and let their respect for the company suffer accordingly, or would they take the sensible view of the situation?

"The opinion prevailed that the more intelligent of them would take the attitude that they would last longer and fare better with a company which practiced thrift than with one which was careless of waste; that a company which vigilantly stopped all the leaks was bound to be in a better position to pay good wages and salaries than one which didn't look out for the dribblings from every spigot. The next question was how to make this sensible attitude unanimous; how to get the more intelligent workers to pass this viewpoint on to those who are not much inclined to think for themselves.

"We went after this objective from every available angle of approach. One way was to make all men coming into close and constant contact with the production force active missionaries of the gospel of economy as a good thing from the worker's viewpoint.

"Here was our opportunity to kill two birds with one stone—to take care of supervisory men whom we were forced to retire, demote or discharge and to raise the standard of intelligence in the less responsible side-line positions. A man who has been a foreman or a gang boss naturally knows more about supplies, tools and materials used in the shops than does a boy. Again, such a person generally has the advantage of a strong personal standing with the men.

"This all dovetailed nicely into our plans to get the men with us in our fight for the prevention of waste. Wherever possible we placed the minor executives who had to be discharged or demoted in jobs such as keepers of supplies, stock-chasers and the like. And we saw to it that they understood clearly the necessity of vigorous economy and realized their responsibility for getting that understanding across to the men.

"They have succeeded beyond our expectations. That our economy drive has made the right instead of the wrong impression upon the workers as a body is largely due to these picked promoters of thrift. The men are with us in this effort to cut out waste and to lower the cost of production. I would not undertake to say how many hundreds of thousands of dollars this has saved our company and the consumers of our output, but it is rather a staggering total."

Missionaries of Thrift

"THESE demoted men now in side-line positions—time-keepers, supplies keepers, and the like—exert a strong and constructive influence on the morale of the whole organization which was not exerted when their positions were filled by kids."

Every consumer in this country has a vital and vested interest in this strenuous effort of industry to save waste and thereby reduce the cost of production. In fact the consumer is the man who put this great industrial thrift drive on the map. He did it by demanding more for his dollar and by enforcing that demand with a refusal to buy freely at prevailing prices. No strike has more or sharper teeth than a buyers' strike; it never fails to bring down prices when it is sincere, determined and economically sound. As a matter of simple self-preservation, industry is on the job of giving lower prices to the consumer in spite of the fact that it faces certain high fixed costs of production which cannot be reduced.

That the best brains in industry are working overtime on the job of lowering the cost of production by cutting out waste should be mighty cheering news to the consumers of this country—most of them wage workers—for the elimination of waste takes bread from the mouth of no man. It is at once the most intelligent and the most humane form of industrial retrenchment possible. Unlike the cutting of wages or labor forces, this remedy does not curtail the buying power of the consuming public. Just how far this effort to cut production waste will go toward meeting the situation caused by declining prices for commodities of nearly every sort no man can now say with any degree of accuracy. But it is bound to help greatly.

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CINDERELLA STEPS OUT

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS on an impulse of the merest casual kindness that Miss Marcia Winthrop had invited Mr. Henry Fruttiger to partake of a New England chowder prepared by her own hand, and it annoyed her, on entering her office next morning, to observe the expression on the face of her assistant, Miss Goldstein.

"Good morning," said Marcia Winthrop as forbiddingly as possible.

Goldie sat looking at her, meaningful and alert. "'Morning. How did it go off?" she pounced.

"How did what go off?"

"Your dinner party. Did good old Frutty enjoy himself? What did he talk about? How late did he stay?"

Miss Winthrop looked coldly at her assistant. "It's none of your business, Goldie, but since you ask, Mr. Fruttiger went home at ten o'clock. Have you finished that invoice of Glasgow tweeds Mr. Morse wants this morning?"

Goldie was not to be deflected. "Ten o'clock! Then I bet you never dolled up or gave him a good lively line of talk or anything. Golly, if I'd had your chance to show a rich old bachelor how cute and homy I could be, he'd be saying it with orchids this morning!"

Marcia Winthrop curled her fine, fastidious lips. "You're not only silly but vulgar," she said crisply. "Please understand that I asked Mr. Fruttiger to dinner merely because he's one of our oldest customers and he is fond of clam chowder."

"Sure, I know all that! But what was to prevent your making the best of your chance, once you'd got him there? Why, with your cute little apartment and your home cooking and all, if you'd dressed up the part a little —— Say, I'll bet you wore just what you're wearing now!"

Marcia Winthrop placed the jacket of her serviceable tweed suit on a hanger, removed the hat she had snatched from a similar one hundred and ten on a department-store table, and gave the merest fleeting glance into the mirror.

"Of course I wore just what I have on now. Why not?"

Goldie made a gesture of despair. "That's the trouble with you. You never put anything in the show window. You don't make the best of yourself at all. And you could just simply knock 'em if you half tried. With your skin and your kinda old-family air—say, if I had what you've got I'd be married to a yacht and two imported cars this minute! But here you've worked five years with rich old bachelors like Frutty running in and out, and a bachelor in the firm, and yet you keep right on doing your hair the same way day after day, and wearing those eternal tweed suits. Why, if I was you ——"

Marcia Winthrop moved toward her own desk with a disdainful lift of her chin. "You and I are two very different persons, Goldie," she said

Her tone was quiet, but very cold. Anyone but Goldie would have instantly frozen under it. But Goldie's skin was not like Marcia Winthrop's, thin and fastidious. It was practically impervious, and thus well suited to the gay and difficult exigencies of her life.

Some tiny crack, however, there must have been in her armor, for at these words her eager sparkle died. She was strangely still for almost a minute. Then she recovered herself. In her sort of life one learned to recover quickly or go under. She lifted a bare arm languidly, shook its fourteen glass bangles, ran a hand over her sleek bob. Then she rose and strolled across the room to the mirror in the corner. With the same movement that a cat makes in washing its face, she marshmallowed her nose with a powder puff.

But on its last round her hand was stayed by a thought. Her eyes slued around. A gleam of malice appeared in them. "Then you don't want to get married?" she inquired.

"I never think about it." Marcia Winthrop opened a desk drawer with a snap.

Goldie's plucked eyebrows lifted. She was using a lipstick now; its vivid carmine made her little square teeth slightly yellow. She tilted her head and walked to the door. With her hand on the knob she looked back and grinned. "The honest-to-God difference between us is that I don't lie about it," she said.

Miss Marcia Winthrop sat rigidly quiet, drawing circles with her pencil. She was boiling with anger and with an odd dismay. She, a Winthrop, had lied to one she considered an inferior, and that inferior had known it

Of course, to an extent it was true that she did not think about marriage. To think about or plan for marriage was repellent to her. That was the way she had been brought up. But underneath her conscious thoughts all the streams of her being flowed one way—toward a sunlit harbor where she would be safe and beloved. It was only because of certain traditions bred in her that her glances toward this harbor were surreptitious and denied.

She did not want to face the deep discomfort of these thoughts, and so she allowed herself to catalog Goldie's vulgarities. Goldie had no standards of decent reticency; she spent most of her salary on flamboyant finery; she joyously accepted presents; she flattered every man who came into the outer office, quite brazenly. To be sure, she always remembered all the little foibles of the older customers. And she had a certain reckless generosity. But she frankly dressed and behaved so as to make the best of what scant prettiness she had. And all to one end.

Marcia Winthrop gave a fastidious shudder. Barbaric, she thought, and revolting. To deck one's body in order to attract some man's attention—oh, horrid!

The fine pale oval of her face grew set. Her greeting to Mr. Judson Morse when he entered half an hour later was even quieter than usual. During the remainder of the day she was scarcely visible at all, so detached and impersonal was she.

At 5:30 she hastened homeward, stopping on the way to buy a small head of lettuce, a lamb chop for her dinner, a grapefruit and rolls for breakfast. She prepared her solitary dinner deftly, set it forth on a square of spotless linen with the same care she had taken the night before, when she had had Mr. Fruttiger as guest, and ate it conscientiously.

She was aware of a submerged depression to be overcome, probably the result of her annoying scene with Goldie that morning. She determined, as she washed the dinner dishes, to spend the evening putting fresh papers in all her bureau drawers, and in writing to her Aunt Drusilla.

She was in the midst of the former soothing occupation when her doorbell sounded. Now this sound, although of course she did not know it, rang in the beginning of an incredible spiritual adventure. And for a long time afterward she never saw her neat undergarments ranged in rows upon her bed, ready to be replaced in a neatly lined bureau drawer, without a reminiscent sense of turmoil. For, the moment just before the sounding of that bell she had been a well-bred, cool and restrained young woman; whereas in the moment after, she became a creature that would have caused even the sophisticated eyes of Esther Goldstein to open wide

"Oh, bother! Who can that be?"

She called through the door before she opened it—for the papers were full of apartment-house robberies—"Who is it?"

And a voice replied: "Package from Madame Janice."

Since she expected no package she put the chain on the door and opened it a mere inch or two. A very small messenger boy stood there, leaning wearily upon a pasteboard box as big as himself.

"That can't be for me," she said, taking the chain off the door.

"'S'at your name?" The boy pulled an envelope out from under the string that tied the box and held it up to her.

"Yes, it's my name, but —— "

"Sign here." So authoritative was the tone that, as if hypnotized, she signed, took the box in her two hands, backed into the room and closed the door.

She placed the box upon a table. It was an unusual box, striped in black and white and orange. In one corner was a coat of arms, and underneath it a name—Madame Janice.

Now, invariably, when a woman receives an unexpected and mysterious package accompanied by a note, she opens the package first. Marcia tossed aside the envelope and untied the box. Layer after layer of white tissue paper, beautifully smooth. Her fingers hesitated, fluttered. She began timidly plucking back the layers.

"My heavens!" breathed she. For now she caught a sheen and a glimmer. The last sheet of tissue

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They Stood in Front of Her—Mr. Morse, Solid, Puzzled, Not Quite So Impressive as She Usually Thought Him, Gazing at Her With a Question in His Eye; Mr. Heatherston, Tall, Bending Upon Her an Eye Full of Frank Admiration

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 8, 1924

The London Agreement

WITH the settlement of the London Agreement on the Dawes plan, the die is cast for the industries of the United Kingdom. As one English journal remarked, "We cannot both have our cake and eat it." Therefore each industry is trying to figure out how much of its cake it will eat and how much keep. It is realized that the net outcome will be a balance between gains and losses. The losses may loom largest in the near view; the gains promise most in the long view. The average man looks at the two sides about as follows:

The Germans may capture some of the British home market as well as some of the foreign market. Against these losses are gains to be set. Reparation payments mean lower taxation. Lower taxes mean reduction in the cost of living. Lower cost of living means increase in home demand for goods, an enlargement of the home market. Reparation to the Allies means also enlargement of their buying power, a wider market for British goods. Settlement of budgets, stabilization of currencies and equalization of exchange rates make for betterment of European buying power in general, while removing the advantage that low exchange rates have given some Continental countries over Great Britain. Gradually the buying power and the standard of living of the world will rise, and this will be to the benefit of Britain as well as of Germany and other Continental countries. Even Germany, which will sell more, must buy more. Enlargement of the volume of world trade means augmentation of earnings in shipping and other trade services, peculiarly a British specialty.

The unemployment problem of Great Britain has been especially in coal, iron and steel, cotton, engineering and shipbuilding. The coal miners have protested against any settlement that would require of Germany the deliveries of coal to France and Italy in such amounts as to curtail the sale of British coal in those countries. Workers in iron, steel and cotton have only gains to hope for in such settlement as leads to expansion and new developments in the world requiring supplies of metals and textiles. Future developments can scarcely hurt British shipbuilding more than it has been hurt, and in a revival of world trade British shipbuilding ought to be glad to struggle for its share. In each country there may be some translocation of industry; capital and labor must be prepared to make adaptations, cutting down in some directions and expanding in others. In any event, the cards are not stacked; what each country loses or gains will be to some extent the reflection of its strength or weakness.

The British reaction is useful to us as precedent. If our people analyze the situation as do the British, we can take our chances for gains in the mêlée of world reconstruction.

Political Hokum

UNDER our system of government it is necessary not only to have a presidential election every four years but a mental and verbal sand storm as well. Perhaps we should make more progress if these contests were decided upon the basis of the personal qualifications of the candidates, with all so-called issues, aside from said qualifications, rigidly excluded. Surely the judicious must grieve to see intricate economic problems thrown into the arena of cheap superficial political debate, certain to be handled in the spurious claptrap fashion which the occasion demands.

Of course, there may be vital underlying divisions, even though the details of discussion are false or trivial. If there is any merit in democracy the people are capable, in the long run at least, of separating wheat from chaff and looking beyond the frenzied appeals of soap-box orators. What we lament is the artificial, exaggerated and manufactured style in which economic questions are manhandled at such a time.

An election almost invariably brings a serious overstatement of the part which political parties play in the great drama of prosperity or its lack. The accusation of the radical leaders in this fall's campaign that living costs have mounted in recent years largely because of combinations and monopolies is a striking example of a stretching of facts beyond all semblance of reason.

Deplorable combinations and monopolies have existed and no doubt do exist. But to ascribe price levels primarily or chiefly to the monopoly factor has about as much relation to the realities of economics as incantations to drive out evil spirits have to religion, pure and undefiled. It is charged by radical political leaders that because of monopolies and combinations the cost of housing, warming, clothing and feeding the American people has been doubled and trebled in the past twenty-four years.

But in other countries, which have tried unsuccessfully even bitterer socialistic medicine than these radical leaders advocate using here, costs have gone up even more. Certainly the war, which was not started by American monopolies and combinations, has had something to do with the disturbed price level. Nor can it be disconnected from monetary systems, wage adjustments, the business cycle and other factors in the whole fabric of modern civilization—factors which pretty nearly defy analysis.

If illegal price combinations can be discovered and attacked, it is the duty of the Government at all times to prosecute them. Under every administration in the past generation, regardless of political complexity, there has been continuous prosecution of trusts, monopolies and combinations of low and high degree.

But great fundamental changes in the price structure have gone on regardless of these actions. When a political party offers nothing except intense but meaningless hostility to what it vaguely terms "the interests," it may be justly suspected of putting its faith in the magic power of words instead of learning to think. Dr. Stewart Paton, a physician and psychiatrist, who has applied his science to study of man's behavior, says of the radical:

"His assumption that he is unusually progressive in the methods he employs in formulating his political program, and in attempting to carry it into execution, has an amusing aspect. The methods he uses consist chiefly in calling attention to the miserable failures other people have made in trying to conduct public affairs, and then in creating an imaginary class predestined to be saved, of which he assumes he is a member.

"This method of conducting a campaign to save souls has been in use ever since man first appeared upon the earth. There have always been people anxious to divide human society into two classes—saints and sinners—and always anxious to have it known they were members of the privileged class selected for salvation. The method has not changed, although new forms lead us to adopt different terms in formulating very old problems. Once it was the question of the relative merit of sheep and goats, saints and sinners, but today we have substituted for these terms 'laboring man' and 'capitalist.'"

Our Share of British Emigration

THE detailed figures of emigration from the United Kingdom for the year 1923 are now available—212,909 persons over eighteen years of age emigrated during that year, of whom 130,188 were males. Of these males thirty-nine per cent came to the United States. Of the 51,821 males over eighteen years of age that entered the United States, more than half were skilled mechanics, while only some five per cent were farmers, unskilled labor making up more than one-quarter of the number. The trend of skilled labor is to the United States, that of farmers is to the dominions.

The agricultural emigration does not come to the United States because the emigrants are given to understand that the beginning farmer has a better outlook in the dominions than in the United States; the terms of land settlement by government and railroads are more favorable than with us; there is effort in the direction of colonization; less money is required by the newcomer and money aid is extended on favorable terms. In short, North European farmers stay away from our farms for the same general reasons that make our farmers leave the farms. And North European skilled mechanics come to our cities for the same reasons that draw our country boys to our cities—high wages and high standards of living.

For the time being we do not need more farmers; we have too many now for the economic advantages of the class. Great Britain has just now too many skilled workers, for whose products the world markets have been too narrow. It is natural that they should come to the country offering the widest market for their productions.

Easy Farm Credit

WHEN recent legislation was passed enlarging the scope of farm credits, this was done because it was felt that farmers had been denied short-term credits and in general had paid too high a rate of interest. At the same time good judges of the financial situation were not convinced that the farmer had suffered from restriction of credit, and events have since made it clear that excessive credit had been the cause of considerable injury to agriculture. It is fortunate that the new credit agencies have got into good working order at this time of increase of farm prices.

Recently some ten million dollars' worth of six-month debentures of the Federal Intermediate Credit Banks were sold on the market to yield 3.5 per cent interest. Apparently the market would have absorbed much more at the same terms. The outstanding debentures total some thirty-two million dollars. The law provides that a spread of 1.5 per cent should be allowed between interest from and to the banks. It was contemplated that the banks should pay 4.5 per cent and loan at six per cent. On the basis of this sales rate farmers will obtain loans at five per cent.

This favorable situation is the result of several factors. It is in part directly the expression of the easy-money situation. But it is much more than that. It is the expression of confidence in the new system of financing short-term farm credits; banks as well as business have come to realize that we have acquired a safe and expeditious scheme, quite comparable to acceptance banking in general trade. It is also the expression of confidence in the stability of agriculture, the conviction that agriculture has turned the corner and is again on the highroad to prosperity. The present improved prices for farm products rest on the solid foundation of supply and demand. With higher prices, improved marketing facilities and constructive banking accommodations, the position of the farmer is greatly in advance of that of a year ago.

Trade Names and Trade-Marks

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ONE morning the board of directors of the First National Bank in a small manufacturing town met to consider a problem in finance that had no precedent in their experience. The cashier explained briefly that one of their depositors had asked for a loan of $250,000 to triple the size of his plant. Beyond question this expansion was justified by the business, but existing physical assets were not adequate to secure such a large loan. So far as the books showed, the directors were being asked by an old conservative firm to lend $250,000, secured by just about $250,000 worth of property. Yet there were aspects of this case which made the application seem not entirely unreasonable. For instance, the firm had been prospering for more than a quarter of a century; the moral risk was approximately perfect and the management highly efficient. Still, the bank didn't care to buy the business. Neither did the directors wish to lose that account.

"I want to call your attention," the cashier said, "to an important feature of this proposition that we haven't yet considered. This firm markets its product in a distinctive package that is as well known to millions of consumers as the American flag. Children are sent to the corner grocery store for those packages and you couldn't work off a substitute on a five-year-old boy. Now every substantial firm has goodwill, and we take that into account when we do business with them; but here is a firm that has its goodwill nailed down or sewed up in a way that makes it more permanent and secure than any other goodwill I have ever encountered. The goods are trade-marked and back of them are thirty years of uniform good quality.

"This is a special sort of case. I mean to say that if this firm's plant were to burn down uninsured and they lost every cent of cash they've got in the world, I'd be in favor of lending them all the money they need to start over again. They have an intangible value in their trade-mark that isn't exactly intangible. I believe the thing is worth somewhere in the vicinity of $500,000, or, to put it bluntly, twice as much as their physical assets."

So a gentlemen's agreement for a series of five $50,000 loans was the outcome of this conference. In other words, the directors complied with the banking laws, but took a chance. That was the way they felt about it, because the conference in question was held a long time ago, when trade-marks were far less numerous than they are today.

As a matter of fact, no one even now knows just how many trade-marks exist in this country. The records of the Patent Office at Washington will show at a glance the number actually registered, but all of them are not registered. Sometimes a man or a firm acquires a valuable trade name or trade-mark without realizing it. Under accepted business practice in this country, such a mark can and often does go calmly on its way acquiring value for a generation without being registered. One reason for this fact is that a distinctive name or mark has a certain measure of protection under the common law without registration.

The most interesting example of unsuspected trade-mark value that has come to my attention relates to the facsimile of a mere signature. The manufacturer in question began with a one-room workshop in which he turned out a product of exceptional quality. To his embarrassment and disgust, he soon learned that there were two other manufacturers of the same name in the same line of business and that he was being accused of trying to trade on that fact. The charge made him so angry that he seized his stub pen, jammed it down into a sticky mess of half-evaporated ink and wrote his full name across one of the wrappers used on the ten-cent-size package. It was a fearful scrawl, resembling the literary effort of a Chinese laundryman.

"That will show 'em!" he growled. "Now get that lithographed."

Not content with this, he wrote his name on the shipping crates, on the billheads, on paper cartons and every

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THE SAME OLD WEB

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Chant of Mikinak

MIKINAK the Turtle had a thin, thin skin,
And it let joy out and it let woe in;
For crops of grief his soul was fertile;
A sensitive chelonian was Mikinak the Turtle.
Up on the shore, or down in the slime,
Mikinak the Turtle had a mighty hard time:
Wague the Fox Kit pushed him with his snout;
Moween the Bear Cub tumbled him about;
Wucagi the Heron jabbed him with his bill;
Kag the surly Porcupine pricked him with a quill;
Ahdook the Red Deer rolled him in the dirt.
Only Mikinak knew how it hurt!

Mikanak the Turtle brought his pains and his woes
To Gwickwe the Robin where the hill brook flows.
He wailed and he moaned and he sobbed and he sighed,
He grieved and he groaned and he wept and he cried:
"They treat me bad, and I'm sick and sore;
I just won't stand it any more!
I want to run and hide, but I don't know where,
For they pinch me here, and they prod me there.
I'm as mild as a waif of the woods can be;
Why does everyone pick on me?
What shall I do? Bitter is my cup!"
Chirruped Gwickwe the Robin, "Toughen up! toughen up!"

Mikinak the Turtle went far and beyond;
He bathed in the waters of the Limestone Pond,
Hard grew his chest and his dorsal dome;
Mikinak the Turtle came scrambling home.
Moween and Wague met him on the run:
"Here comes Mikinak! Let's have fun!"
They bumped him, they thumped him, they used him as a ball;
Mikinak the Turtle didn't mind at all.
They jounced him, they bounced him, they made him loop the loop;
Mikinak the Turtle didn't give a whoop.
When they found that Mikinak didn't care a bit
Moween and Wague permanently quit.

Mikinak the Turtle has a hard, hard shell,
And he now gets along in the world pretty well.
"Where the sticks will fly and the stones will hurtle,
You mustn't be too sensitive," says Mikinak the Turtle.

-Arthur Guiterman.

The Salome Sun

BUSINESS aint been so good for Baldy, the old bald headed barber who has the barber shop concession for the Greasewood Golf Course, since he had the ear trouble with Mortimer Wainwright who come out here to Play Golf from Baltimore or Cleveland or some of those Places Back There where Towns is thick and Folks is Foolish in Lots of Ways. It wasn't Baldy's Fault but you can't make Wainwright believe it—because it was Wainwright's Ear—and he's just Naturally Fussy about his Looks anyway. How come it happened was this way. He come out here to Rest Up and Play Golf until he got here and found out how Far Around it was and then he said it was a Polo Pasture instead of a Golf Course but being as he was here he was going to Play around it Once anyway, so he hired a couple of Cow Boys to Caddy for him and a Camp Wagon and Chuckawalla Kid to cook for him and bought himself a regular Bed with Springs and a Mattress to sleep on because he said he was born Nervous about Bugs and couldn't sleep on the Ground with Scorpions and Centipedes and Rattlesnakes and Tarantulas and Gila Monsters and Vinegarroons and such Insects crawling around Nights. After he had got all outfitted for Playing around and had Telegraphed to Los Angeles for Six Dozen more balls, he made arrangements with the Bald Headed Barber to stop every day and shave him wherever he might meet or pass him out on the course until he got around it, so Sheep Dip Jim used to stop and shave Wainwright every day when they'd meet, until this Ear Trouble come up.

During a Business Depression the Whole Family Sprang to Father's Aid

After Wainwright had been out two or three weeks and was getting along pretty well, Jim met up with him one day out by Dead Man's Tanks near the 13th Hole, coming out of Skull Valley, headed for the 14th Hole down in the Bad Lands just west of the Dry Lakes in below Funeral Mountain and the old Cow Corral where the Mormons was killed by the Indians in early days. Jim drives up in under the shade of a Mesquite Tree, lays the Back Seat down so it Acts Like a Chair, gets some Hot Water out of the Radiator and mixes up a mess of Lather ready for business by the time Wainwright gets stretched out in the chair, with Jim standing on a Rack he had built on the Back End. He Lathered him all up and started to work and just about the time he made the second or third swipe across Wainwright's face in under his Left Ear, a Big Rock Centipede crawled up Wainwright's Leg, Inside of his Pants, looking for Some Shade I guess.

Wainwright must of sort of felt Something because he reached around with his Other Leg and tried to Scratch or Rub the place where the Centipede was Prowling Around and I guess he must have Squeezed him a Little. Centipedes is All Right as long as you Leave them Alone and Don't Bother them—but they don't like to be Squeezed by No One and when they don't Like anything they Resent It. They always Go Armed and Ready for War and when they Take Hold you can gamble they will get a Bite no Matter What the Price. In the front End they have got a big pair of Saw Tooth Cutting Pliers and in the Back End a Automatic Hypodermic Syringe with a Needle that is Red Hot Day & Night. On each side they've got a Dozen or Two Legs, each leg sharpened on the end and Full of Hot Poison. When one of them Gets Mad and Resents anything he goes at it Rough and Tumble Catch as Catch Can anything he can Grab Hold of with all 4 Dozen Legs and when the Legs Grab Hold the Hypodermic Syringe in the Back End automatically Starts to Work jabbing like the needle on a New Sewing Machine in a Prize Contest. The Saw Tooth Cutting Pliers in the Front End work something like a 2nd Cross between an Airedale and a Bull Dog. Give a Good Centipede 5 Seconds Start and he will Whip the Best Soldier on Earth, Mustard Gas and Machine Guns included.

This one that crawled up Wainwright's Leg was about 8 or ten inches long, although Wainwright says it was Almost a Yard. Just as the Centipede started to work Sheep Dip Jim started a Long Swipe with his Razor to make a clean sweep from Wainwright's Chin to his Left Ear—and about the time they was both going good Wainwright Woke Up and Realized all of a Sudden that Jim wasn't the Only 1 that was Working on him and that whatever was Working on him at the Other End had Sharp Tools even if Jim didn't.

He rared up with a Yell that scared both the Cow Boy Caddies' horses so they run away but where he made the

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Buster, Your Father Went Over to the Stadium to Mascot That Football Team. What Keeps Him, I Wonder?

"Jumping Pigskin, Beans! Did Your Side Lose?"

"No, Violet Dear, But I Did. The Opposing Mascot Was One of Those New-Fangled Police Dogs and He Threw Me for a Total Loss"

People want good beans

Slow-cooked Digestible

so they buy more Campbell's Beans than any other brand

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

STILL FACE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

V

SUDDENLY the dimness of the stair landing was peopled by a pink flannel nightgown so voluminous that it dropped in folds on the carpet. From the top of the nightgown projected a head which belonged to Huldy, the hired girl, and doubtless the remainder of Huldy was to be found below, somewhere in the fastnesses of flannel. She had opened her mouth when she came upon what must have seemed the internecine spectacle of Grandma Newton slaughtering and being slaughtered by a strange young man, and saw no reason for closing it.

"You, Huldy, fetch water and bandages and a basin—and licker," said grandma.

"My gracious goodness!" Huldy gasped, and then made preparation to scream.

"If you holler," grandma said, fixing her sternly with threatening eyes, "I'll up and box your jaws. I dunno but what I will anyway jest to relieve my feelin's."

Huldy came closer, with the movements of a bird fascinated by a snake.

"You're clost enough," grandma said sharply. "Heavens to Betsy! Git suthin else onto you. If he was to come to and see the way you got your hair done it 'ud give him a prejudice against marriage. Git what I told you to."

Huldy stirred in the depths of her nightgown and dragged it toward the kitchen, returning with first-aid appliances just in time to hear Faith call down from the floor above, "Whatever's going on down there? Who's there?"

"Your gramma's killed a man."

"Gimme that licker and hold your tongue," snapped grandma, "or I vow I'll up and kill a woman. . . . Look at the way you got your hair! What kind of a way's that to go to bed? Lord knows the's reasons enough for divorce. Here, hang onto his head whilst I find out if this strong drink is ragin'."

"Grandma Newton!" It was Faith's voice, more offended at such a breach of the conventions than frightened. "What have you been up to?"

"Murder," grandma snapped as she poured a tablespoonful of whisky between Keats Shelley's protesting lips, "and I wonder I hain't come to it sooner. . . . Now whatever bed'll we put him into?"

At this Keats pushed away her hand, and strangling, fought to a more erect posture.

"Say!" he expostulated. "Say ——"

"Throw somethin' over your hair, Huldy. He's a-comin' to and I don't want no relapse. . . . Don't wiggle now, young man, or you'll start to bleedin' ag'in all over the rug."

"He—got away," said Keats.

"And took a chunk of you with him. . . . You, Faith, go open the bed in the end room."

"The end room!" Faith caught her breath and her eyes grew bigger. "His room!"

"I never did see one of these here flappers the papers talk about," grandma said to the hall at large.

"Not that room!" Faith expostulated. "Not Carl Phillips' room!"

"But," said grandma, following up her thought, "if you, Faith, hain't got all the earmarks of one, then the whale never swallered Jonah."

"Flappers and goofers," said Keats, apparently not quite cognizant of his surroundings, but doing his best to participate. "Flappers and goofers. . . . Somebody's ruined my back."

"'Tain't ruined," said grandma, "but it's consid'able discommoded. . . . You git that bed open and hush up, Carl Phillips or no Carl Phillips."

Faith was clinging to the balusters now, and her face seemed very pale in the dim light.

Grandma's eyes snapped.

"If you faint, Faith Newton, I declare I'll let you lay where you fall. You, Huldy, go open that bed; this flapper granddaughter of mine ain't no earthly use. . . . Mr. What's-Your-Name, can you get upstairs with me helpin' you?"

"A flapper met a goofer," said Keats. "That's the first line, and it rimes with 'do for.' But that isn't the answer, is it? Certainly I can climb stairs, any kind of stairs—straight stairs, steep stairs, back stairs, spiral stairs."

"Either," said grandma, "I give him too much licker or he got hit on the head. Here, h'ist yourself whilst I lift. Does the book on etiquette say anythin', Faith, about helpin' a young man to bed? Take a-holt here. No, he don't care p'tic'lar if you have got on your nightie. That's it, h'ist."

While His Master Stood Over Him, Erect, Immovable, He Tore the Books Apart Ruthlessly, Ripping and Jerking Until Their Leaves Lay in a Heap About His Knees

Keats tried to shake them off when he was on his feet, and mumbled a protest. The effort of arising seemed to clear his head.

"I'm all right," he said; "just kind of wabbly. What's the idea?"

"We're puttin' you to bed," said grandma.

"Good notion," said Keats. "I better stick around. He might come back. Nobody but women in the house."

"One woman and Huldy and a flapper," said grandma. "Upsiday! That's it. Now we're comin'. I hope the's plenty of iodine. You got a cut about a foot long. Easier to do for than a stab. . . . You, Huldy, stand out from underfoot. . . . That's it, right on the bed and never mind the kiver. Now you 'n' Huldy clear out whilst I git his clothes off and do for him."

Faith was clutching and shaking Mrs. Newton's shoulder.

"I insist," she cried—"I insist upon being told what is going on. What has happened? What is this man doing here? How was he hurt?"

"The iodine," said grandma, "is in the bathroom cabinet. . . . Most likely he just saved us all from havin' our throats cut. . . . Smells kind of musty in here. Room hain't been opened since he left it. Time to fumigate it by havin' a decent person sleep in it."

"If you'll please go away," said Keats, "I can get my clothes off and get into bed. Then you can patch up my shoulder."

"If you need help," said grandma, "call right out. I hain't squeamish." She shooed Faith and Huldy to the door and closed it after them. "Kind of mysterious, seems as though," she said reflectively, "what with prowlers and stabbin's and all. . . . Faith, you git to bed."

"I'm not going to bed until I know what this is all about."

"Then you're in for quite a spell of settin' up. Bless my soul if I got the shadder of an idear."

"How could you put him in there? How ever could you step into that room?"

"I jest said I wan't squeamish. I figger whatever taint Carl Phillips left in that bedroom's wore off by now."

"And what possessed you to take in that strange man—and who knows how long he'll have to stay? This town's got something to gabble about now!"

"Wa-al," said grandma, "seein' as how he got all stabbed up protectin' this house from some kind of a burglar or somethin' I couldn't tell him to go bleed to death out in the road; and as for how long he's goin' to stay, why, I hope permanent."

"Permanent? Have you gone crazy?"

"If I have," said grandma, "the neighbors hain't noticed no symptoms. . . . There, he's callin'. You git you to bed and ask whatever questions you got in the mornin'." With which grandma closed the door in her granddaughter's face and walked over to the bed on which lay Mr. Keats B. S. Dodd.

"I wisht I could call to mind your name," she said; and then, without pausing for an answer, "This here iodine's goin' to sting like all git out, but it's awful wholesome. Holler if you want to; everybody's awake anyhow. Cut's kind of shaller mostly, so's the' won't be need for stitchin'. Makes you squirm some."

"Have you a revolver in the house?"

"Lord sakes, no!" said grandma.

"Mrs. Newton, I'm a stranger, of course—but are you keeping anything back? What is going on around here anyway?"

"Young man, you know jest as much as I do, and I'm mystified."

"It's no ordinary sneak-thief business—not with field glasses and spying and prowling night after night."

"There," she said, "that's done. Now you lay down and git some sleep if you kin. I hope what the last man had that slep' in this room wan't catchin'. Do you want I should leave a light?"

"No—and, Mrs. Newton, I've made up my mind."

"About what?"

"The mill. I'm going to take it on."

"You be? What fetched you around all of a sudden?"

"Curiosity," said Keats. Mrs. Newton sniffed. "I've never had anything to be curious about," he said. "In the poetry business there isn't anything. I didn't know I was missing it."

"You'll find enough sight curiosity in Westminster Folks fetches up babies on it."

"But there's a condition."

"Sich as?"

"I'm to sleep in this house."

"I thought up that condition before you did. If you kin put up with Huldy and the flapper. Dunno how it never entered my head she was a flapper before tonight. Huldy ain't so bad; she's jest dumb."

"Good night," said Keats.

"Good night." Grandma went to the door, opened it, stood a moment on the threshold, and then returned to the bedside. "I shouldn't wonder a mite," she said, "if this curiosity wan't jest another name for suthin' else. You could 'a' passed by on the other side, but you turned out to be the Samaritan, kind of. I calc'late, Mr. What's-Your-Name, this household was gittin' to where it stood in need of a pair of pants. . . . Shoulder pain? . . . And if the flapper comes it over you jest deal with her sharp and sudden. . . . Good night."

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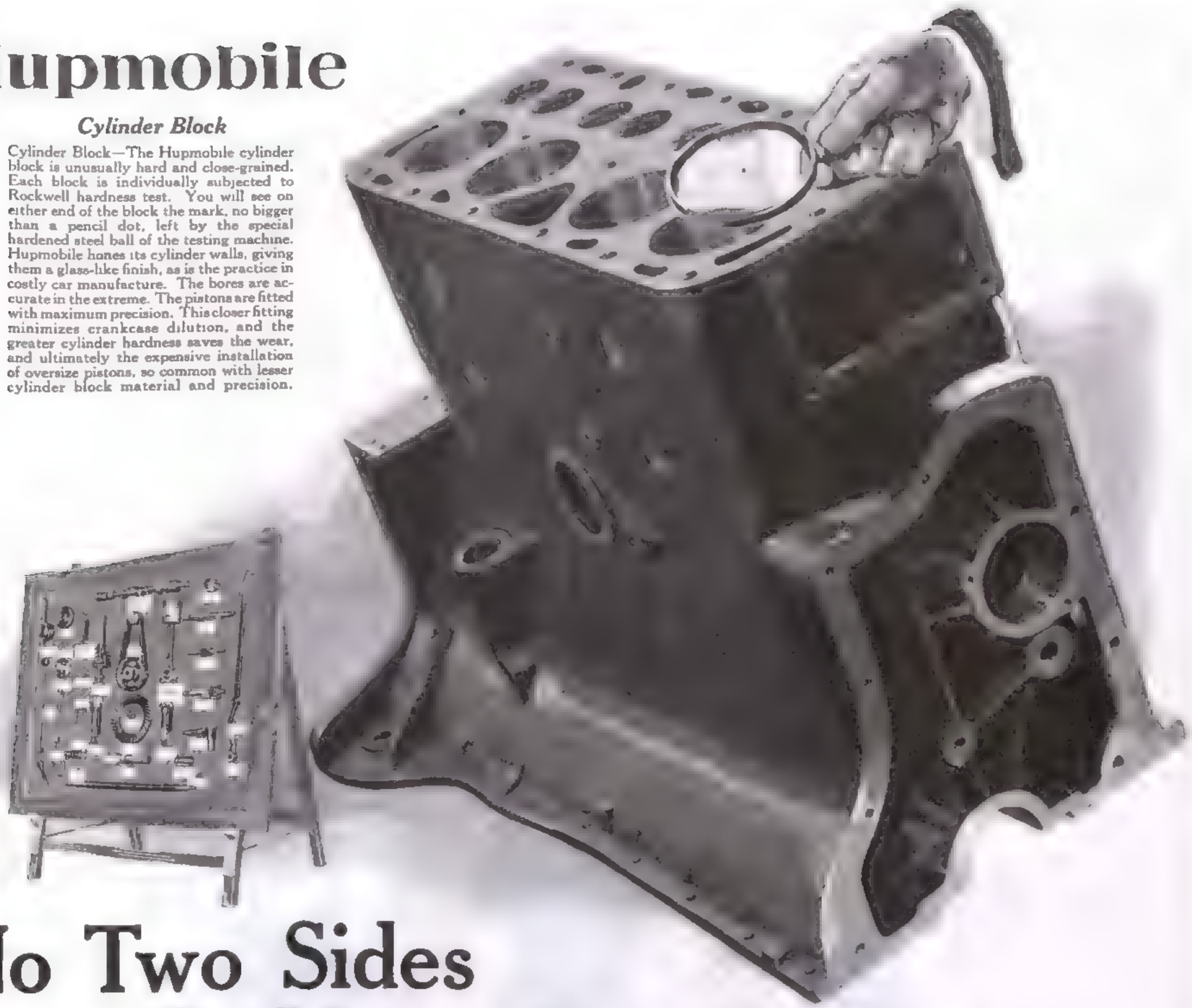
Hupmobile

Cylinder Block

Cylinder Block—The Hupmobile cylinder block is unusually hard and close-grained. Each block is individually subjected to Rockwell hardness test. You will see on either end of the block the mark, no bigger than a pencil dot, left by the special hardened steel ball of the testing machine. Hupmobile hones its cylinder walls, giving them a glass-like finish, as is the practice in costly car manufacture. The bores are accurate in the extreme. The pistons are fitted with maximum precision. This closer fitting minimizes crankcase dilution, and the greater cylinder hardness saves the wear, and ultimately the expensive installation of oversize pistons, so common with lesser cylinder block material and precision.



No Two Sides To Motor Car Quality

There's Only One Side—The "Inside"— and Hupmobile Reveals it Fully

The Hupmobile parts display is like the intimate life history of a man.

Those "inside facts" may be a confession of weakness, or a proof of strength.

But the point is, that with Hupmobile you at least have the facts that count, and from the facts you can form your judgment.

Learning the Facts That Count

You can go into any of the 1,400 Hupmobile dealer showrooms and study the Hupmobile *literally from the inside.*

There, in the parts display, are the vital parts—units upon whose design and materials and construction depend your sure satisfaction, or your sure dissatisfaction, with any car you buy.

Under each part is told why it is made the way it is made—and, in contrast, is described the lesser, and generally the more common construction.

Fifteen minutes study of this display will go far toward enlightening the average car owner on how real maintenance economy is built into a motor car.

There are a thousand and one ways in which a motor car can be cheapened in production—and a man never knows until he begins to pay repair and replacement bills.

Hupmobile Compared with Costliest Cars

Hupmobile has always held to the better practice. That is why, everywhere you go, you hear Hupmobile compared with costliest cars in point of reliability and long life. And described by fleet owners as occupying a place apart in low cost maintenance.

That is why Hupmobile is able to profit by revealing the innermost details of its engineering and construction.

That is why Hupmobile refuses casually to gloss over the facts that count.

Instead, it tells you that there is only one side to this question of obtaining downright economy and durability and quality in a motor car—and that is the inside.

Hupmobile bids you regard externals—but to consider first the internal construction of motor, and transmission, and rear axle, and all that contributes to safety and satisfaction.

Internals versus Externals

Hupmobile gives the public its intimate inside story because it knows—as every garage mechanic will tell you—that these important structural facts are a revelation of strength.

So much so, that Hupmobile dealers everywhere find the parts displays in their showrooms spoken of as "Quality Proof." This proof awaits you at your nearest Hupmobile dealer's.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

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Keats settled on his right side to endure the throbbing of his shoulder and to anæsthetize it with reflections on his predicament, its causes and the personages who seemed to be involved. It seemed that he who had been searching for a destination now had one thrust upon him. It was not altogether the destination he had looked forward to, nor did its opportunities seem so glowing as his imagination had sometimes promised him; but here he was, with a very sore shoulder and a surprisingly contented mind—on the brink of forming a business partnership with an extraordinary old lady; about to become a member of her household to the manifest resentment of a granddaughter of the flapper variety. Keats paused here to consider. In spite of the way she had pounced on him that evening, he had not noticed her particularly because his mind was full of important matters; but as he recalled her she failed to fill flapper specifications as he understood them. Without doubt she would make herself exceedingly unpleasant, in which case he would crawl into his hole and pull the hole in after him. Young women were not an avocation of his, though he had tried to make "love" rime with "move," to his parents' annoyance. Once he had done a sonnet to Phyllidia, but it had turned out to have only twelve lines, and for the life of him he couldn't remember past the sixth line whether the imaginary lady had brown or blue eyes. Young women existed, he was aware, like grocery stores and South Sea Islands and ambergris; but he knew little of their geography, stock in trade or properties. So, having been arrested in his reflections by Faith Newton, he elbowed her out of the way and went on with something important—namely, the condition of the water wheel at the mill.

In the end he found himself half consciously repeating over and over, accenting the rhythm and keeping rather good time with the throbbing of his shoulder, "Field glass-es, field glass-es, field glass-es," and so slept, not without discomfort or fitful awakening. Then it was morning, and Grandma Newton came in with a tray; and on the tray were oatmeal, buckwheat cakes, sausages and coffee, for her idea of breakfast derived from the day when she used to cook for the hired hands at harvest time.

"Good mornin'," she said. "Um — no fever. The flapper says either you go out of the house or she does, but neither's apt to come to pass. It makes her mad for me to call her a flapper, so I guess I'll save it up for special needs. Got any shirts besides this here one? Because this is done for. I kin mend the hole in your coat."

She went out as briskly as she had entered, leaving the tray balanced on his legs and uneasiness pricking his mind. It looked as if Miss Newton were going to be even more unpleasant than he had apprehended. He considered this complication briefly and then would have shrugged his shoulders if one had not been so lame. He was a young man very set in his way when once he had determined what way to travel, and so inadequate was his knowledge of womankind that he dismissed Faith as one of those annoyances one must expect to encounter in business life. For years a flair for logical reasoning had stood in his way to becoming a poet; he was rather taken with the way he figured out the right and wrong of things and then went ahead. In this case it was clear to him Miss Newton had no justification either in logic or in fairness to take the stand she did, and therefore he would ignore it. Grandma Newton might have informed him he was biting off more than he could chew.

VI

THE town of Westminster went about its lawful occasions as it would not have done were it aware of the food for gossip concealed in Newton's White Elephant, which was the epithet universally applied to the big house on the hill. It would have seethed with conjecture, and people who knew nothing whatever about it would have conducted other people who knew as much and have shown them the exact blade of grass upon which Keats B. S. Dodd stood when the knife disarranged his back. The White Elephant would have been a spot of public interest, and what remained of its lawns would have been trampled by curious feet. Mr. Pinch and Amos Streeter would have solved the mystery, and the post office would have been loud with their deductions. But it did not know. It did not know that Keats was an inmate of the house for a matter of days, when that fact and the more important one that the old mill was again to operate gave ample raw material for discussion.

It was still het up, as the vernacular has it, over the quiet coming of Still Face; but having decided he was some species of prophet who presently would flare up in a religious manner, the town sat back with a mischievous eye on its clergy and speculated how these gentlemen would react to unorthodox competition. In Westminster one could always fall back on religion when it was off season for politics, and when no respected member of the community was suspected of or detected in sins of the flesh. The village was versatile in respect to its road maps to paradise, for there were four churches and some pioneering society which met and worshiped God with strange noises in the hall over the barber shop. So it was reasonably felt that Still Face might expect a certain number of proselytes.

It developed that Still Face was known by a name as other people are, and that it was rather a mediocre name as such things go, for he was called Mr. Jones; not John Jones or William Jones, but Mr. Jones. That was all, but it was rather a novelty, and Westminster gave him credit for it. Numerous members of the community put themselves in Still Face's way and, though a little awe-stricken, accosted him. Invariably he replied gravely and courteously, sometimes stopping to converse for a moment or two in a low, musical voice. Though he did not touch upon subjects of depth, such were his bearing and manner of expression—but most striking, his face—that none left his presence but to feel that here was a man above the ordinary, a man not like other men, one of lofty mental stature and of mystical virtue.

His one servant, the only other occupant of his house, was an African, deaf and dumb. Mr. Pinch expressed a curiosity to have the man open his mouth that it might be determined if his tongue "had been tore out by the roots" in order to insure his discretion. Mr. Pinch owned a book in which there lived an unfortunate character of that sort who was the repository of secrets. Mr. Pinch doted on that word, and one never understood its true value until he pronounced it. "S-s-s-secret-s-s-s," was the way he did it.

The village was more interested in the movements and characteristics of Mr. Jones than Mr. Jones was in the affairs of the village. It was not that he ignored Westminster or its people. There was nothing in his manner to give offense. On the contrary, it was rather pleasing in its way, for he seemed placidly unconscious of everything material unless he was addressed directly. It was as if he moved among men mechanically while his thoughts lived in some esoteric region. One could not call it absent-mindedness; rather it was detachment. His body was there, but he was not there. That is how it struck keen observers, and Westminster is famous for meticulous observation. Small boys never thought up impertinences to call after him, which was significant. Even Mr. Pinch, who was an independent man and fond of asserting that he was "jest as good as the next feller, even if he was President of the U-nited States," was impressed and impelled to respectfulness.

Mr. Pinch's first greeting to the stranger had been such as to do credit to the most independent and equal of Americans.

"Hey," he yelled from his cart, "want I sh'd stop to your house with meat?"

Mr. Jones turned his placid, beautiful face, and with no change of expression asked, with a slight, courteous bending of the head, "Were you addressing me, sir?"

"Calc'lated to," said Mr. Pinch.

"In that case," said Mr. Jones, "will you be so indulgent as to repeat your question?"

The stranger had called him sir, which rather tickled Mr. Pinch's fancy, and he was not an individual to be outdone, not if he knew himself.

"Sir," he replied, "I'm the meat man, and this here's my meat cart, sir, and what I done was to inquire, sir, if I sh'd stop to your house and deliver meat, sir."

"I shall be under obligations if you will do so," said Mr. Jones; and with another slight inclination of his head he moved on.

Mr. Pinch flicked his mustache like an uneasy cat and then performed his most difficult accomplishment by causing his entire muzzle to describe a circle, first from left to right, then from right to left. He could have done no more had he encountered Buddha, Mohammed and James G. Blaine walking down the street arm in arm.

Old ladies with treasured ailments wondered if Still Face could cure by the laying on of hands, for, after what he did that Tuesday, it was admitted he was possessed of a power. It was just after Westminster's midday appetite had been satisfied, and a representative from each household was waiting in the post office for the distribution of the

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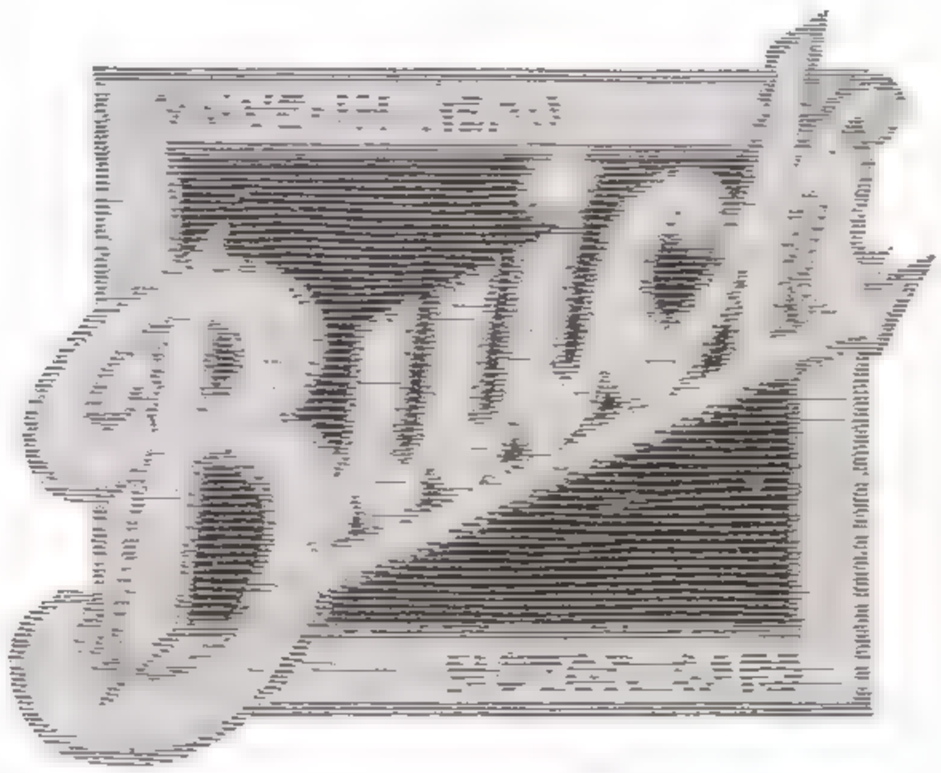
"Don't be Alarmed, I Beg of You," Said a Calm Voice. "It is Nothing. My Servant is Subject to These Seizures. It Will Pass"



Buick *Continues its* Leadership

For the seventh consecutive year Buick has first choice of space at the National Automobile Shows. This signal honor is awarded annually by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce to the manufacturer-member having the largest volume of business for the preceding twelve months.

In winning and in maintaining this enviable position year after year, Buick has demonstrated conclusively that the true value of any automobile is reflected in the consistency with which the public buys it.

Since the introduction of the 1925 Buick models, public patronage has increased to an even greater degree—

A tribute to the Buick engineering skill and manufacturing ability that has provided newer and better Buick cars without departing in any way from the fundamentals of power, economy and dependability for which all Buicks have been famous.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

When Better Automobiles Are Built, **BUICK** ***Will Build Them***

(Continued from Page 36)

mail. Young Abner Folwell and Pliny Fox chose that moment to let loose the bad blood that was between them, and a too serious fight swayed and trampled and crashed back and forth over the square. So furious and vindictive was it that not even the doughty town marshal cared to intervene. Upon this spectacle advanced Mr. Jones, who paused the briefest interval to survey; and then, not hastening his reflective pace, he approached the panting, threshing, bleeding pair until he could have laid a hand on the shoulder of each.

"Enough," he said so quietly that many did not hear him speak at all.

The arms of the big young men fell and they stared at the immobile serenity of his face. He did not speak again, but turned his back to walk away; and they, scowling but quieted, withdrew from each other and sheepishly sought obscurity in the crowd.

It is by acts visible to the public that reputation is built; even memoirs of private secretaries and footmen and chambermaids cannot destroy it. Napoleon is still the Man of Destiny in spite of your Bourriennes; and if the hero have, privately, a decayed wisdom tooth and the habit of sleeping in a nightcap, the populace ignores it to dwell upon some less humanly interesting fact coated with the tinsel of glamour. As to Still Face, he had no private life so far as Westminster was concerned. It conceived of him always as it saw him, and rather imagined he ceased to exist the moment he passed through the door of his residence. No one had ever seen the man when he had not arrayed himself to face the public, when he sat alone at home, when he consumed his meals. One never passed the house of an evening, and glancing through the lighted window, saw the man at ease with pipe and book—for the excellent reason that shades were drawn day and night, and on the side eying the street the green blinds were tightly closed.

At home Mr. Jones was an arresting personality as he was abroad—more arresting. If there were those in town who fancied he occupied his privacy with esoteric ritual they would have been disappointed; there was no mummery, none of the trappings that go with novelties in the way of religion. The interior of the house was as he had found it, severe and cheerless. Oil lamps gave its light; its furniture had been manufactured in the '80's and was as unsightly as it was uncomfortable; the food on the supper table was ordinary food, conveying no hint of fasting or asceticism.

The African stood in the door between kitchen and dining room with his eyes upon Mr. Jones' back. The man at table sat erect, but did not turn toward his servant. He lifted his hand and moved his fingers rapidly in some language to be understood by the eyes and the African obeyed, removing food and utensils and brushing crumbs, demeaning himself as one accustomed to service. Mr. Jones lifted his eyes to the negro's face and again his fingers twinkled; the negro replied at length. If impatience can be shown by finger language, Mr. Jones responded impatiently, peremptorily. The negro's eyes rolled and gleamed whitely while his wizened black face expressed acute discomfort, as he explained hesitatingly. Mr. Jones clapped his hands sharply, a reprimand and a dismissal, upon which the servant scurried toward the kitchen, wagging his strangely misshapen head and mouthing.

When he was alone he sat for half an hour in contemplation. Only the glowing of his eyes betrayed the fact that he did not sleep in his chair. Not even his hands moved. Then in their order he performed three curious acts—or rather series of acts—the first of which had to do with a photograph.

He withdrew from an inside pocket a leather wallet, and from this his fingers selected an oblong of cardboard upon which was affixed the result of an amateur photographer's casual art. This he held at arm's length so that the yellow light fell full upon it, and for minutes his glowing eyes studied it unwinkingly. He was reading the photograph as if it had been a printed page, translating what he read there to terms of character and potentiality. It was the picture of a girl, young, not more than sixteen years old, slender, buoyant with something more than the self-sufficient bearing of youth. When he had done he replaced the photograph, arose and from a drawer took paper and pencil, which he placed before him on the table and commenced to write. At the top of the fair page he set down two words, The Problem. Under this, and leaving a space, he wrote The Pawn. Now he hesitated, marshaling his thoughts, clarifying the data he had derived from his scrutiny of the photograph. Then he wrote rapidly:

"Vain, stubborn, willful, headstrong, dissatisfied to the danger point, resentful, hungry for life, reckless; but intelligent, proud, loyal, courageous, with a background of inherited sturdiness."

This he studied, and having read it through, nodded his head as though content. He pushed back the paper and his eyes narrowed in concentration. Again he wrote, The Queen. And again leaving a space, he made his analysis of this piece in the game: "Wise, rich in experience, keen, with sensitive intuitions, a firm will—the crux of the problem."

The next entry required less thought. The Knight, he set down, and after it an interrogation point, denoting his query if the piece were really a knight and capable of eccentric attack. Under this caption he put down: "Probably fortuitous. Unknown quantity."

When this was done he brushed his hand across his eyes as though disposing of the phase of the matter represented by these three factors in the problem and replaced the paper in the drawer, which he locked.

Mr. Jones seated himself again and consulted his watch. The hour was seven minutes before ten, and he held it in his hand, counting off the seconds, patient, as if the monotonous act of waiting were without meaning to him, until it was exactly ten o'clock. Then he got to his feet, moved slowly through the kitchen to the rear door, which he opened. The night was black. Up the hillside that he faced, not a light twinkled, for there were no dwellings there. Nothing was visible. He extended his foot exploringly, to encounter something hard and solid, and nodded his head. With that he faced the kitchen and made finger talk to the negro, who came forward quickly, stepped past his master into the darkness and reappeared instantly with three huge books of the ledger variety in his arms. Still Face closed the door and signified his wishes in the matter.

The negro, whose shaven head seemed to consist of two portions not skillfully put together—as if two-thirds of a huge coconut had been glued to two-thirds of another coconut—carried the ledgers into the dining room and deposited them on the floor, where he allowed them to remain while he kindled a fire of dry wood in the Franklin stove. While his master stood over him, erect, immovable, he tore the books apart ruthlessly, ripping and jerking until their leaves lay in a heap about his knees; and then, and only then, did he commence to feed the paper to the fire. This he continued to do until no shred, even of the covers, remained.

"Check!" said Mr. Jones when this labor was completed, but whether he were using a term in the game of chess or merely telling off an item in a list of things to be done was a matter none could determine.

Now—and perhaps the third series of acts was most difficult of all to find a reason for—he seated himself at the table and for an hour, with untiring persistence, schooled himself in the use of his left hand. He did this and that with it, striving to make the motions casual and natural as they appeared when he used his right hand—which he did now and then apparently as a model. This course of training he brought to an end with ten minutes of writing with pen and ink. At the last he wrote a few lines with his right hand and compared painstakingly the same words written with the left hand. In no detail did the two handwritings seem to resemble each other. One would have thought Mr. Jones feared the loss of his right hand and was preparing himself for the deficiency.

It was midnight when he carried the lamp up the stairs and went to bed. Mr. Pinch, had he been a spectator, would have given Mr. Jones credit for persistency and industry. In addition to this, Mr. Pinch would have found some difficulty in explaining to Mr. Streeter the reasons that actuated Mr. Jones in so spending his evening.

VII

THE young man who climbed the hill toward Newton's White Elephant was in his early thirties; but already he refused to eat potatoes, took no cream or sugar in his tea, and compelled himself to climb at least one hill a day. As a matter of fact, he had always been a bit that way; but for the past year he had been compelled to lean forward a trifle when he wished to see if his shoes needed shining, which alarmed him greatly, for he was not without vanity. His pink cheeks were now red and he mopped his forehead with a handkerchief already at the saturation point. A fattish man climbing a hill on a hot day rarely embellishes the scenery.

He paused by the stone gateposts and aroused a fictitious breeze with his straw hat, mopped his face with a second and drier handkerchief, patted down upon his round dome the remnants of his yellowish hair and felt of his tie, for he was about to come into the presence of a woman. It may also be mentioned that he had spent two weeks in London on a business trip—an event that dropped a spoonful of flavoring into his life. Having now assured himself that he was again at his best, he passed up the walk and used Amassa Newton's knocker for the purpose that had been the object of its creation. Huldy responded.

"What's wanted?" was her invariable formula to visitors, and privately she regarded it as rather elegant.

"Will you say to Mrs. Newton that Mr. Maxwell has called upon a matter of some importance?"

Huldy scuttled off to the kitchen, where she informed Grandma Newton that the' was a kind of a polite fat feller wanted to see her; and grandma, wiping the flour from her hands upon her apron, stepped briskly to the door.

"How be you, Mr. Maxwell?" she asked. "Step in and set. Seems like the day's breedin' a thunder shower. There's a good solid chair won't give under you."

Mr. Maxwell flushed.

"The day is very warm," he agreed. "I walked up your hill. Doctor has ordered me to exercise, but I doubt if he meant hill climbing on such a day."

"Prob'ly not," said grandma.

"I called to make you a business proposition, if I may. Have I come at an inopportune time?"

"One time's as good's another."

"Thank you. Possibly you know that my father has put me in charge of the Westminster Lumber Company with directions to lift it out of a rut and to turn it into a money-making enterprise."

"What's that got to do with me?" grandma wanted to know, letting her eyes rove over Mr. Maxwell, and as this involved some little territory, it required time. "I got biscuits in the oven," she said presently, and in Westminster one can find no more emphatic manner of making the statement that time presses.

"I'll be brief. Will you set a price on the old mill?"

"No," said grandma.

"Not six thousand dollars, Mrs. Newton?"

"Nor seven," said grandma.

"I do trust you will be reasonable. Intrinsically, the building and machinery are not worth more than six thousand."

"Mebby; but if you got to know," said grandma, "the mill's goin' to be used for the purpose it was built for. It's a-goin' to run. . . . Huldy, take out them biscuits."

"Indeed!"

"We're goin' to manufacture, God willin'," said grandma, "sich things as chair rungs and wooden spoons and potato mashers and I forget all what. And that's that."

"But do you think you can operate profitably? So small a plant, and if I am correctly informed, no timber in hand."

"We kin try," said grandma.

"I'd like to make you see that a bird in the hand is worth a possible two in the bush."

"Mebby so," grandma admitted; "but I've noticed the cat that prowls around huntin' birds leads a lot more interestin' life than one that lives on kitchen scraps."

"But," said Mr. Maxwell, "pussycats that go hunting birds promiscuously get disliked by the neighbors."

"Meanin'?" asked grandma.

"That you would be wiser to sell me the mill."

Grandma's eyes snapped.

"I thought so," she said with decision. "Jest keep your seat a minute. Your talk has reached the int'restin' point, seems as though. I'll have to risk that batch of biscuits to Huldy, though her talents don't lay that way. Make yourself to home until I git back."

Mr. Maxwell amused himself by blinking about the room and fanning himself with his hat until grandma returned with a young man whom she introduced as Mr. Dodd.

"Delighted," said Mr. Maxwell.

Mr. Dodd contented himself with what seemed to be a bewildered inclination of the head. There were times when Mr. Dodd seemed to be exceedingly vague and gave the impression of being nonplused. This seemed to hint that his personality was not forceful.

"Mr. Maxwell here," said grandma in a casual, conversational tone, "lets on mebby he'll shoot a shotgun at our cat—providin' our cat looks edgeways at his canary."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Dodd. "Doubtless," he said, turning to grandma, "he does not mean that literally. Very possibly he was speaking metaphorically. Metaphors were always quite beyond me. My father once said, after reading a poem of mine, that I was the world's foremost exponent of the mixed metaphor."

"He means," said grandma, who appeared to find some cause for enjoyment in Mr. Dodd's remarks, "that if you 'n' me start up the mill he'll—what was it my husband used to say?—I got it!—heave a monkey wrench into the machinery."

"Oh," said Mr. Dodd mildly.

"That all you got to say?" grandma demanded sharply.

"At present," said Mr. Dodd, and turned to Mr. Maxwell whose big eyes were studying him blandly. "Did Mrs. Newton understand you correctly?" he asked.

"Well, now, the lady is blunt. The substance of the matter is we cannot have your little mill interfering with our timber market."

"I see. So if Mrs. Newton and myself operate the mill contrary to your wishes, you will use your wealth and organization to place obstacles in our way. Is that your position?"

"You put it clearly," said Mr. Maxwell.

Mr. Dodd stroked his cheek and looked somewhat flabbergasted, while grandma watched his face with growing and visible irritation. He was proving a disappointment to her. She was about to mention this fact tartly when he forestalled her by saying to Mr. Maxwell in an even milder tone than he had used before:

"In that case, my friend, you'd better oil up the shotgun."

"Eh?" Mr. Maxwell was startled into a monosyllable

(Continued on Page 137)

Libby RECOMMENDS THIS SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY *for buying your* HOLIDAY FOODS

YOU will need a good supply of food for Thanksgiving and the holiday season. Here is your opportunity to get it.

Canned Foods Week starts Saturday. Grocers everywhere will make a special feature of canned foods. Not only will they have on hand unusually large and fine assortments, but they'll have them displayed, for your convenience, in attractive exhibits. You will have an opportunity to try the finest foods the whole world produces.

And think of the convenience! No daily ordering—buy now in case quantities or by the dozen.

Don't miss this special event. Be sure to visit your grocer's on Saturday or early next week.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 511 Welfare Bldg., Chicago
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario, Canada

Libby offers you, to choose from, more than one hundred foods famous for their high quality and distinctive flavor—fruits, vegetables, pickles and condiments, meats (already cooked) and milk.

Each of these is brought to you from the spot where in all the world it is found at its finest—fruits from California and Hawaii, packed with all their fresh flavor sealed in; meats from Chicago; olives from Spain; and milk from the finest pasture lands, so rich that every 16 ounce can contains 7½ teaspoons of butter fat!

Watch for special displays of these foods at your grocer's. You will find them in containers such as those pictured above. Notice how the Libby label varies on the different types of packages. Fix these labels in your mind and ask for products that bear them, for they identify foods of rare goodness!

CANNED FOODS WEEK
November 8-15

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

By James J. Corbett

James J. Corbett Greeting William A. Brady and Charley White on Their Arrival at Carson City

AFTER the fight the principals and all connected with it were arrested. The trial was set for a date about three months later and Mitchell and I went back to Florida on the same train. We became very well acquainted beforewe reached Jacksonville, and I remember his telling me how he had been informed before the battle that I couldn't hit.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "I never was so surprised in my life! Every time you hit me you hurt me."

In turn, I told Mitchell that I had always understood he was a very smart boxer.

"But," I added, "you are not so smart as I thought you were."

"How's that?" he inquired.

"Why didn't you send word to me the day before the fight that you wouldn't fight unless I split the purse with you? I would have given you 50 per cent of that purse rather than lose you, I felt so sure I could lick you, and you had me so mad."

The attorney-general prosecuted the case and I sat with our lawyers and picked the jury myself. When a juror went on the stand I would look at him and I could tell by the way he returned my glance whether he was for us or not. One of them, after he was sworn in, deliberately looked over at me and laughed and winked! And that wink had a very different effect on me from Charley Mitchell's in the ring.

The jury was out but ten minutes and brought in a verdict of not guilty. After the trial I met a couple of the jurors and they told me that the only reason they had remained out even that time was that they wanted to make it appear that they were really discussing the case. As a matter of fact, it was settled as soon as they reached the jury room.

One of the panel who was rejected was asked if he had ever seen Corbett or Mitchell. He replied in the negative.

"Have you ever heard of Corbett, the champion of the world, and Charley Mitchell, the champion of England?"

"No."

"Didn't you ever read or hear of the prize fight for the championship of the world, in New Orleans?"

He hadn't heard of that, either.

"Excused!" said our lawyer. Such is fame!

Phonographic Orders

IN 1894 my manager, Brady, booked me for a fall opening in the melodrama Gentleman Jim, at the famous Drury Lane Theatre, London, England. After the run in London we were also to tour England, Ireland and Scotland.

My mother and father had never been in Ireland since they had left it, about fifty years before, while they were still kids, and I remembered how often they had expressed a desire to see the old home before they died; that is, the old homes, I should say, for they had left from different ports and did not become acquainted until after they had settled in America.

My father had a brother in Ireland whom he had never seen, as the latter had been born after my father left. This brother, Father James Corbett, became a very famous priest in the days of the Land League in Ireland, and my father named me after him, intending to make a priest out of me, too; but this he found impossible. He was naturally very anxious to see Father James, as well as the old country, and now I thought up a plan to make the dream of the old folks come true.

It was about this time that phonographs were first put on the market, and I conceived the idea of talking into one and making a record of traveling instructions to send to my parents. You see, I felt that if dad once had the money in his hands he would stick it in the old stocking, thinking it was too much to spend on a trip when he had such a large family.

So I went into a phonograph place in New York and prepared this record. I talked slowly and just as if father were there, trying to put into my voice all the persuasion I possibly could so that he would be impressed. I told him just how to get his ticket, what to do with his money on the train, and added little tips about traveling across the continent, giving the exact dates and all. Then the record was shipped to California and, as my letter directed, father took it to a phonograph store in San Francisco. The record was put on and the old gentleman and old lady, I was afterward told, sat there in delight, drinking in the words of their boy. It was all very wonderful to them; in fact, it would have seemed so to anybody, for this invention was then a new thing.

After listening to me as if I were actually present in the room, they were impressed with the seriousness of disregarding my instructions and wrote me that they would leave just as I had directed. About a week before we sailed they landed in New York, and of course, as any boy would, I took them around and showed them the sights. They had a grand time, and so did I.

My mother had told me that she did not have any close relatives left in Ireland that she knew of, but on the boat that first brought her to America she had met a little English lady by the name of Miss Wilkinson and they had become great chums. After some years Miss Wilkinson went back to England. And all my mother would say, when she talked about going over to the other side, was, "I wonder if Miss Wilkinson is alive. Oh, if I could only see her!" Over and over she would repeat this, and for his part my father was just as excited over the thought of seeing for the first time his brother, the Reverend Father James.

Before I sailed I received a letter from Colonel Ochiltree, who was stopping at the Waldorf Hotel in New York, asking me to call on him, as he had something of importance to tell me. When I went there he said that John W. Mackay, the father of the present Clarence Mackay and one of the owners of the Nevada Bank where I had worked as a kid, had read in the papers of my intended trip and wanted to see me before I left. So the colonel made an appointment with Mr. Mackay and together we went to the latter's pleasant apartment on Fifth Avenue.

I hadn't seen Mr. Mackay since the time when, on my way to New Orleans to fight Jake Kilrain, I had run into him as I was sprinting up and down by the railroad tracks and he had expressed that wish—that Kilrain would give me a good licking!

During my call Mr. Mackay said that in England "they look on a pugilist as a pretty tough customer, and I want to give you some letters to some of my friends over there to show them that a man can be both a pugilist and a gentleman."

He dictated about half a dozen letters to his secretary and handed them to me; then, after we had spent a couple of very pleasant hours together, he wished me good luck and I was on my way.

The Old Folks' Surprise Party

I HAD a lot of fun with my father on the steamer going over. I told him not to look upon me as his son, but as a pal, and I coaxed him into the big card cabin of the boat and got him mixed up in some very lively poker games with a dollar limit. The highest stakes he had ever played for was ten cents in the little game of pedro, or "high five," and that was only on very rare occasions. So now, no matter how good his hand was, he would bet his dollar, then if someone raised him he'd lay down the cards!

"That's too much money!" he would say, and quit. If he had held a dozen aces he'd have done the same.

So I had to play with the old man alone, and great sport it was. I could always tell by his face when he had a good hand; he'd grin all over, and I'd keep raising him! Before we reached the other side he grew to be quite a plunger and would bet on a couple of deuces.

The voyage over, we arrived in London and went to the Victoria Hotel. The next day I noticed in several of the newspapers accounts of the arrival of the world's champion, many recording his experiences and even including little details of his biography. It was correctly stated that my father was Patrick Corbett, of County Mayo, Ireland, and that my mother's maiden name was Katherine McDonald and that she came from Dublin. It made the old folks rather proud.

The first thing I did on reaching London was to telegraph the uncle for whom I had been named, to come up to see us as soon as possible. He wired in return that he would arrive at the hotel at a certain time, but I did not tell the others this news.

The hour for his arrival came—my father and mother wondered why I looked at my watch so often, for I was as impatient as a kid—and I left them lunching in the dining room and went out into the lobby to await my guest.

While I stood at the desk talking with the clerk, a little roly-poly old lady came up and very excitedly asked, "Is James J. Corbett, the prize fighter, here?"

(Continued on Page 42)

NEW FISHER COACH

BODY by FISHER

This announcement of new-type Coach Bodies by Fisher in each of half a dozen price fields will mark the beginning of a widespread reversal in motor-car buying. For with these bodies, Fisher removes the price-obstacle to closed car ownership, and widely extends the opportunity to acquire the acknowledged Fisher superiorities of value and quality. Nothing short of the unparalleled Fisher resources, equipment, experience and skill, can produce a like result.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

(Continued from Page 40)

"I'm James J. Corbett," I said before the clerk could speak.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Tell me quick! Tell me quick! Was your mother Kate McDonald?"

"Yes," I answered, "that was my mother's maiden name. May I ask what is yours?"

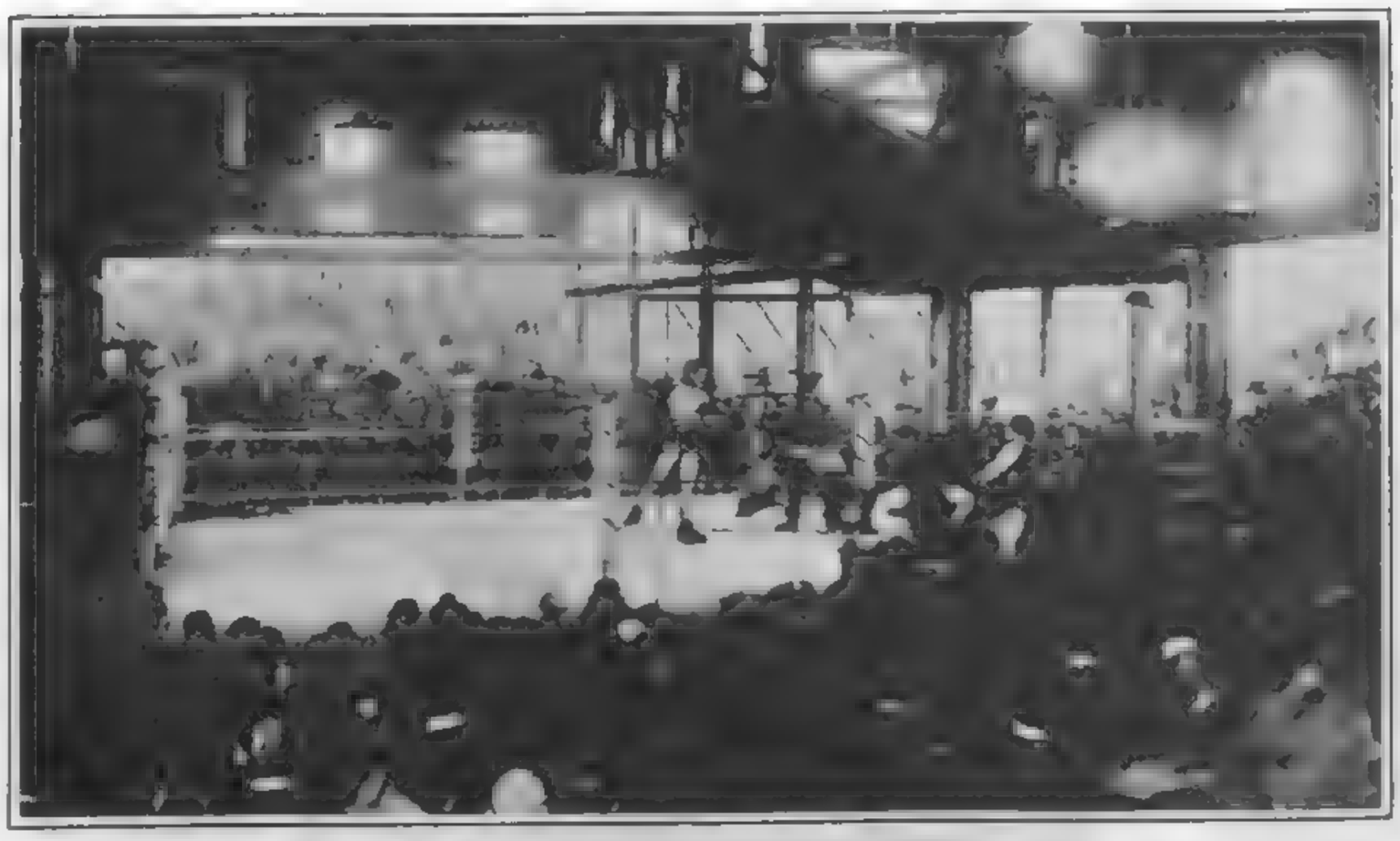
"Mrs. Catamore," she said—I cannot remember the exact spelling, for though I have won many prizes in the ring, I would never take one in a spelling match in the bushes. "But your mother wouldn't know me by that name," she added. "She'd remember me as Miss Wilkinson. I went to America with her long ago—fifty years it is."

I have had big moments in my fights, but honestly I never had a bigger thrill than when that old lady told me her name, for she was the one person my mother had expressed a wish to visit, but had never dreamed of seeing again in this world.

Well, I took her into the dining room, which was pretty well crowded at this noon hour, and said very quietly, as if it meant nothing in particular, "Mother, Miss Wilkinson."

For a second my mother looked at her as if someone had been brought back to her from the dead. Then she threw her arms around her and they both began to cry.

I have described Miss Wilkinson as stout. Well, mother also was quite heavy for her height, and I could see people in the dining room giggling at the sight of these two little roly-poly old ladies embracing each other and crying from joy; but to me it was one of the most pathetic things I had ever seen, and a lump came in my throat and I just had to leave the room.



Charley Mitchell Down in the Second Round

Life Stranger Than Fiction

AS I WALKED out of the dining room back to the office again, in walked a man in clerical clothes. I knew Father James had red hair like the newcomer's, so I walked up and took a chance.

"Father James?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"I'm Jim," I announced.

Of course he embraced me; and we chatted for a few minutes; then I took him over to the hall just outside the dining room. Having seen the people laughing at that other meeting, I determined to make this one less conspicuous. Excusing myself a moment, I returned to the dining room and asked dad to come out in the hall.

It was almost too much, for when he came with me to where the priest was waiting and I said "Dad, I want to introduce you to your brother, Father James," they stood and looked at each other for a second in amazement, then embraced, and my father broke down completely. My uncle, of course, had more control, having been prepared for the meeting, but to my father it was too great a surprise.

I have been associated with the stage for many years and realize that, if anyone should cook up such incidents as these and put them in a play, people would laugh and say it could never happen—that there was too much coincidence. But life is far stranger than fiction or the stage, and I have never witnessed behind the footlights anything prettier than these two meetings, taking place within fifteen minutes of each other, between people separated for so many years.

And I know in this practical commercial day it isn't considered fashionable to be sentimental, but I thank God I am sentimental. The time of my mother's death I will never forget, and the only consolation I had that dark day was the thought of the happiness I had been lucky enough to be able to give her, on this trip abroad before she left me. There were ten of us children and there was not one of those boys or girls who wouldn't have done just as much, or more than I did, if they had had the money. We were a very united family, and I dwell on this simply because I am sometimes surprised and sorry to see how little families seem to hang together today.

The very next morning after these reunions, Mrs. Catamore, whose husband was the scenic artist at the Henry Irving Theatre, took my mother and father, bag and baggage, out to their lovely home in the suburbs of London, and made them stay with them the whole two months of the London visit.

Thinking it would please them, I used to get theater tickets for different shows in London and they would promise faithfully to go. The money was wasted, for each night they would wind up at the Drury Lane to watch our play!

My manager would come to me and say, "Where did you send the folks tonight, Jim?"

To the Empire Music Hall, or to the Savoy, or whatever theater it happened to be, I would say.

"Well, they're not there," I would be told. "They're out in front, in the last row!"

I have heard many discussions as to whether Booth was or was not greater than Irving, but my father and mother could have decided it. James J. Corbett was the greatest actor of them all!

On our opening night at the Drury Lane Theatre a gorgeous, gigantic floral piece was handed over the footlights, and when I reached my dressing room and looked at the card I read, "With the compliments of Clarence H. Mackay." Later in the evening Clarence Mackay came back to my dressing room with the Duke of Teck, introduced himself, and told me his father had cabled him from America to be sure to give Jimmy Corbett a good time. "Now, Mr. Corbett," said the boy, "if you will just put yourself in my hands I'll give you a royal time."

He did, making good his promise in many different ways. The most delightful of these was probably a supper at the Savoy Hotel, where a Hungarian band and Lois Fuller, the dancer, at that time the talk of America and Europe, entertained. Here, too, Mme. Yvette Guilbert sang and recited, making her first appearance in London, and I appreciated it all as a very nice compliment to America and my profession.

The Crowned-Head Poster

WHEN I returned to America and went on the road with the show, Brady got out a great poster, a magnificent affair twenty-four feet long and picturing all the crowned heads of Europe in their royal get-up. There were the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Italy, surrounding Queen Victoria on her throne, and in the center of this group he had me standing, chest out, and shaking hands with Gladstone; thus implying, without exactly stating so, that I had met all the monarchs of Europe and been entertained by them, though I had never seen a single one of these people, not even from the curb. Underneath the masterpiece was a flaming sentence:

"James J. Corbett, Champion of the World, on His Return from His Triumphal Tour of Europe."

One day as Brady and I were seated in the smoker of a train heading for a one-night stand, he informed me that the crowned-head poster was going up in this town.

"I'm anxious to see it," I replied, quite truthfully.

"So am I," said Brady.

When we reached the town we strolled around looking at all the billboards in the place, and at last ran across one with this poster on it. Sure enough, there I was, surrounded by all the bigwigs of Europe and giving the glad hand to William E. Gladstone.

Two rubes happened along at the same time and paused to gaze at this gorgeous picture.

"I bet that fellow Corbett is a great actor as well as a fighter," one of them said with an air of great wisdom.

(Continued on Page 44)

James J. Corbett on the Beach at Maxport, 1903, While in Training for the Mitchell Fight

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug.

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 396. In the 6 x 9-foot size, it costs only $9.00

Read Why Mrs. Burton Richards Has Congoleum Rugs Throughout Her House—

This housewife of Brookville, Pa., has had Congoleum Rugs in her home for years. Unsolicited, she wrote us as follows:

"We have rug No. 378 in our dining room, rug No. 386 in our kitchen, rug No. 396 in one bedroom and rug No. 398 in another bedroom.

"We like the Congoleum Rugs because they are so sanitary and can be kept clean with the least possible labor. No more dusty wool rugs for me, especially in bedrooms and dining rooms.

"I have had a nervous breakdown and sweep day was a regular nightmare to me until Congoleum Rugs solved the problem of sweep day at our house. I think if more women just knew how easy they are to keep clean yet how well they look you could not make them fast enough to supply the demand."

You, too, can save yourself the drudgery of sweeping by having Congoleum Rugs on your floors. A few strokes with a damp mop and they're spotless. Another advantage, they lie flat without fastening.

For every room there's a Congoleum Rug that will add color and charm. Yes, and the prices are surprisingly low.

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

Pattern No. 386 (shown below) is made in all sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.

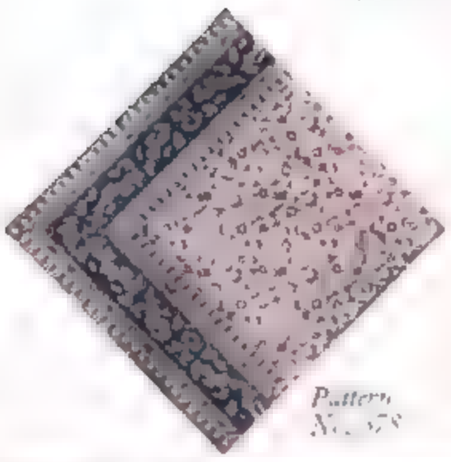
1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.80

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

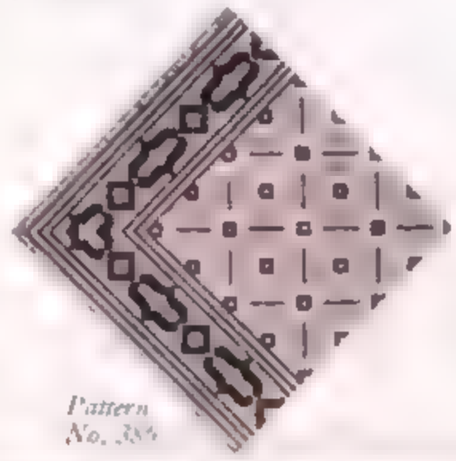
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro

In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited . . . . . Montreal



Pattern No. 378

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 386

The difference in raincoats

—*your eye cannot detect*

THE difference between a really waterproof coat and one that will soak through in a drenching rain is *in-built*. Even the most careful examination will seldom reveal it.

To produce this in-built value—to guarantee to you this important difference your eye cannot detect—the makers of "U. S." Raynsters have not spared either time, money or expert skill.

Every inch of a "U. S." Raynster is backed by layer on layer of fine, tough rubber as light as silk. Every seam is reinforced.

"U. S." Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres, with the rubber hidden inside. A complete line for boys, too.

Our little booklet, entitled, "A Scotchman Started It," will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Raynsters

(Continued from Page 42)

"What makes you think so?" the other asked.

Pointing up at the row of kings and queens, the first one replied, very seriously, "Why, look at the big company he carries!"

On this tour we played Lima, Ohio, a one-night stand; and William McKinley, who was then governor and the presidential nominee on the Republican ticket, was slated to speak in the town hall as our opposition attraction! All day the street in front of the hotel was crowded with people, some anxious to see McKinley, and others, I was proud to hear, calling for the champion.

After dinner that night Mr. McKinley's secretary came to my room and asked if I would like to meet Mr. McKinley.

"I would consider it a great honor," I told him; and he replied, "And he wants to meet you too." So he took me to Mr. McKinley's room, presented me, and we sat there chatting for about half an hour, during which we could hear the crowd outside cheering for McKinley. Every once in a while someone would vary the cheers by shouting, "What's the matter with Corbett?" And another roar would come up through the windows.

About 7:30 I rose to go to the theater and was saying good-by when Mr. McKinley, who had to go to the hall, took hold of me by the arm and said in his lovable way, "They want to see you down there just as much as they do me. We'll go downstairs together."

So, arm in arm, we descended the circular staircase of the old hotel to the lobby, which was jammed with people. Two little newsboys, who didn't know that such a man as McKinley existed but who wanted to see the fighter who had licked John L. Sullivan, were wriggling their way through this crowd.

As we appeared, another great cheer was given, and louder than any that preceded it, because everybody thought it was a very nice thing for Mr. McKinley to bring me with him. But the little newsboys didn't look at it that way, I guess, for one of them said to the other, so one of the actors in my company reported later, "I tell you the tall guy is Corbett."

"Yes; but who's the other feller that's got hold of his arm?"

The kid had a sure answer for this too. "Don't you know nuthin'?" he said. "That's Con McVey, his sparring partner."

The Wandering Red-Head

There was another newsboy who made a hit with me about this time and I have wondered what sort of great man he became. One cold snowy night, as I was leaving the stage door of the Williamsburg—Brooklyn—Theater, he came up to me, a little red-haired kid with a very dirty face.

"Say, Jim," he says, not fresh, but just comical, "give us a nickel, will yer? I only got one father and mother."

This last remark struck me as a good line, so I gave him a quarter and he walked down to the ferry with me. I forget the rest of our conversation, but he was an extraordinary kid, one you would always remember. I do recall that as I was getting on the boat he asked me where I was going next—I believe it was on a Saturday night—and I told him I was going to open in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the following Monday.

"Gee, you travel around a lot!" was his only comment.

"Yes, I'm traveling all the time," I replied.

I arrived in Bridgeport about six o'clock in the evening. As I stepped off the train a little kid with red hair came up to me.

"Don't you know me, Jim?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm the kid that's only got one father and one mother."

Well, you can imagine my amazement at seeing this kid so far from his beat!

"How in the world did you get here?" I asked him.

"Beat my way on the train," he said, and as I didn't have the heart to shake him, I took him over to the hotel, where he had dinner with me. Then I shipped him back to New York on the train, with orders to go home at once.

It was just before my meeting with McKinley that I had a rather funny encounter in the ring. In the summer of 1896 I had taken my wife for a pleasure trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where we enjoyed the baths for three weeks, then started for California, stopping at several places en route. While I was in San Francisco Tom Sharkey, a sailor, was matched to fight a mediocre heavyweight named Williams. A short time before this I had read an account of a bout between the former and my old friend Joe Choynski, and had gathered the impression that Sharkey was a fellow capable of taking a lot of punishment, but good only in a roughhouse fight. So I went out to see him fight this Williams. Although he defeated Williams, as a boxer he seemed to me to be very crude.

Nevertheless, the promoters of the club tried to induce me to sign up for a four-round go with Sharkey. I was not in very good condition; and as I hadn't been out home in a long time I was being wined and dined by all my old friends. But the club people were confident that as champion and Californian I would draw a capacity house, and they offered me the first $10,000 received at the box office and a fifty-fifty split of all beyond the ten. It was good money and I accepted.

The Night of the Battle

This time I didn't go out of the city to train, but stayed in town, going up to the Olympic Club to take a sweat every day; which was all I did in the way of preparation for the bout, for I had never seen the time when, even though out of condition, I couldn't box four fast rounds, certainly fast enough to beat such an awkward fellow. I had made up my mind not to exert myself by trying to knock him out, but merely to make a fool out of him for the short period by my superior skill. That would give the audience enough show for its money.

Well, the night came and we appeared in the ring. He had a marvelous physique, being about five feet eight inches tall, about 190 in weight and fully as powerful as Jeffries, but of different type—a short-coupled sort of chap with a squat, thick neck. When I started feinting at him he mistook each feint for a lead, and he didn't know how to duck. Instead of rolling or swinging his head on his neck as on a pivot, he squatted down on his haunches, crooking his knees and popping up and down like a jumping jack. He did this so constantly and looked so funny that the audience fairly screamed and I was so weak with laughter I could hardly land.

I managed to get through the first round, however, feeling all the time as though I were boxing a burlesque, the sort I gave on the stage in my act this year with Norton in The Ziegfeld Follies of 1924, and on the vaudeville circuit in the summer.

While I was sitting in my corner during the intermission, I got past the humor of the thing. I now thought less of my plan of making the bout simply an exhibition of boxing skill, and began to flirt with the idea of putting him out—he seemed so easy to hit and didn't know a thing in the world about boxing, or, for that matter, about fighting.

So with this idea in mind I started up in the second, and after the tap of the gong hit him one terrible wallop in the eye, using a left-hand hook. I never saw such a swelling on a man's face, nor any that ever rose quite so quickly. I had him dazed and tried my darnedest to finish him in that round, and as it ended he was floundering all over the ring, very groggily, and actually started for my corner, when his seconds rushed in and led him to his own.

When I sat down in my chair I knew I was not right. For the first time since that trip to Salt Lake City, about eleven years before, I was absolutely tired out; so when we went up for the third round, Sharkey's seconds, not knowing I was tired, but thinking that since he had been so nearly finished in the second round he would surely be knocked out now—and with him their meal ticket—told him to go out and wrestle with me, grab hold of me and do anything he could, but never on any account to let go.

He took his lesson all right; and came at me in the third round, and pulled me and pushed me all over, and even tried to shove me through the ropes, I looking all the time like one of those slender animal trainers in tights waltzing around the stage with a huge, clumsy bear. I only wish I had a motion-picture film of that bout. I think I could make a lot of money exhibiting it, for it was a riot, although it might have turned out a serious thing for me and proved a tragedy instead of a comedy, since I was champion of the world, with nothing to win except the money, and everything that goes with the championship to lose.

Mind you, all this time he was not hitting me at all, while all I was doing was just tying my arms around his neck and trying to prevent him from pushing me out into the audience. Toward the end of this round he threw me flat on my back, and while I was on the floor he threw the referee on top of me, right on my stomach. It happened that just before the fight I had eaten one of the French dinners for which San Francisco was noted in those days, and when the referee landed on my stomach I realized how many courses I had tried—shrimp salad, Swiss Gruyère, vanilla ice cream, *vin rouge*, and so on—and instead of protesting to the referee, all I thought of doing was calling for the steward as one does on shipboard on high seas.

Meanwhile, all through this round I kept appealing to the referee, but the audience was making so much noise, booing, hissing, screaming, shouting and laughing, that he seemed to be afraid to assert his authority. I never heard such an uproar.

When I finally reached my corner after this third round I was nauseated and was doing my best to keep control over my stomach muscles. If I had been in condition I wouldn't have minded all the roughing he tried, because he was not landing, not even hitting at me—just pushing me around—and with my judgment of balance it would have been easy for me to offset everything he did.

When we came up for the fourth I could hardly realize that I, who had always kept in such fine condition, could be so exhausted without ever having been hit once in the fight. But there I was, wabbly inside and all in.

He started the same tactics again, still doing little but wrestle and shove and push, once in a while, for variety, trying to throw me out of the ring. As I stood up with my arms around his neck, with a minute to go, I knew that if ever he threw me down again the champion of the world would not get up. Realizing the danger, I couldn't understand why Delaney, usually a quick thinker, did not jump in and claim a foul. He had every justification. So I looked at him over Sharkey's shoulder and gave an appealing nod, trying to tell him to come to the rescue, when suddenly the chief of police jumped in the ring and stopped the fight, partly because of the extremely rough and foul tactics of Sharkey, more because he thought the great disorder of the audience would turn into a riot.

Bob Fitzsimmons

He allowed the referee to give his decision, which he gave all right—a draw—and yet I had not been hit once in the whole fight!

However, in a way it was a lucky thing for me. I could not leave my corner for fully half an hour; just reclined there, completely exhausted, shaking in the legs and very sick at my stomach. Although from many standpoints the bout was a joke, it was a lesson to me not to take any antagonist too lightly, above all not to take any chances in training; for though I had not done any serious dissipating, I had kept pretty late hours and abused my stomach, and taken only the lightest of exercise.

About this time Bob Fitzsimmons, who had been defeating everyone he fought, from middleweights to heavyweights all down the line, grew so big he could no longer make the middleweight limit, though there are some sporting editors to this day who mistakenly believe he was still within the lighter class. A challenge to me was issued by him to fight for the championship, a $10,000 side bet and the largest purse offered. With Brady, who was still my manager, I met Fitzsimmons and his manager in the New York Herald Building, but it seems that Fitzsimmons hadn't been able to scare up the $10,000. Still, we made the match and arranged for the $10,000 to be put up in installments, Fitz feeling sure he would be able to get the money on the strength of the match.

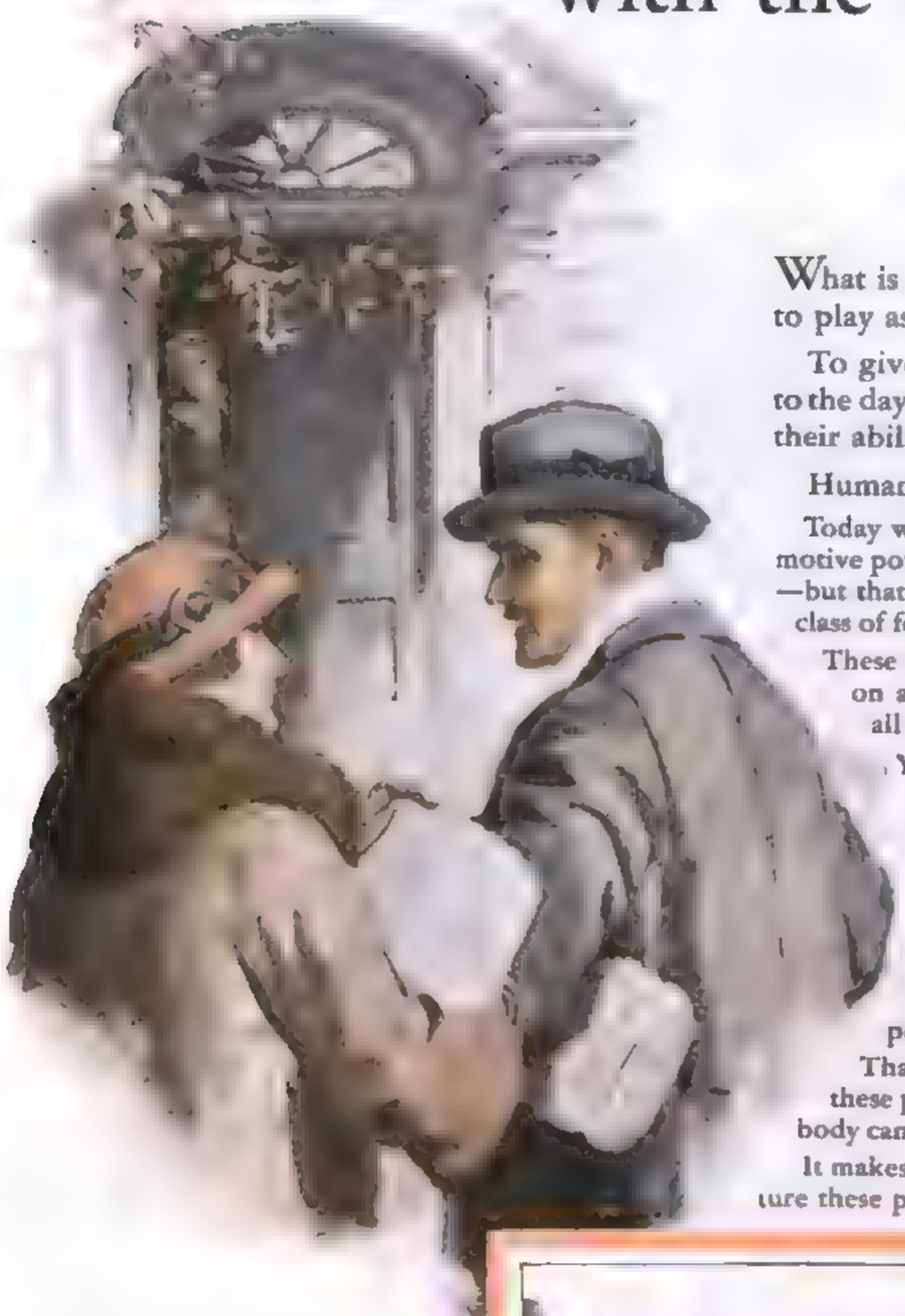
The biggest offer was made by a promoter named Dan Stuart, who at once started to build a big arena in Dallas, Texas, and everything was breezing along nicely, Fitzsimmons training at Corpus Christi, Texas, I at San Antonio, when we had trouble from an unexpected quarter.

Before Stuart had sent in his offer for the fight, he had seen his political connections and also the governor, who assured him

(Continued on Page 47)

Without the "Power Foods"

we should be like dynamos with the current shut off



Yet you may be getting these foods in a form the body cannot use—

What is it that enables some people to play as hard as they work?

To give hour after hour of effort to the day's tasks—without destroying their ability to enjoy life to the full?

Human vigor! Power!

Today we know that not only does our motive power depend directly on our food—but that it comes largely from a certain class of foods called "carbohydrates."

These foods act on our bodies like fuel on an engine. At least one-third of all we eat should consist of them.

Yet—and this is what most of us do not know—these foods in the form in which we often get them may be the cause of our commonest troubles.

Authorities tell us today that food which the body cannot digest, it turns into acids and poisons.

That is what happens when we get these power foods in a form which the body cannot readily use for nourishment.

It makes no difference that you manufacture these poisons in your own body. They are poisons none the less and act on your body as any other slow poison would act.

So we have not only lack of power and vigor—but weakness, fatigue, nervousness, indigestion—the endless train of ills that doctors, health experts, biological chemists are today tracing to malnutrition.

A perfect Source of Power

Three-fourths of the contents of Grape-Nuts are the precious power foods, or carbohydrates. And—what is most important—these carbohydrates in Grape-Nuts have been turned into the form which is most acceptable to the body.

They have been turned into "dextrins"—of all food substances the ones that the body can most easily take up and use.

Try this Tempting Food

Grape-Nuts gives you the nourishment you need and without creating the acids and poisons which cause so many breakdowns in the best years of life, that are so fertile a cause of early ageing, and the slowing-down of energy just when life's powers should be at their highest.

Try it and see how much you enjoy it.

Doctors and dentists are today constantly warning us that we must eat some hard foods that require chewing—both to promote thorough digestion and to give needed exercise to teeth and gums.

The crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts must be chewed—and their pleasant "crunchiness" and delightful flavor tempt you to chewing.

This starts digestion in the mouth—where it should start—and gives to the teeth and gums the exercise which alone can keep them in healthy condition.

SERVED WITH CREAM OR RICH MILK, GRAPE-NUTS GIVES YOU IN MOST DELICIOUS FORM THE ESSENTIALS OF A WELL-BALANCED RATION

Free! Sample Offer

Send today for four of the individual packages—free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Dept. S-22
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free trial packages and booklet

Name

Address State

City

If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

In the blue Caribbean

ON the majestic ships of the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet—famous for the excellence of their cuisine—with "Every Passenger a Guest"—Maxwell House Coffee is always served.

Sail on any of these super-ships, and at your first meal, as you enjoy that delicious, fragrant coffee to the very last drop, call your waiter and ask: "What coffee is this?" He will tell you: "Maxwell House".

Go where you will—on fast, famous trains, to better hotels and restaurants, on great steamships, to the finest of private homes, to the humble cottage by the side of the road—you will find within your cup of Maxwell House Coffee the fruit of a half century of search for flavor.

The finest coffees of the world are roasted, blended and packed in our five great plants, and sold only in the sealed blue tins, convenient to open and use.

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO
Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

(Continued from Page 44)

that everything was all right and to go ahead. But after the promoter had spent a fortune on the big arena, and interest in the fight had been worked up to the highest pitch, the governor, just as a grand-stand play—I can't read it as anything else—came out and declared we could not fight in Texas. We did not object at all to a man doing his duty as he saw it, but we wished he had only seen this duty a little sooner, and before we had wasted so much money in our preparations.

At a loss for a place in which to fight and all our plans upset, we were relieved to receive an offer from Hot Springs, Arkansas, and it was settled that the fight should take place there. Fitzsimmons continued working out at Corpus Christi, but I went right into Hot Springs itself to train.

Unlike the governor of Texas, the chief executive of Arkansas came out flat-footed right at the start and said we could not fight in his state, but the local authorities of Hot Springs insisted the governor had no such power.

With this assurance, I got a concession to erect an arena in the center of the local racing grounds and arranged to build some stands with my own capital.

The time drew near for the fight, and hearing that Fitzsimmons was on his way to Hot Springs, the governor sent a couple of deputies from Little Rock down to meet Fitz as he came over the state line into Arkansas, and the sheriff and a few deputies from Hot Springs also went down. As Fitz reached the line the sheriff of Hot Springs said, "If you want to fight Corbett, come with me. If you want to go into the arms of the governor and don't want to fight, go with those fellows."

Fitzsimmons took the latter course and went to Little Rock with the governor's men, and the sheriff returned to Hot Springs and reported to me. Well, we made a test case of it, secured a hearing in Little Rock, but the decision was against us. The fight could not be held.

I was so disgusted with Fitzsimmons for going to Little Rock with the governor's deputies, and so angry at being chased around the country from state to state, that I publicly announced my retirement from the ring and handed over the championship to Peter Maher, the Irish champion. This, of course, I had really no right to do, for you cannot hand a championship to a man; he has to win that with his own hands in the ring. To settle the dispute, Fitzsimmons and Maher were matched to fight for the championship, and Fitzsimmons won.

Meanwhile Fitzsimmons and I were roasting each other in newspaper interviews, the reporters of course exaggerating whatever we said and working up very bitter feeling between us. They even went so far as to declare that Fitzsimmons had threatened to punch Corbett the first time he met him on the street; while Corbett was aching for a chance to pull Fitzsimmons' nose! All quite reminiscent of the old Choynski days.

Baiting Fitzsimmons

The climax came when we hit Philadelphia at the same time, while the bitterness was at its height. I was stopping at Green's Hotel, Fitzsimmons at another place near by; and one evening as I was sitting in the dining room my brother Joe, who was traveling with me at that time, rushed in, looking worried.

"What do you make out of that?" he exclaimed.

I glanced out of the door and there was Fitz at the desk.

"He's arranging for a room," said Joe.

Now this changing of hotels and coming down to where I was staying seemed to me looking for trouble on Fitzsimmons' part, and at once I adopted my old policy of being the aggressor when an unavoidable row was ahead. Jumping up from the table, I walked over to the desk, bent over Fitzsimmons' shoulder and said the first sarcastic thing that came in my head:

"Here, you can't register by just making your mark. Joe, take the pen and write Mr. Fitzsimmons' name. He doesn't know how to."

Naturally enough, Fitz blew up, and though I cannot recall the exact dialogue, it had pepper enough, and I wound up with:

"When you come down here, under the circumstances, you show you're inviting trouble. There's been a lot of talk in the paper about punching faces and pulling noses and all that; and it's time someone had his nose pulled at least."

With which defi, I grabbed hold of his nose and twisted it so it hurt.

As you can imagine, there was a lot of excitement in that lobby, and all the bystanders were hugging themselves, expecting a free show. And as usual my thoughtful friends seized me by the arms, and again as usual, not a soul thought of doing the same for the other man. He could have knocked me stiff right then and there.

Brother Joe came to, however, and though a lighter man, ran up behind Fitz and pinioned his arms. Fitz tried to jerk away, but couldn't at first, and they wrestled all over the lobby, my good friends, about ten in all, still sitting on me.

At last Fitz managed to break from Joe's clutch, and he grew madder than ever when he saw that it was my brother who had held him, and struck at him; but a lot of bystanders had crowded between and the blow was blocked. Then what must Fitz do but step in the dining room, seize a caster from the table and hurl it, pepper, salt, vinegar, oil, cayenne and tabasco, as red as his hair, at Joe—Joe who had simply held him, when it was I who had twisted his nose. Joe ducked and the salad dressing splattered the wall. Then the manager came in and pacified us and the incident was closed.

The public, quite reasonably, refused to recognize Fitzsimmons as champ because of his victory over Maher, and I decided I would again try for a meeting in some place where the law would not interfere. We finally hit on Carson City, Nevada, and the same Dan Stuart, of Dallas, Texas, was chosen as promoter. For the first time in the history of boxing, it was arranged that moving pictures should be taken of a fight, and for this reason, if no other, it was sure to be a historic affair.

A Promising Youngster

Fitzsimmons and I both trained in Carson City, though on opposite sides of the town. Billy Delaney still acted as my trainer and he suggested our taking on as sparring partner Gus Ruhlin, the Akron heavyweight. Before these arrangements were made, however, I received a note from DeWitt Van Court, still the instructor at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and one of the best boxing teachers in the country, telling me of a fellow, a comer, who was big and strong and a good man to rough it with. I wrote Van Court telling him to send his man on.

He came and boyishly presented his letter of introduction, from which I then learned his name—James J. Jeffries it was—and he was added to our training force. At first I gave him the job of rubbing me down. I had four rubbers, one for each limb; he had a leg, and that was all he attended to, but one day I thought I would try him out with the gloves.

I found him, as Van Court had said, a big strong fellow—he weighed about 220—with a hefty left and very willing, but he didn't know the simplest fundamentals of the game. Without intending to hurt him, I hit him a little short uppercut with my right, with little force behind it, as I thought, and he fell helpless in my arms.

But I liked him and tried to teach him something and continued the bouts, although often he gave me so little to do that in despair I used to back him into a corner, promise not to strike a blow, then order him to work his way out. He had so little instinct for the game at this stage of his career that even with this advantage he stayed cornered. Simply by ducking, blocking and holding his arms, I kept him there.

There was one quality he had, however, which soon came to light and impressed me greatly—his work on the road. I had always considered myself as good as any pugilist that ever lived in this part of training, and tried to do with him as I had with the rest of my handlers—start off on a dog trot, then sprint and run them off their feet. But it didn't work; there I was, trotting along mile after mile, and this big young fellow was always right at my heels, politely enough never trying to pass me, but always right there. When I came within a couple of hundred yards of the camp I started my sprint, and thought I would leave him flat. When we breezed in, the distance between us was the same. And day after day, no matter how fast or slow I went, there was this dogged fellow, right at my heels. I began to wonder if after all Jeff might not amount to something.

The next arrival at the camp was Brady, who brought with him a famous trainer, later a still more famous referee—Charley White. He had trained Fitzsimmons for two of his contests and Brady thought he might be able to give me many valuable pointers.

It was an unlucky move, however, for it started dissension in my camp for the first time since I had been a "pro." Billy Delaney's nose was immediately put out of joint and he regarded the bringing of White as a personal insult aimed at him by Brady. No matter what I did to smooth matters over, I was misunderstood.

The jealousy grew almost unbearable. If one had said it was foul to hit below the belt, the other would have sworn it was foul to hit above; if White called Peter Jackson a negro, Delaney would have sworn Peter was pure white. If I happened to converse with one a few seconds longer than I had with the other, the latter would think that I had told something of great value in those few seconds which I had concealed from him, and he would nurse an awful grouch. This was the only time that I was really unhappy during my preparations for a fight.

Another feud was under way before long, innocently started by my brother Harry when he sent on from the Coast a beautiful Scotch collie, one of the most intelligent dogs I have ever seen.

Harry was fond of him, but knowing that I liked dogs, too, thought it would be a good chance to get him out in the open. It was, for I had him with me constantly and even allowed him to sleep in my room for a while.

But when Brady arrived, he not only brought White but my old mascot, mongrel Ned. As soon as Ned caught sight of the collie, a terrific battle was started and we had a hard time separating the two. However, we thought they would get used to each other after a few days. We were wrong. They sulked and were as jealous of each other as were the two trainers. At night we had to confine Ned to the hall of the house, which was warmed by a stove, while I still kept the collie in my room, since he was quite valuable and belonged to my brother.

But, one stormy evening, on my return from town, where we had driven to see a show, I stumbled over something on the mat outside of my door that looked like a bundle covered with snow. It stirred, barked, then jumped up and licked my hand.

Such devotion was too much for me. Next day the collie was shipped back to Harry and the old mongrel stayed on with me. He lived for a year or two after that and died at my father's home. Dad had him stuffed and that old dog stood in the parlor, as big as life, in a glass case until dad himself hit the long trail.

An Old Friend

Fitz and I were training in real earnest now, and as the day for the fight drew nearer, and the interest more intense, the clans began to gather.

Some of the people from the East spoke of a little newsboy who had beaten his way out from New York and who was supporting himself by selling New York newspapers at a dollar apiece and by polishing shoes at a half dollar a shine. Naturally such enthusiasm and financial enterprise aroused my curiosity and I was hoping the kid would come out our way.

I had had a pavilion constructed back of the house and in this I used to punch the bag, skip rope, box and wrestle before the crowd which every day came out from town to watch me. There were no seats, and some of them stood, others sat on the ground.

One afternoon I noticed a youngster in the front row of the standees. He had red hair, a bundle of papers under his arm, and a bootblack's outfit slung over his shoulder. During a rest spell I looked over at him and decided that this must be the industrious kid I had been told of.

Catching my eye, he looked up, gave a familiar grin and said, "Hello, Jim!"

"Hello!" I returned. "Are you the kid who has the nerve to charge a dollar a throw for a New York paper?"

"Sure," said he. "Don't yuh remember me, Jim?"

"By Jove, I ought to; that red hair and those freckles are familiar. Where did I see you before?"

"In Williamsburg when you played at de teayter. Dat's where yuh saw me first. De next time wuz at Bridgeport."

Watch This Column

PERCY MARMONT

If you have never read Mary Roberts Rinehart's best known novel, "K," or even if you *have* read it, I advise you to see the picture version by Universal, under the title, ***"K—the Unknown,"*** Harry Pollard, director. This production is the kind that helps to raise the standard of moving-pictures. It is a remarkable story, with an unusual plot. It is strong in drama and comedy and has many keen situations. VIRGINIA VALLI is the star and she is assisted by PERCY MARMONT, who, you will remember, played the lead in ***"If Winter Comes."***

Kathleen Norris, the American authoress, whose delightful book, ***"Butterfly,"*** has been produced in picture by Universal, writes us from her California home: "I am *delighted* with Universal's production of ***"Butterfly."*** Not only has the director been absolutely faithful to the spirit of the book, but the characters have gained reality through the most happy collection of stars to portray them." The cast is headed by LAURA LA PLANTE, NORMAN KERRY, RUTH CLIFFORD and KENNETH HARLAN, and has been directed by Clarence Brown.

"Standing over him with murderous intent and uplifted sword, the Commander of the Moors ordered the French bugler to blow the retreat. Looking death squarely in the face and saying good-bye to all things earthly, the heroic bugler blew, not the retreat but the *charge."* This is one of the thrilling moments of ***"Love and Glory,"*** a Universal Jewel adapted from the novel by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan. It is a Rupert Julian production and has an excellent cast with CHARLES DeROCHE, WALLACE McDONALD, MADGE BELLAMY, FORD STERLING and A. GIBSON GOWLAND.

Coming soon: HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River,"*** a fresh, fast-riding, breezy outdoor romance. Also keep watch for HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Tornado,"*** and that masterpiece, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."***

Universal Picture Booklet sent you on request.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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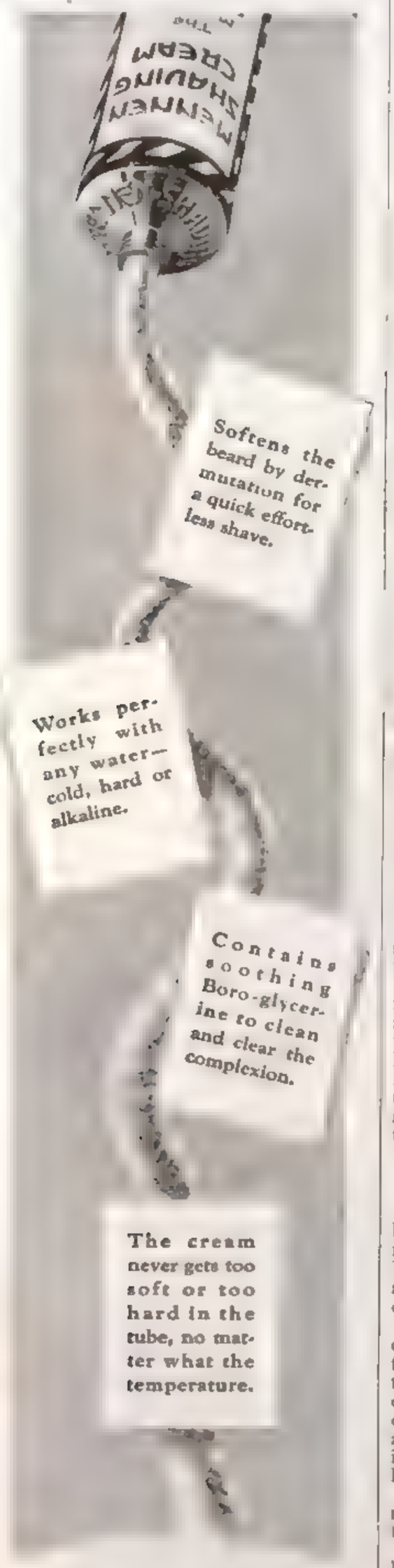
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"Williamsburg?" I repeated. "Over in Brooklyn, you mean?"

"Yep," he said. "I'm de kid wot's got only one father and mother."

So we had a happy little reunion and he stayed to dinner with me, becoming as great a favorite with my trainers as he had been downtown.

All champions, and ex-champs, too, receive lots of letters, rabbits' feet, good luck coins and other souvenirs that are supposed to help a man win, and I had my share. The one that I prized most was a letter from the students of Yale University, signed with many names which have since become famous.

When playing in New Haven, where I was booked frequently, I had always gone around to the gym to box with the boys, among them Tom Shevlin, perhaps the greatest, certainly one of the greatest football players Yale ever turned out. He was a wonderfully built fellow and boxed very well for an amateur, though I do not believe, as some sports writers have said, that he would ever have had the same success in the ring, had he taken up boxing professionally, that he had on the gridiron.

With the letter came a Yale flag which the boys asked me to carry into the fight. This I did, placing it in my corner, the first time, I believe, a college pennant was ever carried into the ring by a "pro."

This was the first time, too, that articles ever appeared in a newspaper describing preparations for a fight, actually signed by one of the principals.

This I had arranged for, a few months previous, when interviewed by a reporter during my engagement in Chicago with my second play, The Naval Cadet.

During the conversation the young fellow apologized for his greenness, saying that he had been but a short time on the paper and that he didn't know much about interviewing champions, but he had to make a stab at it, for the managing editor had given him the assignment.

"So you're just a kid reporter?" I said, sizing him up.

"Yes, sir," he replied with a modesty I liked; and suddenly an idea struck me.

"Well," I said, "if you'll do what I tell you, you'll make a hit with your boss and maybe get a raise."

"What do you mean?" he asked, his eyes lighting up.

"All you'll have to do," I explained, "is to go back now and tell your editor that for $5000 you can get Jim Corbett to give out from his training quarters the only signed statements about his training and the fight."

The boy rushed out, and returned the next evening, telling me that he had made a hit with his boss. Conditions were tentatively agreed on, and a few weeks after that I signed the contract in Kansas City. The Hearst string of papers followed the idea through by approaching Fitzsimmons, too, and taking him on. It is a common practice today, but it was pioneer work then.

Fishing for Information

However, the $5000 never touched my hands, for a few days before the fight I gave my brother Harry an order on the San Francisco Examiner for the full sum, and adding $11,000 more, told him to bet it all on me.

About six days before the big bout I was out taking a stroll, not for stiff exercise but for relaxation and fresh air, and I suggested to Delaney, Brady and Judge Lawlor, my old friend of the Choynski days, who had come on to visit me, that we go by the arena. It was a big one for the time, holding about 25,000 people, and I thought I'd like to look it over before the fight.

Just then Delaney spied a group of five men with a big dog dusting along about half a mile down the road.

"I think that's Fitz," said he, "and he's headed this way."

Judge Lawlor seemed to grow a little nervous over some idea of trouble and the unwelcome publicity he might get.

"Come on, Jim," he begged, "let's hurry up. We don't want you two boys to meet now, here in the road."

"That's all right," I replied, seeing a chance I had all along wanted, "let's mosey along till he catches up. I want to see if he thinks he can really whip me."

Still the judge objected, but I assured him I would avoid real trouble as I only fought when I was to be paid for it. I only wanted to feel out this fellow's nerve, I added, and he consented to wait.

We slackened our pace, hardly moving at all, and just as we reached the arena Fitzsimmons and his crew breezed alongside.

He came up and clapped me on the shoulder, saying "Hello, Jim," cheerfully enough.

Sometimes, as I tell this story, many years after the event, I have to smile and almost feel like apologizing for my unchivalrous treatment of Bob that day, when all the time in my heart I respected him as a great fighter; however, there was nothing really so personal in it all, just the old strategy which I have found as effective as many punches. So when he put out his hand I refused it, growling out curtly, "I'll shake hands with you when I meet you in the ring next Wednesday."

Then as he looked at me in amazement, and stammered and stuttered, I jerked my shoulder toward the huge dog he had with him and added, "You'd better bring that fellow along with you too. You'll need him!"

At that he turned and walked off, quite embarrassed.

I turned to the judge and Delaney.

"Come on, I've found out what I wanted," I told them. "That fellow doesn't think he can lick me."

One-Eyed Connolly

The work in training eased up as the last days came, but the interest increased as the time grew short. Every train brought new arrivals, and instead of hundreds we now had thousands of strangers in Carson City.

Then the day of the fight dawned, the hours crept by, and we came to the arena. It was a magnificent sight, all those twenty-odd thousand people in the seats climbing up the arena, and with all those snow-capped mountains for a background. In the throng I recognized many famous citizens and picturesque characters, and was amused to see that One-Eyed Connolly, the most picturesque of them all, was not among the missing. No matter where he happened to be—and he was in a lot of places—or how distant the fight, he would ride the brakes, beating and stealing his way, across a continent if necessary, to show up at the arena in time for hostilities. He was a very capable and versatile gentleman, with unusual ways of earning a living, one of which I often laugh over. I knew him to work this in Havana at the Willard-Johnson fight, where he had arrived from the Far West, broke, as usual—that is, with just a dollar in his pocket.

Immediately on his arrival he went into a fruit store, planked down his dollar and ordered that amount's worth of bananas—yes, they had them in those days—to be sent up to a hotel, a fashionable one whose name he had heard of. Now a dollar would buy all the bananas on the island, but the Cuban merchant took the order and the room number, which Connolly gave, promising to send the fruit up pronto.

As he started to write down the order, the Cuban heard his customer angrily cursing, and turned around—to look into a big pit on the right side of Connolly's face, where an eye had been.

"Lock the doors!" said Connolly, getting down on all-fours and searching the floor. "That glass eye of mine's worth $5000. I had it made in Paris and it can't be replaced."

The Cuban, of course, frantically joined in the hunt, and after looking around for a while, Connolly told him, "I'll give you $500 if you find it and bring it to the hotel." Then he left.

He had no sooner gone than another Americano gentleman entered and asked to see some bananas. Yes, they still had them, so he inquired for grapefruit. Suddenly, as the merchant was attending to the order, the newcomer made an exclamation, stooped down and came up with something in his palm.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It's mine," said the merchant, in Spanish which I cannot quote.

"Nix," said the other. "I found it."

"It's mine," said the merchant, "I own the store."

Well, they had a long argument, with many gestures from the Cuban, until finally the Americano gentleman asked what he'd give for it, and he kept the Cuban raising until he had offered $100 for this glass eye.

He accepted and, pocketing the money, left. There was quite a commotion in the hotel when the excited merchant with the huge bunch of bananas over one shoulder and the glass eye in his hand was told that no Señor One-Eyed Connolly was stopping there.

You see, Señor One-Eyed Connolly had no less than six or seven of these glass eyes, all for jobs of this sort, and at that very moment he and the other Americano gentleman were in a café spending the $100.

Last but not least, my father had come for the first time to see me in a professional fight, and with him were my brothers Harry, Joe and Frank, none of whom had seen me in the ring since the old Choynaki days.

All this time Judge Lawlor and I, still in "cit" clothes, were standing in the race track; and after looking over the crowd and learning that I was a ten-to-seven favorite, also that Fitz had arrived and was dressed, although the fight was not to come off for an hour and a half, I suddenly decided I'd get away from the place for a while.

"Come on, judge," I said to my companion, "let's take a walk. I'm thinking too much about the scrap."

So we walked around twenty minutes or so, chatting about other things; then I returned and went to my dressing room, changed my clothes; and shortly after orders came for the principals to enter. With Billy Delaney, White, Brady and the rest of my crew, I made for the ring. Fitz came along a moment later, and I was very much surprised to see that his wife, formerly Rose Julian, sister of his manager, was going to act as one of his seconds. She did a good job of it, too, and from then on to the finish was very conspicuous, shouting at me and encouraging Bob.

The preliminaries were over quickly, nothing of any importance occurring. I shook hands with Fitz, thinking what a peculiar-looking figure he was, with his red hair, freckles and bald front, knock-knees and shambling gait. But he had a fine chest, neck and shoulders; from the waist up a splendid-looking fighter, but not promising from the waist down.

Our weights were, 173 for Fitzsimmons, 180 for me, which may surprise some people today, particularly my old friend Bob Edgren, a remarkable man in track and field athletics, but not always wise to things going on in the ring. Fitz in his prime always weighed about eleven pounds more than Edgren and others have claimed. Louis Hausman, his timekeeper, verified this statement once in my presence.

Like Boxing a Ghost

"They're all wrong," he said. "Why, I weighed Fitz myself, Jim, the day he fought you, and he scaled a shade over 172."

Being a little heavier than my opponent, and figuring, after the meeting on the road, that I had the greater confidence, at the tap of the gong I went after him, maintaining, though, all my coolness and using all the science I possessed. Left-hand jabs marked his face up pretty well during the first two rounds, and soon Fitz began to swing, rather wildly for him, which was encouraging, for he was usually accurate. He was missing most of the time, and meanwhile I was driving home these left-hand jabs, switching them from body to head, and occasionally varying with my right to the body. Of course his bad marksmanship was due to my speed. I was here, there, everywhere. As Peter Jackson had said, it was like boxing a ghost.

Almost every time he would set himself to hit me with one of those famous punches that had put so many good men out, he'd lose his target. Actually, a few of his misses were by ten-foot margins, and he looked as foolish as had Sullivan at New Orleans. When he did land, he had had to hit so quickly that he lost much of his force and I wasn't hurt.

Five rounds went by, and I found I had accomplished this much—I had jolted him pretty badly and he was rather tired.

In the sixth I handed him a stiff left hook and knocked him down. As he crouched there, in a daze, he clutched my legs with his arms. The referee, George Siler, for some reason was not counting, which he should have done, and I told him to make Fitz let go. As I spoke, Fitz released his clutch, and the referee, rather late, did begin to count.

"You're counting slow," I told him, and he pushed me with his left hand and ordered me to step back.

Meantime Bob's wife, Rose, was begging and pleading with Bob to get up. And

(Continued on Page 50)

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Continued from Page 48

finally by the time the referee reached his "Nine," Bob did get up.

I don't like to squeal, but Fitzsimmons was on the ground, as you can reckon from the foregoing description, fully fifteen seconds. I have never spoken of this incident before, and feeling I had him at my mercy, I didn't complain then.

As he rose he wrapped both his arms around his head in a bewildered, instinctive sort of way, and my supporters and seconds yelled at me to finish him. But I saw no opening for reaching a vital spot at the moment, so I started feinting to draw him out of his cover. The gong sounded and he escaped.

For the seven rounds following I punched him at will. He certainly took an awful licking, and was dead game about it too. By now the fight seemed so easy that I began to look at the audience, in clinches, over Fitz's shoulder. Every once in a while I would see my father. The dear old man was sitting there, looking intently at me, uttering not a word, just thoughtfully scratching his chin. He never ceased this motion. Then on the other side I caught glimpses of a big, blond, and very excited woman, her hair loose, hat jammed down over one ear, yelling at me things that were not at all flattering either to my skill as a fighter or my conduct as a gentleman. The lady was constantly urging Fitz to "hit him in the slats, Bob, hit him in the slats!"

In the fourteenth round I found that Fitz, who had been swinging pretty wildly in the earlier rounds, was now worse than an amateur, just taking desperate chances. Then I knew I had him, for no fighter ever lived who had hit so accurately and in such naturally correct form as Fitzsimmons—that is, in his previous fights. He could uncork short snappy punches loaded with dynamite from almost any angle. And to see him flailing away so blindly at me convinced me that he was bewildered and panicky over the fact that he couldn't time me at all and I was outsmarting him. Like all fighters, even the great ones, now that he felt that he was meeting a man who really had it on him, he had forgotten all it had taken so many years and so many and painful battles to learn, and was fighting like a kid, just trying to pull a home run in the ninth inning.

"One good punch," said I to myself, "will settle him now."

All at once he began to swing so hard that when he missed he spun around as though on a pivot. Several times he did this, and I jumped so far out of his way that I couldn't reach him when he came back to his original position.

At last I figured on staying in line the next time he turned that fool trick, and instead of jumping back, just to pull my head a bit back. Then when he pivoted around I'd have my right ready and shoot over the blow that would end it all. It was a grand idea and on it the championship was to depend.

Ten and Out

To tempt him into the trick I thrust out my head and he started his old vicious right; but, as I had planned, just at the beginning of the swing I pulled my head back sufficiently to be out of reach.

As one does when getting off to a wrong start, he pulled his punch and started again for my head. Again I jerked my head aside, and this time, seeing he was going to miss once more, again he pulled his punch. Now a man with the natural fighting instinct that Fitzsimmons possessed will never let any arm be idle, so as my head flew back and he checked his right, he let his idle left try something, just started it haphazard and landed on the pit of the stomach. Quicker than all this takes to tell, I sank to my knees. I was conscious of everything that went on, the silence of the crowd, the agony on the faces of my seconds, the waiting Fitzsimmons, but my body was like that of a man stricken with paralysis.

I could hear the referee counting and grew desperate. He came to "Eight" and I reached for the rope to try to pull myself to my feet. I missed it and fell on my face. I was nearer the ropes and reached for them again.

"Ten!" I was out!

No longer the champion of the world.

We were fighting in a very high altitude, 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and the air was so light that it took a longer time than usual to get the air back into my lungs. As soon as they began to function again I became a raging madman, wild over having lost the championship without sustaining an injury of any kind, and without one drop of blood or mark or bruise anywhere on me. I rushed at Fitzsimmons and he ran out of the ring, and when the referee came to award him the fight, he had to stand him on a chair in a private box to hold up his gloved hand as signal to the crowd of his victory. Over there I rushed, too, the crowd trying to hold me back, for they thought I intended to hit him.

But I shouted "I only want to shake his hand," and they let me go.

Getting to the box, I reached over the edge and grasped his hand, but did not congratulate him at all; only said, very angrily, "You'll have to fight me again."

This doesn't sound so very pretty to me now, but I am trying to tell all events as they happened, those that reflect discredit as well as those on the other side of the ledger.

Fitz shook his head.

"I'll never fight you again, Jim," he said. "You gave me a bloody good lickin'."

I looked at his battered face and knew that this was true.

"You'll have to fight me again," I repeated, growing desperate, "or I'll lick you every time I meet you on the street!"

"Jim," he replied, "if you ever hit me I'll shoot you." And he edged away.

Bitter Medicine for Dad

I went back in better style than is usually the lot of a defeated man, for the San Francisco Examiner, which had a special train for me, expecting it to bear me home still the champion, treated me very nicely and did not let my loss of the title affect their attentions in any way. Fitzsimmons was taken to his training quarters and was unable to leave town for three days after my departure.

Dad took my defeat to heart, though, and it was pretty hard for him, especially as he thought he had brought me bad luck by attending this fight, the first of mine he had ever seen. But he managed to keep a stiff upper lip, and when he saw others of our neighborhood beginning to whine out their disappointment he reproved them and made light of the affair, acting as if nothing of any real importance had occurred, though he really thought it was the saddest event in history.

As soon as I reached the old home I went right to my room, for I had taken things pretty seriously, too; and not being so plucky as dad, didn't want to talk even to my wife or sisters, who I felt would start in pitying me. This I would have hated worse than anything in the world, so about six o'clock I tumbled into bed. The family stayed in the adjoining room, holding the usual post mortem, of course; and some of them actually wept. About midnight they were surprised to hear me call for my wife.

"Jim must be pretty bad," one of them said; "I guess he's calling for a doctor."

So my wife came to the door.

"What is it?" she said.

"I'd appreciate it if you'd get me a quart of ice cream," I replied; and when the folks heard this news they fairly shouted with relief and amusement at the thought of an ex-champ drowning his sorrows in ice cream instead of wine. As a matter of fact, ice cream has always played a prominent part in my life, as you can readily believe if you haven't skipped in reading this story.

When I recovered from my disgust sufficiently to look at the reports, I was puzzled and astonished to read of something revolutionary and new—a solar-plexus blow.

"So that's what defeated me," I said to my folks. "Very fine! But let me tell you something. It was just an ordinary left-hand hook for the stomach."

But the sporting writers seemed to fancy the term and it became boxing history. Which makes me think—I do not want to seem to reflect on Fitz's victory in my account of it. He did have a lucky break that time on the floor, and the stomach blow called by the fancy name was just a chance delivery; but Bob was a game fellow and of champion caliber. Any man that had courage enough to take such a beating as he received and admitted, and whose fighting instinct kept him going so long in the face of defeat, and prompted him to deliver that last telling blow, *is* a man! In fact, he was in my opinion one of the greatest of all the fighters who ever wore the crown; not what we call a really clever boxer, perhaps, but a born fighter, with a terrific kick in his punch from any angle, and one who knew all the tricks of the game and was as wise as a fox. I do not believe he could have defeated Jeffries in his prime or that remarkable negro, Peter Jackson, but he would have given each a run for his money and might have defeated them. Certainly no man ever had so much TNT left in his fist when tired and groggy.

However, I was so disgusted with myself at losing a fight after so badly outpointing the other man, that I bade good-by to Delaney and my trainers and left San Francisco, with Mrs. Corbett, for New York, and for twelve months did everything I could to induce Fitz to meet me again, but without success. That young fellow Jeffries, by the way, started in fighting, this same year, under Delaney's management, and became quite successful.

In the meantime Tom Sharkey, too, was climbing up the ladder, and finally he and Jeffries were matched for a bout, which Jeff won. Then, to avoid me, Fitz took on Jeffries, thinking he had something soft. The fight came off at Coney Island, and I acted as second for Jeff, at his and Delaney's invitation, and saw our man knock Bob out in eight rounds.

So the wheel turns. This young fellow who a year before had been considered good enough only to rub one leg of the champion was himself now champion of the world!

In 1900, Fitz failing me, I arranged a second bout with Sharkey. This is one of the most bitterly discussed fights of the last thirty years, and certainly was the bitterest for me, for the sports writers called it a fake, when—but I'm getting ahead. To go back, on the afternoon of the fight I received a night letter from my brother Joe telling me that Sharkey was a strong, rugged fellow. In it he gave this caution:

"You're getting older, Jim. Don't do any unnecessary footwork. Save yourself all you can, because he has more than ordinary endurance."

All this, I decided, was sensible advice; and realizing I was a kid no longer, I resolved to follow it. So, in the very first round, instead of jumping ten feet away, I just pulled my head out of danger a little, and ducked and shifted, rather than call on my legs as much as in my former battles. Of course, to vary my style and puzzle Sharkey, I would fall back on leg work every once in a while, but I reduced it about 50 per cent.

In the second round I saw that Sharkey was anxious to use his right. So I feinted at him; he bit and let the old haymaker go. I saw the blow coming, and according to my plan, instead of using the usual footwork, drew my head aside a little, but not far enough—the old judgment of distance seemed to have gone—and it landed on my chin and I fell flat on my face. All I could see was the stage revolving.

The Injured Ankle

In a few seconds I was up, dazed, but realizing where I was. Knowing that the best thing to do when a fellow begins swinging these haymakers, which was all that Sharkey really did, is not to get in range of them, but to bore in close, so that the blows just whistle around your neck and head, I called on all my reserve and dived in. To the amazement of the crowd, I began slugging him clean across the ring and had the better of the round. But just the same, I came to my corner a bit hazy and the seconds had to work hard to freshen me up.

With the gong's tap for the third, I found my head clear once more but, when I tried a little side step, discovered that my ankle had gone lame. This accident had occurred when Sharkey knocked me down in the second, but I had not then been aware of it. So now I had to give up all footwork and stand still, a condition which first led the newspaper men to think the fight was fixed that I was not half trying. I'm sorry I couldn't have made a speech from the ringside, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen and fellow citizens, I have sustained an accident and cannot fight with my usual skill," and so on—bow—applause—"I thank you for your kind attention." It would have been pretty, but the fight game is not made that way. Besides, it would have told Sharkey my condition. As it was, he didn't know of the sprain and just thought I *chose* to stand still. When I came from my corner each round, I'd just walk up to him, bore right into him and force

(Continued on Page 52)

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The roomy interior is richly upholstered. Seats are deeply cushioned for luxurious comfort. Complete in equipment, too. Full nickeled bumpers; motometer, stoplight, spare tire and tube, trunk, automatic windshield wiper, rear view mirror; safety step plates!

Big Power

You cannot buy a finer performing automobile at any price! Paige will take you up hills in high that stall most others. Pass them on the straightaway. Throttle down lower in high—slower than a walk—then get away in a flash. Gone before the others get started. Pull magnificently in high where the road is bad—in mud or sand.

And Paige never strains or labors at these tasks—thanks to the more than ample power of the big 70 h. p. motor. Such freedom from wearing strain means longer motor life. Paige's motor is a *perfected six*—for perfect balance, perfect smoothness. More cylinders in this motor would only add useless parts.

Unusual Comfort

You can imagine the marvelous riding comfort of Paige! Rear springs are more than 5 feet long, with snubbers. Staunch weight. And 131-inch wheelbase. You can see why Paige rides easily, without a jar, over rough roads that others dread. You probably never have ridden so smoothly before.

And you get all this plus the last word in smart appearance, for only $2325! Why pay more and actually get less? Call the Paige dealer for an appointment and drive this smart Brougham. Test it out yourself. (569)

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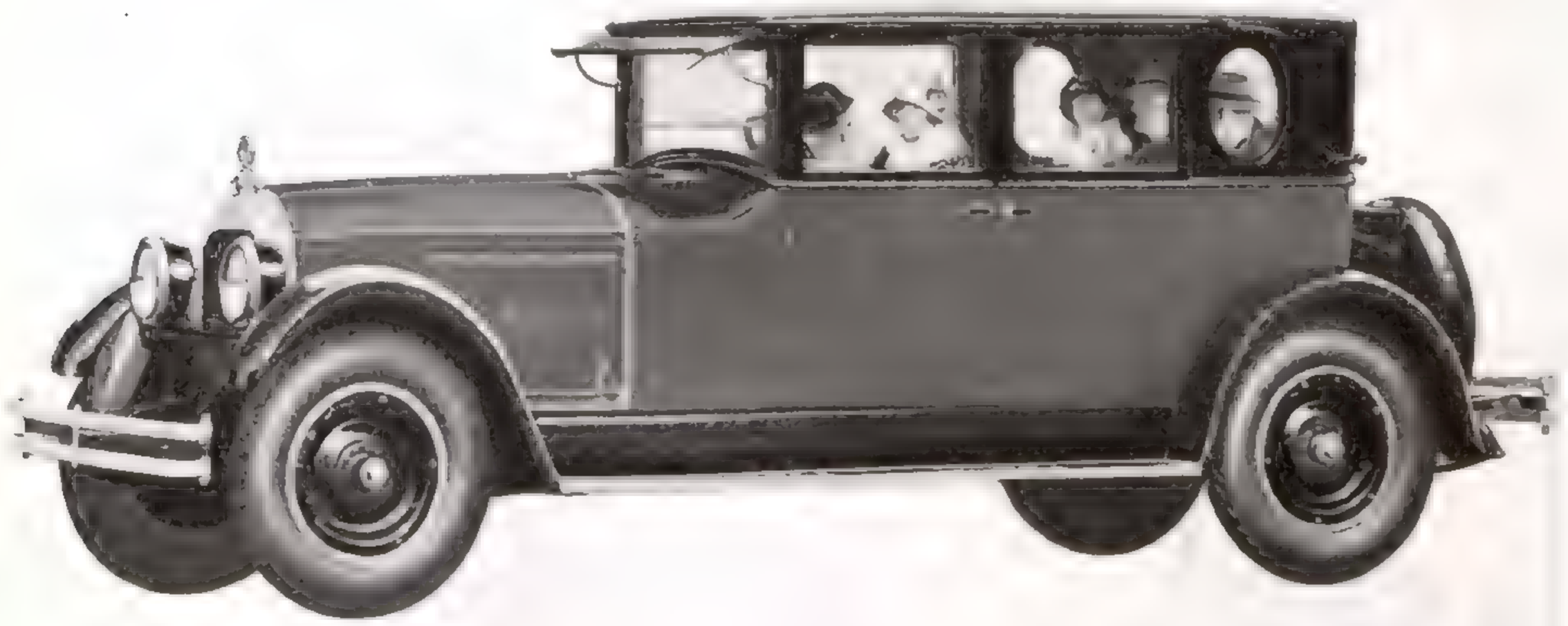

STANDARD MODELS: 5-Passenger Phaeton, $1895 7-Passenger Phaeton, $1895 5-Passenger Brougham, $2175
DE LUXE MODELS: 5 or 7-Passenger Phaeton, $2095 5-Passenger Brougham, $2325 7-Passenger Sedan, $2770 7-Passenger Suburban Limousine, $2895

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Thermo washes easily.

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THERMO MILLS, Inc.
349 Broadway, Dept. M, New York

Thermo Vest, price $5.00

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 50)

him to slug with me, and had the better of it at that.

But with each round the pain of my ankle increased; it was getting well-nigh unbearable and I had hard work to conceal it. In the intermission I told my seconds about my condition, and we were in a quandary. But each time I'd wind up with "Well, I'll try another round," and I'd get up, still bluffing Sharkey. He didn't know what to make of this change in my usual style.

Now Sharkey and I had agreed not to hit in the clinches, a condition which would have been in my favor if I had not had this accident, for I always could make him look pretty shabby, boxing. But Sharkey did not like the pace at which we had slugged any too well himself, and in the ninth or tenth round—I forget which—he started to punch me as we clinched and to rough me a little. I welcomed this as a way out of my difficulty, for I thought the referee would call a foul if Sharkey continued these tactics. If Kelly should fail to take notice, I felt I would have to quit anyway before long. But one of my seconds must have lost his head through his very desire to save me further agony, for he didn't wait for the referee and jumped in the ring, protesting against Sharkey's blows and his hitting in the clinches.

He meant all right, but I lost the fight right then, for Honest John Kelly, the referee, cried, "You lose!"

Not having seen my second—Con McVey it was—in the ring, for he was behind my back, I thought at first that Kelly was addressing Sharkey. To make sure, I asked. "Who loses?"

"Aw, you lose!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?" And turning me around, he pointed out Con standing there in the ring.

Then, of course, I knew it was all up. I had lost the fight and in addition to that the papers tried to make me lose my reputation, declaring next day that the fight was fixed and that I had agreed to lose it.

I think perhaps the hardest blow came from my old friend Bill Naughton, who had managed Peter Jackson and later became a sporting editor, one of the best, I think, that ever lived. His statements were really a left-handed compliment to me, after all, and showed that I had not only fooled slow-thinking Sharkey but also wise Naughton as well. He said the fight had been rehearsed blow for blow. Now I have been on the stage, but never really had known how good I was before. After that I felt I could give my friend Maurice Barrymore points.

For several weeks after the fight, I limped, and, being disgusted, formed the habit of answering when people asked the cause of the accident, "Well, it was this way: After the fight I stood upon a chair to make a speech, and the chair toppled over and I sprained my ankle." Every time someone inquired about my injury I gave this explanation. But the sarcasm then was entirely wasted, and it is almost useless now to try to catch up with a lie. Twenty-four years is a pretty good head start.

However, perhaps I should have been worrying about something else. When a champ or ex-champ is put in the position of having to make excuses; when he is accused of fixing a fight, no matter how honorable he may be, something is wrong. He cannot be the man he was. Was I on time's toboggan? I didn't think so. Didn't I have all my old-time skill? Hadn't I outpointed Fitzsimmons and Sharkey? Yes, but —— However, there were no *buts* in my mind. I was as good as I ever was.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett. The next and last will appear in an early issue

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

Big Mistake was in Raring Up before Yelling, because Jim didn't know nothing about no Centipede Yet and he didn't get No Chance to stop the Big Swipe he had started to make the Clean Sweep from Wainwright's Chin up to his Left Ear. Jim missed Part of his Face but he got a hack at his Ear, but Wainwright Never Noticed it in the Excitement and Jim thought at first he had gone crazy or locoed until Wainwright turned a back summerset out of the chair car and got his pants off without stopping to unbutton them and Jim seen the Centipede wrapped around his Leg. Jim says it was a pretty big one and he had to take a tire iron and a pair of pliers to pry it loose from his leg while the two Cow Boy Caddies held him and it took both of them to get him back in the car and hold him while Jim brung him into town, with his face all bloody and half shaved and wrapped up in a towel and his Leg unwrapped and scarred where the Centipede had worked.

There being no regular Doctor in Town or within 100 Miles they brought him down to the Garage to see what Us Trouble Shooters that Advertise to Fix anything thought of Him. While I was looking at his Leg Chiquita Bill unwrapped his Head to see where All the Blood was coming from. Sheep Dip Jim had started a good job of Mayhem but he never quite finished it.

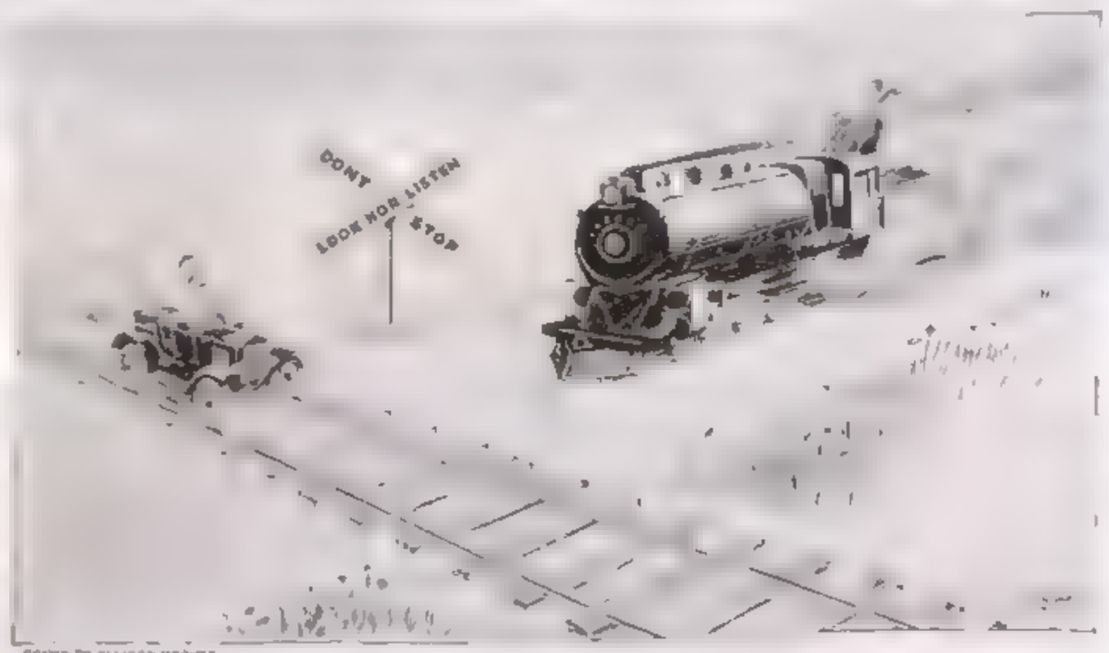
Wainwright was so Worried at first about Dying from the Centipede Bites that he never had No Time to think much about his Ear but by the time we had doctored his leg with Permangeate of Potash and Soda and Ammonia and got it wrapped up and give him a Few Shots of the Buzzard Roost Bear Cat Brand of Mountain Brewed Booze he commenced to think about his Looks again and got out his Pocket Mirror to see what made him feel so Lop Sided. One Look and at first I thought he was going to Die on us right there when he saw How he Felt or Felt how he Looked in the Glass. He sat down and groaned and groaned, like a Cow with the Colic, and said he was Ruined for Life and would give a $1,000.00 to save that Ear. A $1,000 is a Lot of Money—and Chiquita Bill and the Reptyle Kid kind of looked at Each Other and at Me and I thought Old Boy you're apt to Lose More than an Ear if you go to talking of So Much Money So Careless like and the Reptyle Kid says that the Salome Garage aint never turned No Job away yet and any man that can Fix a Car ought to be able to Fix a Ear, so I asked Wainwright did he mean it and would he pay $1,000.00 Real Money to get his Ear Fastened Back On again so as it would grow and he said You're Dam Right I will.

And that is How Come we got started in the Doctor Business and Kept Good our Name and Reputation that we could Fix Anything but the Democratic Party. We looked Our Patient over trying to figure out the best way to Operate. Chiquita Bill said he could make a good Welding Job of it if he had any Metal to work on with the Acetylene Torch but the Reptyle Kid says this wasn't no Tin Ear or Fender we was going to Mend and if you tried to weld the Ear on it would drive him Crazy with the Heat. I figured it might have been Vulcanized on if a man could have got at it to work but I didn't think a Cold Patch would make it stick so we decided to sew it on.

Wainwright Fussed like the Devil when we fastened his Feet in the Bench Vise and stretched him out with the Chain Blocks so as to hold him still while we worked but I told him that was the only way the boys knew how to work, being used to holding what they worked on in the vise. That was the toughest darn ear I ever saw. It was cut so close to his head that there wasn't any chance to Rivet it on so we figured the only way to make it hold was to Sew it on. We broke two needles trying to get a Hole Punched through it and finally had to use a little Ratchet Drill and a Shoemaker's Awl to make the Holes and some Silver Soldering Wire to put through the holes and tie it on with. Wainwright Cussed and Squealed like a Stuck Hog but we had him Tight in the Bench Vise and took up All His Slack with the Chain Blocks and the Reptyle Kid told him to Shut Up, that we would kill Any One for Less Money than that and we wasn't going to Lose no $1,000.00 Job even if it did Hurt Him and that Ear was going to get Sewed on No Matter What. We got it fastened on tight at last but it made us All Sweat doing it, even Wainwright. It looked Pretty Rough around the edges where we Sewed it on so we filled up the cracks with Cement and Shellacked it all over good and anchored it all around with Tire Tape so it would Stay in place until it got a Chance to Take Root again, and then we Turned him loose.

He wasn't Very Cordial at first and didn't have enough Cash Money to pay us so we took what he had and he Wired Back Home for some more and we put the Reptyle Kid on Guard with him at the Blue Rocky Inne and kept a Hot Water Bag on his Ear and in a Few Days the Ear began to show a Little Color again and in less than 3 Weeks it had Growed on Tight again, just as good as ever excepting it Tipped Front a Little at the Top like he was Trying to Listen Better with it.

The old Bald Headed Barber is doing a Lot of Talking and making out that if it hadn't been for the Sheep Dip Shaving Lotion he poured on, the Ear would have been Dead or Blood Poisoned before he got Wainwright to Town. Let him Talk—We Got the Money, and we'll Fix Anything that comes along. —*Dick Wick Hall,*
Editor & Ear Doctor.



The Reckless Driver as He Thinks It Is

Ballade of Ancient Jokes

WHEN these old jokes were new, King Tut
Was ruler of the Nile,
And all the famous quips were cut
In anthologic style
On his porch pillars, to beguile
The loyal passers who
Were far too prudent not to smile,
When these old jokes were new.

The henpecked husband wheeze was but
A century old, the while
King Rameses the Second shut
The Khita out. A mile
Or more of comic stuff on tile
And Roman marble drew
Guffaws from prætor and ædile,
When these old jokes were new.

The weather man (time-honored butt!)
The chicken-stealing trial,
The mother-in-law—each old chestnut
Was carefully on file
On obelisk and mossy pile—
For Samson yielded to
The fair Delilah's crafty wile,
When these old jokes were new.

ENVOY

We pay three-thirty on the aisle,
Although no fungus grew
Upon the Grecian peristyle
When these old jokes were new.
—Otto Freund.

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Unquestionably, the most compelling tribute to the car's stamina is its widespread use by farmers, ranchmen, surveyors, salesmen and others who travel isolated roads in all sorts of weather.

These men will tell you that a good polishing restores the durable finish to its original brightness after the car has been caked with mud for weeks. To them it is a matter of vital importance, too, that Dodge Brothers powerful starter functions promptly after prolonged exposure to the cold.

Nor is any group of owners more constantly impressed by those elements of excess value which characterize not only the Type-B Sedan itself, but every car that Dodge Brothers build.

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Durable enough for floors, it is the ideal varnish for furniture and woodwork as well. Eight rarely beautiful colors from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany, or "clear" if you desire.

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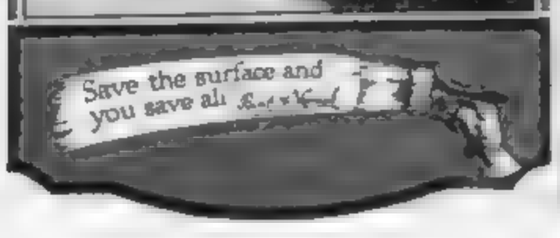

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Marian Spitzer

REALLY, my career has been quite uneventful. I am twenty-five years old. At the age of twelve I decided that when I grew up I would be a newspaper reporter. The first high spot in my life came when, in the middle of my junior year at New York University, the head of the journalism department asked me if I would like to work on the Brooklyn Times. It was April, 1917, and all the boys were going to war. I got the job and stayed there until after graduation from college. The next high spot was my first signed story in the now defunct New York Globe, where I went in September, 1919, working on the city and dramatic staffs.

A low spot came in the summer of 1921. I had fallen into the habit of slipping away from the office about two o'clock, and forgetting to come back. I was very much enamored of a young man at the time, and I used to spend my afternoons with him. I got away with that for several months, until one day I went riding on the Staten Island Ferry with said young man instead of covering a story I'd been assigned to. The story hadn't looked like much to me, and it seemed safe to fake it. But when I got back I found it had developed into a tremendous human-interest yarn, and I'd lost a scoop for the paper. As a result the Globe and I separated by more or less mutual consent.

All along I'd had a desire to get into the theatrical business, and just about this time there was a vacancy in the press department of the Keith vaudeville organization, and I got the job. I remained there until last January, when I came to work for Philip Goodman. I read plays and try to get pictures of his stars in the Sunday papers. It's lots of fun and I expect to keep a job always, no matter how much money I should make, if I make it.

I first started to write stories when I went to work for Keith's. Untraditional as it may seem, I have no early struggles to report. The first one I wrote, and several thereafter, were sold to Smart Set. A couple to Pictorial Review and some stuff to the old Metropolitan led up to my first work for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Another high spot came when I saw my name in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The highest spot of all, I guess, came when Boni & Liveright decided to publish my novel.

There doesn't seem to be much else, except that I am a native of New York, which isn't as unusual as many out-of-towners seem to think. There are really several of us, only the visitors from the Middle West and elsewhere don't usually meet us. And although they may not believe it, we're quite civilized too.

Marian Spitzer

Bertram Atkey

NOW that I am with almost dizzy swiftness advancing into the forties, I am glad of an opportunity to sum myself up. It has been a long journey, and I have discarded a good deal of mental baggage on the way. Also 50 per cent of my hair. But the remainder of me is here. Looking back, as it were, through the large end of the opera glass, I see myself a glad young visionary leaping lightly from school into the arena, very anxious to try a few crisp rounds with the world. Among my equipment was a moderately colossal belief in myself, a good digestion and a fixed idea that it was my mission to correct the slight wabble with which this good old world appears to be afflicted.

It seemed to me at seventeen that what this world wanted was someone to take it gently but firmly in hand and kind of steady it a little. I believe I proposed to achieve this by producing very fine poetry—to wit, blank-verse tragedies. There was, however, an unfortunate divergence of opinion between my parents and myself, and I found it necessary to defer putting the world right until, in accordance with the wishes of my square-jawed paternal relative, I had learned the business of surveyor and real-estate agent. I fear I disappointed him—owing to trigonometry. I produced a good deal of poetry on the side during the years which the surveyor hath eaten, but the populace was very busy along about then and somehow never seemed to notice that a new poet was on hand. Peering through the reversed opera glass, I perceive afar off a slightly subdued little figure getting its hair cut and consigning poetry to the place where most youthful poetry is decently interred. That was the end of the first round. The world was still wabbling and I had lost a little baggage.

Bertram Atkey, One of Whose Winsie Stories is in This Issue

Spurred on by a certain stringency which was making itself felt in the exchequer department, I stepped out of the blank-verse business—also out of the real estate and surveying—and went to Fleet Street. Establishing myself somewhere up with the bats in the rafters of a Bloomsbury apartment house, I spent the next year or two in canvassing for advertisements for an optical and photographic trade journal. On the side I produced long, thoughtful, serious novels. It was heavy going. I regarded myself as a literary man, I believe, though my paid literary output consisted mainly of a few columns a week about new spectacles and cameras. I was innocent of any knowledge of these things, but contrived to conceal it sufficiently to get enough orders for advertisements to enable me to eat occasionally. I failed to connect with any frenzied demand for my long, thoughtful, word-reforming novels, and so in due course stepped off the serious novel plank—strictly, as I figure it, my landlady pushed me off it. I let the world wabble alone for a little, discarded some more mental baggage and devoted myself to the aspects of rent.

The solution seemed to lie in writing short stories. I wrote one—and sold it. It fetched about two dollars. I would have had the money, too, if the creditors of the magazine that bought it had held off for a little longer. Still, I was in a position where any business that could produce two dollars with a click if the creditors held off looked good to me, so I wrote some more short stories, sold some and quit the optical business forthwith. It was a stylish bit of starvation I performed then. This was before the appearance of the hosts of fiction monthlies which weigh down the bookstalls now. However, by dint of working about all the time there was I effected a species of armistice with little old Henry G. Famine and eventually reached the three-square-meals-a-day stage, with a little something in the cupboard in case of hunger during the night watches. To be honest, I think I wrote something of everything those days. I used to write until my eyes seemed to be growing out of my face on long stalks. Prices were very different for story-writers in those days when the regular wage of a farm hand or ordinary laborer was half a crown a day—and it's not so many years ago either.

Presently I drifted—if squeezing oneself in as with a crowbar may be called drifting—into a minor editorial position in the firm of the late Sir George Newnes, about the best friend to the literary and journalistic aspirant that London ever contained, and there spent the next few years. In the fullness of time, having made a number of editorial moves, I arrived at the stage where one has to choose between the blue pencil and the pen. I chose the pen and retired, unbloated with gain, to my home in the New Forest. I do most of my work there or by the sea in Sussex. When I am not working, golf is good enough for me; and if there is no golf available I can waste time with a fishing rod as well as the next man. It is a dream of mine that some day I shall have time to drift down to Santa Catalina, where, I suppose, is to be found the best sea fishing in the world.

I have written some four or five hundred stories of sorts and half a dozen books or so, and as nobody is trying to stop me I shall probably write more. In company with a few score million contemporaries, I had my time hindered for about three years recently, owing to war, but was one of the lucky ones that got back home again.

Married, naturally, and have a fixed and unalterable prejudice in favor of marriage. The man who goes through the world without collecting a wife and child or children has lived only 30 per cent. I have no other fixed ideas except that I believe any man can get practically anything he wants in this old world if only he is prepared to work hard enough for it. But he has got to be honest with himself about it, and look himself square in the eyes all the time. Many men are too busy trying to side-step themselves ever to find time to work. These are the men who talk about a thing called luck. Luck is work, on the whole.

Oh, yes, I note that the world still wabbles, but I no longer feel called upon to do anything about it. I've kind of accommodated myself to the wabble.

So familiar a thing as a toy balloon illustrates the action of balloon and low pressure tires. Depress a toy balloon with your finger, and then try to withdraw your finger faster than the balloon recovers its shape. It can't be done. The tires yield readily to bumps, and they come back just as fast and with equal force. It is to control this recovery action that Gabriel Balloon Type Snubbers are necessary.

Why Increased Tire Action Demands *these* Gabriels

Air that is compressed only to low-pressure is an elastic, lively cushion that instantly comes back when it is further compressed.

At one and the same time, that fact explains the increased action of balloon and low-pressure tires, and the reason why such tires demand Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers.

If all the bumps in the road were small, and if all cars traveled at slow speeds, the low air-pressure itself would absorb the shock and never bring the car springs into action.

By reason of their free play, Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers—first to be designed for low-pressure tires—permit the tires to do that within their own capacity.

But on the large bumps, the air cushion is much more sharply compressed. It comes back with equal force, and then passes the shock on to the car springs.

That is where Gabriel increasing braking action steps in to snub the up-throw, to soften it down to a comfortable degree, to stop the rolling and galloping set up by rough roads and large bumps.

The combination of free play and a braking action that increases rather than tapering off, is Gabriel's great superiority.

Without both of these qualities, balloon tires are not controlled in such a way that you get the best out of them.

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Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2200 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

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Monito Wool Socks are remarkable in color and in quality. Style No. 630 is particularly popular.

Look for the Golden Moor's Head on each pair

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MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., INC
HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

CINDERELLA STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 29)

paper was folded back. "Good—gracious—me!" She was utterly astonished.

And well might she be. For there lay before her eyes, startling and arrogant in its perfection, folded so as to display most of its beauty, an evening gown, most authentically French.

Marcia Winthrop fell back, a movement of sheer wonder and awe. Then she approached the box again. Delicately, with the reverent gesture a woman displays only when handling a perfect garment, she drew the dress from its nest. Immediately, when the full length of it lay before her, a swift rapture pierced her; her eyes shone and widened. She made little moans and cries of delight. For the like of this garment she had never seen. Not in the windows of department stores were frocks such as this displayed. No one she knew had ever possessed so lovely a marvel.

Layers of palest sunset-tinted chiffon over the airiest of golden fabric; fashioned with that simple-appearing subtlety that only the French understand. And as she lifted it, out of the wrappings there tumbled a fairy slipper. Tucked within the slipper was a golden cobweb of stocking. It was too much, it was too perfect. Marcia Winthrop began to tremble a little with sheer appreciation.

But she had not come to the end of these marvels, as her startled eye soon told her. A scrap of flame-colored chiffon licked up from under a second layer of tissue paper.

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" she sighed and lifted forth the crowning touch in the shape of a cloak to accompany and accent the golden gown. It hung from her finger tips like a black flower with a flame-colored heart.

A sort of ecstatic trance then fell upon Marcia Winthrop. She could only stand and gaze, her hands tightly clasped.

It was several moments before curiosity began to pierce through this bemused state. At last she stirred, sighed, and tore her eyes away from the shimmering heap upon the table. Her gaze fell upon the envelope.

When she had torn it open and read the few words it contained she moved without a sound to a chair and sat down, as if her knees had given way.

It was a visiting card, and one line was written upon it: "In appreciation of a very pleasant evening." Underneath was an engraved name: "Mr. Henry Fruttiger."

It would be useless to attempt to chronicle the varying shades of Marcia Winthrop's sensations when she had at last made certain of this name. They began as utter amazement, mounted to indignation, turned to incredulity, lapsed into bedazement, and then began all over again.

"I must think!" she cried aloud. "I must try to remember everything I said and did last night."

What had she and Mr. Fruttiger talked about? She thought rapidly and intensely. Things to eat. The wetness of the spring. The imported-woolens business. Mr. Fruttiger's aunt, who had been killed by a fishbone sticking in her throat. Mr. Fruttiger's rheumatism. Roof gardens—whether one's food did not cool off too fast. The new Follies. Coué. Mr. Fruttiger's nieces. The best way to cook sole. Apartment-house life. The new traffic rules. Mr. Fruttiger's latest club. Ptomaine poisoning. Head waiters. Christian Science. Walter Camp.

A dull, sedate, unprovocative conversation. And Mr. Fruttiger's manner, what had that been? Fussy, kindly, fatherish. No, impossible, impossible to discover in last night's occurrences the least clew to this glittering mystery! To be sure, Mr. Fruttiger had the reputation of being somewhat gallant, and with Goldie he often had a waggish manner.

"But to me—to me"—Miss Winthrop pressed her hands against her breast—"for such a thing to happen to me —— Why, I suppose—I suppose I have been insulted."

It was very queer. Theoretically she should have been furious with Mr. Fruttiger. But in reality she was bewildered. Also pitying, for it began to dawn upon her that Mr. Fruttiger had gone mad. Obviously the thing for her to do was to write a note that would be at once soothing and scathing, if it could be done, and send the box back to Mr. Fruttiger at once.

That Girl in the Mirror Was Herself, Her Real Self, Born at the Touch of This Golden Dress. "But No One, No One," Cried She, "Will Ever Know It!"

Firmly, controlling her excitement, she picked up the golden gown. It seemed to melt in her hands, delicate and appealing. The fairy slipper stood forth on the table, the golden cobweb of stocking dripping out of it.

In a mirror on the wall behind the table Marcia Winthrop caught a glimpse of her face and scarcely knew it, so alive was it. This one glimpse of her own transformed face was like the serpent that brought knowledge to innocence. "I wonder—I wonder how I'd look in such a dress," she thought.

In another moment she was in her bedroom tearing off her good, durable office frock with impatient hands. She kept in mind the fact that she had been insulted, but none the less she meant to try on that golden wonder before she sent it back.

All her life, when she started a thing she had done it thoroughly. So now she made a real toilet—a hot and cold shower, the lovely scent she seldom used, the silken undergarments every woman keeps for she knows not what occasion.

And when she came to doing her hair, to her surprise she found herself twisting it high on her head to show a charming ear all too seldom uncovered. When, in what other life, had she learned to do her hair in that provocative fashion? There was a legend in the family that some far-back, seagoing Winthrop had married a Spanish woman. This accounted for the pale olive of Marcia Winthrop's smooth skin. Did it account for what she was doing now—for this unseemly fever, for the irresponsible gayety that made her want to laugh aloud?

Slowly, with infinite care, she drew on the fragile stockings, slipped her feet into the fairy slippers. They fitted! How perfectly a part of this fantastic dream! With a delicate touch she lifted the golden gown and slipped it over her head.

At the end of her living room there was a long mirror. She switched on every light, and then for the first time she looked at the ensemble she had created. Slowly, with a languorous, proud step, she walked toward the mirror. Halfway she came to a full stop, her eyes enormous, her lips parted.

It was the most sensational and perhaps the most important moment in her life. For in that instant she discovered that she could be beautiful.

She stood quite still, drinking herself in with the avidity of one who has all but died of thirst.

The simile is not an exaggerated one, for it is likely that Marcia Winthrop's soul had become exceedingly parched indeed. A poignant recognition of this thirst and hunger was in her exclamation: "Oh! Why couldn't someone have told me, long ago!"

In that instant her mind flashed back over her life. Her grandmother's voice "Handsome is as handsome does." Her Aunt Drusilla's "You'd never be hanged for your beauty, but if you mind your manners, Marcia ——" Her mother's "Of course you're not pretty, but you can be well-behaved."

Marcia Winthrop looked and looked at the newly born beauty in the mirror. And she clenched her hands. "They cheated me out of something!" was her thought.

All these years she might have been beautiful. She might have had charm, if Grandfather Winthrop had not disapproved of charm.

"Don't put on airs!" She could hear him now. And her mother: "A lady is always neat and quiet."

She had not wanted to be neat and quiet. She had wanted gorgeous things, rich and vivid stuffs. But, of course, she had never had them. "A lady," they had said, "is never conspicuous."

Long and long she looked at her reflected self. That girl in the mirror was herself, her real self, born at the touch of this golden

(Continued on Page 58)

This ESSEX Six $1000 *Freight and Tax Extra*

With Vibrationless Motor, Long Life and Balloon Tires

Why Hudson and Essex Outsell All Rivals

It is not merely because the Coach exclusively gives "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost."

It is because both Hudson and Essex offer the most astounding value in genuine car PERFORMANCE and RELIABILITY.

It is because they have vibrationless motors—exclusive to them because they are built on the Super-Six principle.

More than 250,000 owners know their enduring value.

That is why they outsell all rivals—and why the Coach is the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

An examination will convince you of quality not obtainable elsewhere within hundreds of dollars of these prices.

IN QUALITY HUDSON AND ESSEX ARE ALIKE

Still Another Reason

From The Wall Street Journal

Hudson Motor Car Co.'s recent statement that its sales of cars during the first seven and one-half months of 1924 were in excess of total business during the whole of 1923 calls attention to the exceptional position of this company, both as manufacturer and merchandiser. In view of the conditions which have beset nearly every producer during the past four months, this record of 95,000 cars in seven and one-half months this year against 88,000 cars in all of 1923 is entitled to more than ordinary notice.

Continuing personnel is another important factor in Hudson's remarkable showing. The same officials who "put Hudson over" when it was a small affair are still at the helm. There is a wealth of talent within the Hudson organization of which the public hears but little, which seems content to saw wood year in and year out, and to successfully evade the spotlight of personal publicity.

HUDSON Super-Six COACH $1500

Freight and Tax Extra

120-gallon per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 8-gal-lon galvanized tank

The sure way to home comfort this winter, water under pressure

When the icy blasts of winter wind their way to the south, you need not live near a city water main to have the conveniences of a modern home. These comforts are yours, anywhere, with one of these new, low-priced Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plants. You can have abundant hot and cold water in bath, laundry and kitchen, at the turn of a faucet. You can have the convenience and protection of a warm, comfortable inside toilet.

Think of it! The 120-gallon plant—only $84.75—has ample capacity for supplying cistern water for laundry, bath and kitchen. The 200-gallon plant—now $115.00—will pump well water for the average household and has capacity for sprinkling lawn and gardens, for washing the car, for fire protection. They operate from any electric light circuit for a few cents a week. Other plants, correspondingly low-priced, run on gasoline or kerosene.

You get the famous Fairbanks-Morse Pump only in the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant. Make certain the system for your home has this dependable pump. Go to your local dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. The coupon is for your convenience. It will bring you the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Service Library. Read the list of titles below and check the numbers that interest you. Mail the coupon now.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & Co.
Manufacturers *Chicago*

Get this Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Service Library

Free!

Read these titles. Check the numbers that interest you on the coupon. It will bring them to you free.

1 "The cheapest servant you can hire."
2 "Adding to property value."
3 "Increasing farm profits."
4 "Health and happiness in your home."
5 "Reducing fire risk."
6 "The mark of refinement."
7 "Protecting your baby's health."
8 "Water pressure for the cistern."

FAIRBANKS-MORSE

200-gallon per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 35-gallon galvanized tank. Also larger sizes, correspondingly low priced.

$115
Complete F. O. B. Factory

For Cisterns—For Wells

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.,
Dept. L-11, 900 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Please send me without obligation the Fairbanks-Morse Water Service subjects checked. See description above.

☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6 ☐7 ☐8

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 56)

dress. "But no one, no one," cried she, "will ever know it!"

That was the essential tragedy of this moment. No one would ever know that Marcia Winthrop was a beauty. When she had put on again the durable office frock, when she had assumed again her pale good manners, her quiet restrained dignity, she would be a lamp without a flame. And no one would see her any more than one saw an unlighted lamp.

"Marcia, Marcia, I'm sorry for you," she whispered.

For she knew she would not soon forget this moment. When she was pursuing her competent way through the uninspiring details of the imported-woolens business, when she was buying a lamb chop for her solitary dinner, when under the unseeing eyes of Mr. Judson Morse she sat quietly taking dictation, the memory of herself, awake and beautiful, would be there in her hidden heart, an ironic torment.

Standing there, thinking these rebellious and despairing thoughts, there began slowly to seep into her mind an invidious desire. At first a vague longing and then an urgent necessity. A burning wish to see, just once, in someone's eyes an acknowledgment of her beauty. It seemed to her that if only one person in all the world could but see her now, this new flame in her would never quite die down.

So enthralling was this thought that it was several moments before she came back to reality and the remembrance of Mr. Fruttiger. When she did so she recoiled from herself with horror. She had actually forgotten the source of this magic raiment. Back into its box it must go at once, this golden torch. Back into their wrappings these fairy slippers. With trembling fingers she undid a hook.

One shoulder was reluctantly emerging when she gave herself in the mirror one last glance. A most unwise thing to do. For immediately temptation was upon her with a rush. And it offered her in a wily whisper an idea, a hint so preposterous, so logical, so wildly impossible for a Winthrop to carry out, that almost without a struggle she went down before it.

Her eyes widened, a wild sparkle came into them. She pressed her lower lip with her teeth and thought rapidly. What engagements had she made that day for Mr. Judson Morse's evening? She rapidly fastened the hook she had just undone.

After that she gave herself no time to think of anything. She abandoned herself to sheer instinct. Running back to her bedroom she put money in her purse, she added the merest thread of scarlet to her lips. Then, inspired, she thrust into her sleek black hair an heirloom—a Spanish comb.

It was the perfect touch. It did away with the last remnant of Marcia Winthrop; it confirmed the fact that a new beauty—even if only a temporary beauty—had emerged from its tight chrysalis.

After the second act at the Metropolitan the boxes opened and a many-hued tide swirled through the velvet promenades. The first persons who swept out on this tide observed a lady standing alone, but not at all minding her loneliness, near the left-hand curve of the horseshoe. The men knew that she was distinguished and at ease; the women that she had been gowned from Paris. Their second glances—and nearly everyone took a second—picked up other details: Her beautiful black hair, twisted high in a quaint and striking fashion; the smooth olive pallor of her skin; the provocative thin scarlet curves of her mouth; the filmy golden frock accented by the dull black of her cloak; the wide sleeves of this wrap, lined with orange and flame, falling away from a white arm.

Above and beyond all these details her air of deep and serene assurance. That was the Winthrop breeding; after all, it was not to be despised, now when she needed it. With all those eyes upon her she was able to stand carelessly looking on with only the faintest air of interest.

Without glancing in its direction she knew when a certain box was being emptied of its occupants. She saw the group, two women and three men, slowly drifting toward her. One of the men was Mr. Judson Morse.

At the corners of her mouth the merest shade of an amused smile began to quiver. How very diverting to watch her employer, of whom she had always been a trifle in awe, being rather anxiously nice to his hostess—a resplendent, horsy lady with a great many jewels. Some slight, long-hidden resentment took pleasure in the sight. Her faint smile became cryptic.

It was precisely this subtle expression that caught the keen eye of the tallest man in the group. He traced this glance to its object, and under his breath he suggested to Judson Morse that he glance to his right.

Mr. Morse glanced. He withdrew his eyes and blinked in bewilderment.

"Do you know her?" inquired the tall man.

Marcia knew that Mr. Morse was struggling to place her. He glanced again, he openly stared. By this time his group had encountered another; his hostess was surrounded.

With a murmur of excuse Mr. Morse moved toward the lonely lady. She saw him coming, but except for a wicked twitch at the corner of her lips she made no sign of recognition.

"Is it—it is Miss Winthrop, isn't it?" he stammered.

"Yes, it is Miss Winthrop," she echoed smilingly.

But beyond this she did not help him out. She merely gazed back at him with her faintly amused smile. It was a delicious moment, for Mr. Morse was obviously aquiver with interest, with curiosity. Only his good breeding kept him from staring at her with all his eyes. "Do you like Chaliapin?" he brought out.

"Very much."

"Do you come often?"

She glanced past him and did not reply to this question. Instead she said, "I think one of your friends ——"

Mr. Morse turned his head over his shoulder. The tall man with the lively eyes was frankly hovering. Mr. Morse said, not too genially, "Ah, Hugh—Miss Winthrop, may I—Mr. Heatherston."

They stood in front of her—Mr. Morse, solid, puzzled, not quite so impressive as she usually thought him, gazing at her with a question in his eye; Mr. Heatherston, tall, bending upon her an eye full of frank admiration. Ah, they saw her! The assurance was a potent wine.

In that instant she came into possession of a handy bit of belated knowledge: No man is safe from any woman he has really seen. Once he has perceived the inmost flame of her—the flame that is her particular kind of beauty—he is in danger; he would better lash himself at once to the mast with thongs of newest leather.

She had at once a conviction that she had accomplished all she had come here for. She had wanted, so she believed, to be seen in her golden guise by the man to whom she had so long been drably invisible. But now she knew that what she had wanted was merely to be assured of her beauty. Almost any man's eye would have answered the purpose.

Thus Mr. Morse became all at once relatively unimportant. She felt as if she had come seeking a treasure; she had found it, and now she wanted to clasp it safely to her breast and take it home where she could gloat over it quietly. She did, in fact, make a movement of withdrawal. She drew her cloak higher on her shoulders and turned a profile to their united gaze.

Heatherston was quicker than Mr. Morse. "Which is your box? Shall I take you ——"

"Thanks, no. I think I won't wait for the last act." Then from the tail of her eye a spark of enjoyment leaped out at Mr. Morse, even as her slim cool hand met Heatherston's in farewell. "Mr. Morse will tell you," she murmured, "why I have to keep early hours."

She withdrew her hand from Heatherston's reluctant clasp, she went swiftly down the stairway. Flame-colored chiffons licked out against the darkness of her cloak; the golden slippers twinkled in and out amidst the delicate splendors of her gown, heads turned as she passed. A doorman whistled for a taxicab; she stepped across the pavement.

But just as a cab drew up a voice sounded behind her: "I say, but you were quick! I wanted to take you to your ——"

"My car? Here it is." She waved a gay hand at the vehicle curving toward them.

"Quite so!" said Heatherston imperturbably. "Nevertheless, I wanted to take you to it. My own car is around the corner. Won't you let me run you home?"

She shook her head smilingly. She did not want to spill a single drop of her happiness. She wanted to take it home and slowly sip it. She knew from Heatherston's eyes that she had gone to his head. And that was enough. She did not particularly care, in this moment, whether she saw him again or not. And not caring, she became more fascinating to him.

"Good night—again." She stepped into the waiting cab.

Heatherston looked at her mournfully. He was distinctly likable, she decided. He had evidently always had his own way with the world, but it had not spoiled him. And because she was grateful to him for the homage of his eyes her lips curved softly. This was too much for him. He leaned in at the door.

"I don't like your going alone like this. Streets full of holdup men. Can't depend on these taxi drivers. Won't you at least let me see you to your door?"

Her smile faded. "Did Mr. Morse tell you ——"

"That you're his secretary? Some men have all the honors. But I don't see what that has to do with it."

She was silent, continuing to look at him as if trying to appraise him correctly. What she read in his face reassured her. With a gesture as if she gave herself over again to the chances of this remarkable evening she made room for him beside her.

There was a moment of slightly constrained silence as the cab got under way. Then Heatherston broke it.

"How does it happen I've never seen you at the opera before?" he inquired.

She looked out at the passing lights with a smile at a secret whimsey. "Perhaps because up to tonight I've always worn my cloak of invisibility."

This pleased him. He was capable of a few whimseys of his own. "But you won't wear it again, will you?" he cried earnestly. "What you're wearing now is magic enough."

"Magic?" she repeated dreamily. "That accounts for everything." Her smile faded. If magic had made loveliness, it could also unmake. She stole a quick glance at the strip of mirror between the cab windows. Ah! The flame still burned; the magic was still good magic; in the swiftly changing lights and shadows she was still as unlike Marcia Winthrop as her behavior of this evening was unlike the precepts of her forbears.

Her eyes shone mysteriously through her lashes. This trick she had of sitting in smiling brooding silence plainly ensnared Heatherston more and more.

"Do you know, in that cloak and dress, with that Spanish comb in your hair, you look as if you might have been painted by Zuloaga?"

"It is a nice frock," she said, smoothing it.

"Ah, but it isn't only the frock," he insisted.

She heard him delicately feeling for the clew to the riddle of herself; she was aware of an instinctive liking for him; she told herself that she must look up Zuloaga. But what really preoccupied her was the new and delicious emotion of being a beauty. Magic, sheer heady magic.

When the taxicab drew up at her door and she stepped out of it she would not have been surprised to see it turn into a pumpkin drawn by six white mice. Heatherston, as he bowed over her hand, should have tossed a cloak of pale blue velvet over one shoulder. Instead of which he beckoned the taxicab to wait, and asked her when he might hope to see her again.

"Never, I'm afraid," she smiled. "You see, in a few moments I shall vanish, forever."

"No; that is impossible. Morse doesn't vanish by day. Nor does his secretary. And I know where his offices are. Don't you see you can't vanish from me? I shall look you up through Morse, if necessary."

"Oh, no, no! You must not! Indeed, indeed, you must not! Please ——"

Her distress was real. The magic moment was crumbling about her. The hand he was still holding turned cold.

"Then tell me where else I may see you again. Next week Chaliapin sings Boris. If you liked him tonight—may I take you to hear him again?"

"Oh, I don't know. You are very kind, but ——"

"Boris, on Tuesday evening then. I'll call for you here?"

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! She knew she ought to tell him he must first see her by daylight, as Miss Winthrop. He must see her when her lamp was unlit, when she was what Grandfather Winthrop and Aunt Drusilla and her loving mother had made her. He must see her as she sat taking

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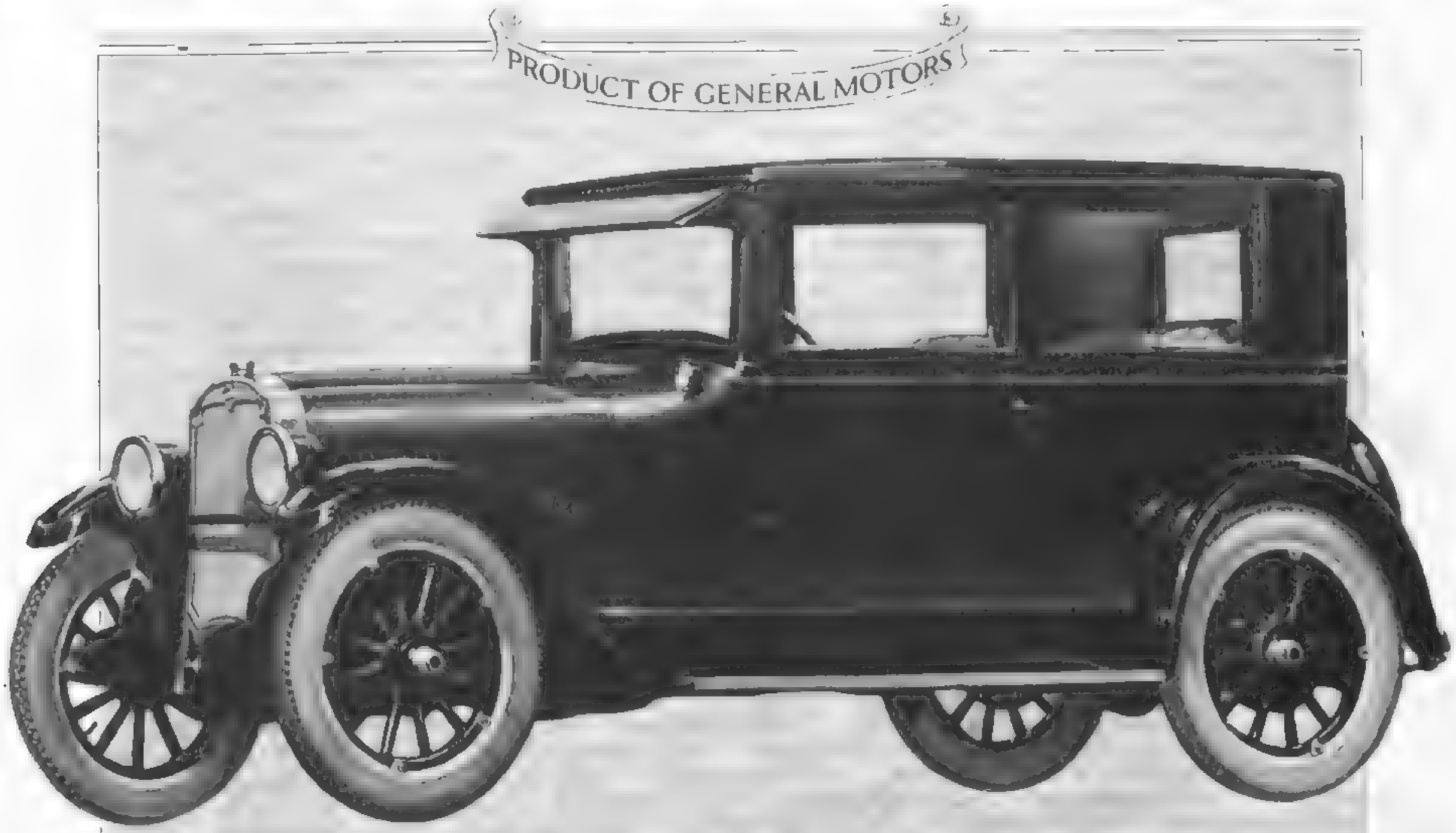
OLDSMOBILE-SIX



The New Coach $1065

BODY BY FISHER

THOSE who have hitherto driven open cars the year 'round solely because open cars used to cost less—can now buy this new Oldsmobile Coach for only $1065. Think of it! What open car in its class can you buy for that? For that matter—what other closed car? Price is all this new Coach has in common with open cars. In quality—it rivals many sedans. Fisher Body—with staunch hardwood frame, steel-paneled from floor to roof! Rich satin Duco finish! New one-piece ventilating windshield with automatic cleaner! Roomy interior—wide doors! Deep velour cushions! Delco electrical equipment, Harrison radiator, pressure lubrication and dry disc clutch! And underlying all these things—a *proved* chassis with a time-tried L-head six cylinder engine built to endure for years.

Roadster $875, Touring Car $875, Sport Roadster $985, Sport Touring $1015, 2-passenger Coupe $1045, Coach $1065, Coupe $1175, Sedan $1250, De Luxe Sedan $1350. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire additional. Time payments, if desired.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
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No. 155 Center

Active Feet Win—
in play as well as work!

WATCH the winner. He's fit. He has confidence. He has pep. In play or work he just naturally wins, because he's got the stuff, the vitality, the "edge"! He wouldn't know an alibi if he saw one coming down the road.

He has active feet. He needs them and he has them. He buys shoes that make his feet help. He won't stand for anything handicapping *him*.

And he wears the Arch Preserver Shoe, with the real "Chassis," because it supports the foot where support is needed, yet it bends where the foot bends. It's sensible, healthful, comfortable—one hundred per cent! No argument about it. He's done with the shoe question.

And being a successful man he appreciates the good style. A winner always looks a winner!

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark on sole and lining

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass. Retailed exclusively in [illegible] by The [illegible] Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

THE JUST WRIGHT SHOE
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Send me your booklet "The Footpath to Success" and name of dealer.

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(Continued from Page 58

dictation from Mr. Morse, an almost invisible gray mouse.

But something stronger than any Winthrop stayed her. The instinctive clutch at her birthright. "Well—perhaps," she murmured, and slipped away from him through the door.

She climbed the stairs. Slowly and more slowly the golden slippers crept upward. A grayness as of a bleak dawn was transforming her mood.

When she had unlocked her door and turned on lights she looked at herself for one last time in the long mirror. Very slowly she took off the black wrap, examined wistfully once more its sunset chiffons and, folding it carefully, laid it between its sheets of tissue paper. Standing in front of the mirror again she undid a hook or two.

And at once an anguish of rebellion pierced her. Why, why, should she be compelled to go through life with no more personality than drifting smoke? Why must she give up these lovely things that were the golden key to the unexpressed beauty in her, the spark that lit the flame in her? Without them would she ever again recapture that flame? Would she ever again see an eager delight in the eyes of—of—anyone?

At this Marcia Winthrop flushed so beautifully that it was a great pity she was alone. It was not the idea that made her flush, but something that went along with it; she had been reminded suddenly of Goldie, the frank huntress. Good gracious! Was the difference between them, then, only the difference between a thick skin and a thin one?

The thought was not so distasteful to Marcia Winthrop as earlier in the day it would have been, for she had come to rate her superiority lower and her humanness higher than that morning she could have done. It began to dawn upon her that never again could she be entirely disdainful of Miss Esther Goldstein. Indeed, she was certain she could learn something of her.

But thinking of Goldie brought an association—Mr. Henry Fruttiger. Incredible as it seemed, she had actually forgotten the source of this evening's magic. She had for two hours been able to regard all this golden finery as legitimately hers. She recoiled from herself in wonder. There must be within her depths of unplumbed infamy.

She shivered. For now that she thought of him, the mildly knowing face of Mr. Fruttiger became Machiavellian. She was suddenly scorched and horrified by the implications of the situation.

She regarded herself in the mirror for an instant of deep wonder. She felt that she had never known herself before. Jerkily she began undoing hooks, tearing off the golden gown, as if now it had become something unbearable. Feverishly she folded and packed it in its box. She took off the fairy slippers. As she wrapped them her brow wrinkled, she pressed her lips tightly together. She was obliged to avert her head as she put the cover on the box. It seemed as if under that cover part of herself was being forever buried. If she raised the cover a little now, took one last look ——

A bell sounded through the room. She started wildly. Who could be calling upon her at this hour? Mr. Fruttiger? Her face paled and then flushed. Running back to her bedroom she wrapped herself in a dressing gown, a severe garment of slate gray, given to her last Christmas by her Aunt Drusilla. In this she felt she could deal adequately with Mr. Fruttiger.

She opened the door an inch or two and looked out. To her astonishment she found she was obliged to drop her gaze several inches before she could see her caller. It was the same small messenger boy who had brought the box of golden magic.

But it was plain that he was not the same so far as his spirits went. Gone was his bland assurance. Indeed he looked the wilted wreck of a messenger boy. Sullenly he poked out at her a small parcel.

"What's this, boy?"

"Mistake. Want th' package I brought here coupla hours ago."

"Mistake! But how—but my name was on the envelope."

"Yeh, but I got 'em mixed. The other young lady hit the ceiling. Telephoned. An' the old gent sent fer me. Gee, I'll say I caught it! Say, your name's Miss Winthrop, ain't it?"

"Ye-es."

Laboriously he spelt out the writing on the small package and then thrust it into her hands. She looked at her name written in the neat, small hand of Mr. Fruttiger. Dazedly she went to the table, tied up the magic box and slowly handed it over to the boy, who took it with a fatigued air.

"Plague take 'em," he sighed; "I'll get it right this time."

And he tugged from his pocket an envelope, held it up to the hall light to make sure of an address. Over his shoulder—she could not help it—she read: Miss Evelyn Fruttiger.

Light burst in upon her. Miss Evelyn Fruttiger was Mr. Fruttiger's beloved niece. He had talked about her, and about her coming-out party last night at dinner.

Slowly Marcia Winthrop closed the door. She felt dazed. It was disconcerting to have run when no one pursued. She stood thinking somewhat dreary thoughts when suddenly she started. She cast down the small package she had been absently clutching and dashed out into the hall.

The boy lifted a face from two flights below and looked as if he were thinking "These wimmin! Wot next?" She caught up with him and crying "Let me look!" she bent over the box.

"Madame Janice, Fifth Avenue," she murmured. "Thank you, boy."

Then she ran back up the stairs. Her feet were light now. A fine excitement was sending the blood to her cheeks. Her eyes were very bright, determined. Hastening to her tidy small desk she unlocked a drawer, took out a bank book and two long envelopes. One of them was marked "Bonds, from Aunt Drusilla. For My Old Age." The other: "Bonds, from Grandfather Winthrop. For Emergencies."

She tore open without hesitation the one marked "For My Old Age." She had always thought of this envelope as her assurance of a place in some really nice old ladies' home. But now she knew she would never need it for that purpose. Not if she kept her flame alight. She dropped the envelope and wrote, before she could forget it, "Madame Janice."

Then she hastily counted on her fingers: Thursday, Friday, Saturday —— Had Mr. Heatherston said Tuesday night? Six days. One could do much with six days, a thousand dollars and Madame Janice.

She gave a joyous skip. She felt abandoned and stimulated. And her floating movement brought her in front of the mirror once more. Absently she gazed at herself; then more closely; then with considerable astonishment. For there was no doubt about it—she was still beautiful. There was a radiance in her face that could not be dimmed even by the slate-gray dressing gown of her Aunt Drusilla.

"Then it isn't just clothes," she thought.

What was it—beauty? She knew the answer no more than anyone else. She only knew that it is something that in her case had needed a spark to light it. And now it was going to need happiness, belief in its presence, to keep it alight.

She fetched a long breath. "I can do it—now," she thought.

She turned out one light, gathered up a few stray sheets of tissue paper. Mr. Fruttiger's card dropped out: "In appreciation of a very pleasant evening."

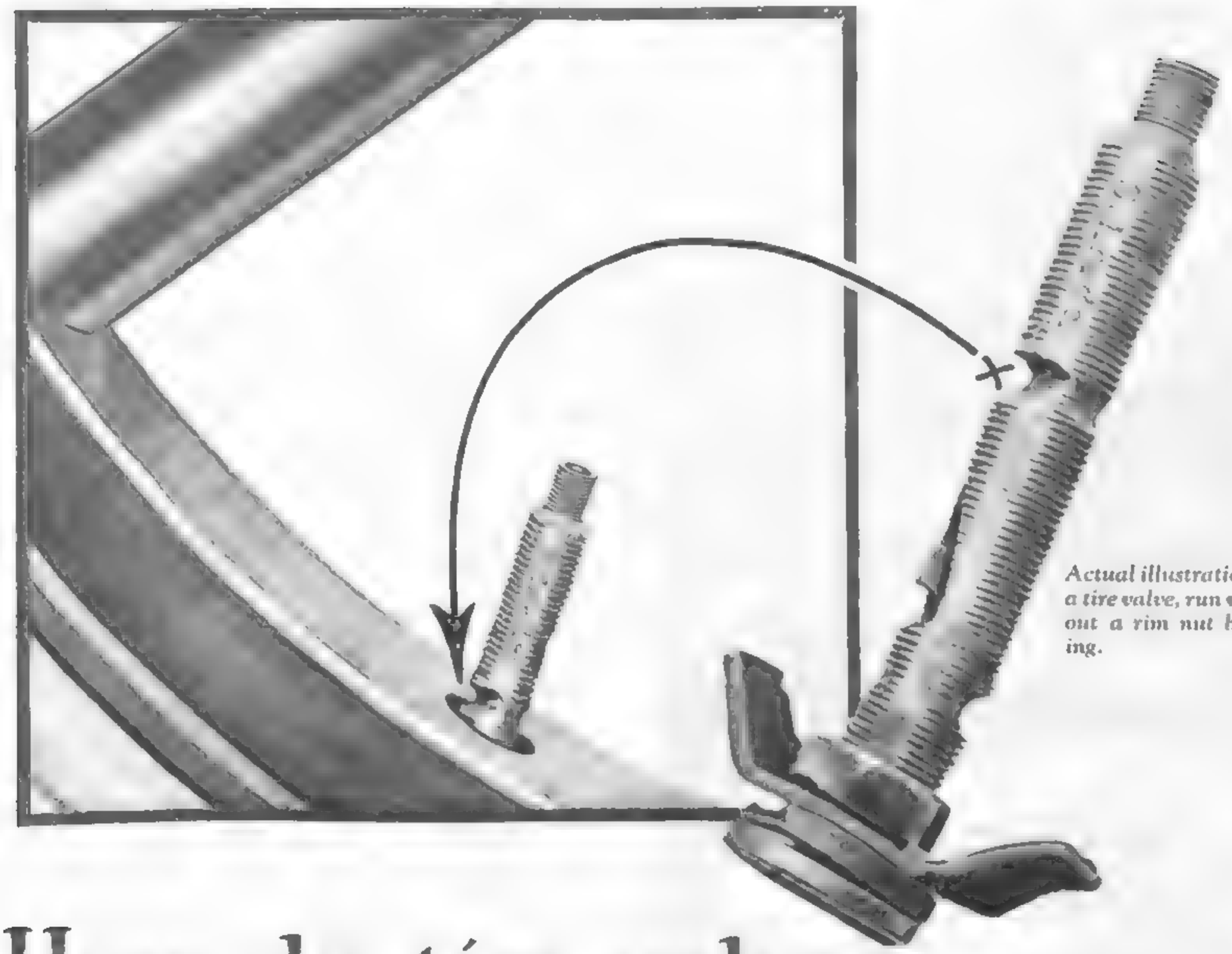
This reminded her of the small package which she had flung down when she ran after the messenger boy; the small package addressed in Mr. Fruttiger's neat hand.

Eagerly but somewhat gingerly she opened it. "Will it be pearls?" she laughed at herself. "If so, Mr. Fruttiger, my dear, they go straight back. Because I don't need them, thank you."

She took off the last neat wrapper. It was a book with a shiny cover of light green oilcloth. It was Mr. Fruttiger's conception of a suitable gift for Miss Marcia Winthrop, and its title was: Seventeen Ways of Cooking Shellfish.

Marcia Winthrop gasped, she stared; and she seemed to see herself as she had been up to this magic evening—a young woman to whom a man could safely send a book on the cooking of shellfish. With a wild laugh she tossed Mr. Fruttiger's memento into the farthest corner.

"You just wait!" she cried joyously. "I'll show you whether I'm that kind of person or not. You haven't really seen me yet. But from this time on I'm going to be visible, as visible in my way as Goldie is in hers. And it's going to be a beautiful way, a perfectly delicious way. You'll see! Because what I don't know I'm going to learn from Goldie."



Actual illustration of a tire valve, run without a rim nut bushing.

How do tire valves get this way?

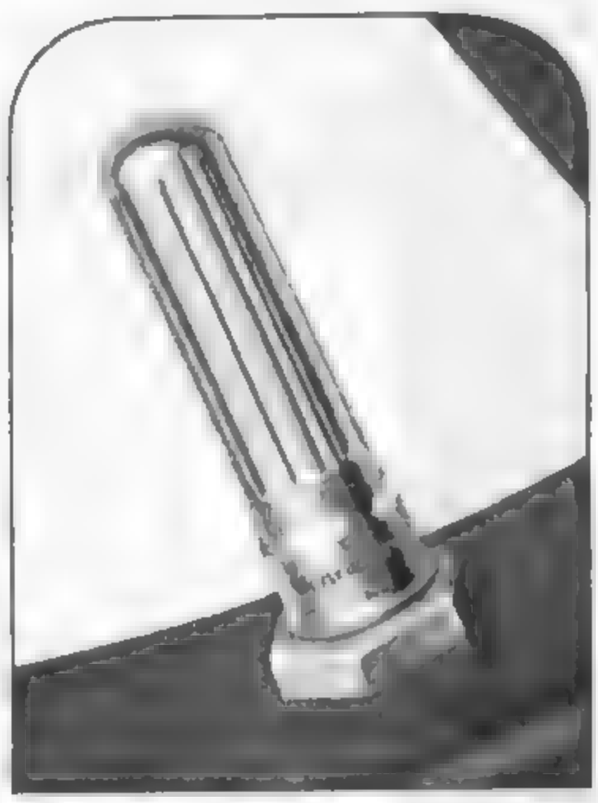
Look at the deep notches worn in this tire valve.

This happened because a rim nut bushing was not used. The correct bushing was in place—supplied by the car manufacturer—when the car was new. But it was not kept there, and as a result the valve stem was ruined.

No matter how good an inner tube is, if you leave off essential parts of your tire valve—rim nut bushing, valve cap or dust cap—the days of that tube are numbered.

See *now* that the Schrader Valves on your automobile tires are completely equipped with all genuine Schrader Valve Parts. You will get more service from your tires. Sold by dealers everywhere.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chicago Toronto London



ALL your tire valves should look like this—completely equipped with all Schrader parts.

Note the Schrader Dust Cap and Rim Nut Bushing. By keeping the *rim nut bushing* screwed tightly against the wheel, the valve is held rigidly in place, "chafing" is prevented, *and* the tube is kept from creeping in casing.

Bushing has threaded top, to which Schrader Dust Cap can be quickly and easily attached or detached by hand.

Dust Cap is simple in construction—positive in action. Protects valve stem threads from dirt, mud and injury, and improves appearance of car.

Schrader Dust Caps are packed with Rim Nut Bushings—5 each to a box. Ask your dealer.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

BE SURE IT'S A Schrader · · LOOK FOR THE NAME

The Poets' Corner

The Truth About Hippocrene

EUPHROSYNE enlighten
The gloomy Son of Earth
Who would not have us heighten
Our melody with mirth
Who, scorning laughter, loses
The music of the spheres!
The Fountain of the Muses
Is not a fount of tears

The laurel, chief of prizes,
Is neither bought nor sold;
Where Mount Parnassus rises
There are no mines of gold;
But though a dunce refuses
The song that lifts and cheers,
The Fountain of the Muses
Is not a fount of tears.

For him who glowers on gladness,
Who groans and clanks his chains,
And all his cult of sadness
Apollo's taunt remains
Like Midas, he that chooses
May wear the ass's ears!
The Fountain of the Muses
Is not a fount of tears

We're daft? But you are dafter,
O melancholy band!
For Poesy and Laughter
Shall still go hand-in-hand
While golden Argo cruises,
While Pegasus careers,
The Fountain of the Muses
Is not a fount of tears.

Enough of mawkish sighing,
Have done with moan and frown,
But wreathe the rose undying
With glossy bay, to crown
The bard who blithely uses
The lyre among his peers!
The Fountain of the Muses
Is still no fount
of tears.

A. Guiterman.

Dusk

OVER the young trees leans the sky
Tender and frail.
A farmer boy is passing by,
Swinging his pail.

The little faces of the stars
Peer suddenly
Between the sun's tremendous bars
Down, down at me.

The bosom of the earth is full
Of tiny sighs.
The Angel of the Dark glides past,
With shadowed eyes.

O God, O God, how high it is —
Thy world—and deep!
How little shall I know it ere
I fall asleep!

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Little Homes

GIVE me a little home, not large at all;
Oh, small and kind our little home must be!
It may be next a giant waterfall,
It may be on a headland by the sea,
Or in a city loud with noisy feet,
Or on some quiet, maple-shaded street.

Give us a little home. The smallest places
Are roomiest, when peaceful joy is guest.
The tiniest houses frame the happiest faces,
Small, crowded yards hold shady trees and rest.
And from the little homes still troop the great
To carve, and write, and sing, and rule the state.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Trees at Night

Like Birds in Their Flight

ONLY BODIES BY FISHER CONFORM TO CHRYSLER STANDARDS

Bodies by Fisher, built to the higher quality standard, are not surpassed even by the most expensive custom coach work.

Walter P. Chrysler has adopted Bodies by Fisher for the Chrysler Six because the high quality of Chrysler performance deserves coach work specially designed to match that high quality.

No one can drive or ride in a Chrysler without being immediately conscious that such marvelous performance could only be attained by the highest possible standards in the design and engineering of motor and chassis, in materials, and in the closest and most rigid manufacturing limits.

It is eminently fitting that a car which so emphatically registers its superior quality in unusual performance should also enjoy unusual body environment.

That result is accomplished in the elegance and beauty of the new Chrysler Bodies by Fisher—specially designed products of master-manufacturers who have no peer in the world and who have given to the Chrysler the external distinction to which it is entitled.

To the thrill of Chrysler performance and deep-seated satisfaction which Chrysler quality in motor and chassis inspires, is added the comfortable certainty that nothing finer in the way of body-work can be bought.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cry-sler

POINTS *with* PRIDE

36 years ago, John Dunlop of Belfast, Ireland, built the first pneumatic tire

IF ASKED about the quality of Dunlop Tires—the Dunlop Merchant *points with pride* to the name Dunlop—which the world knows has stood for all that is best in tires, since 1888.

Today—*every 2½ seconds, somewhere in the world, someone buys a Dunlop Tire.*

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY TURNS TIGHTWAD

(Continued from Page 28)

The progress thus far made in the nation-wide attack upon waste indicates that consumers, since the beginning of the war, have been paying more for that element in their commodities than even the most observant industrial executives suspected. It is believed by many to have been a heavier burden on the consumer than the hand of the tax gatherer.

What would once have been considered as petty economies are encountered at every turn in the abodes of big business as well as of small business. Until recently the great corporation was often reluctant to save in petty ways. If there is today a big industry which is too proud to fight for economy in the smallest things, I have missed it in rather an extensive search.

For example, an official of a corporation capitalized for more than $100,000,000 tossed me a pad of scratch paper as I began to interview him. I noticed that its sheets were printed on the underside. As he caught the impression which this made upon me he remarked:

"In wartime, or before, I would have handed you a tab of virgin bond paper. Not any more! Our economy comb is fine enough to catch anything; not even a small scribbling tab is allowed to escape its teeth. Tons of obsolete forms have been cut up for this purpose. When the superintendent of one of our smaller plants grasped the idea that we had taken full membership in the Tightwad Legion and would stop at nothing to save an honest penny, he became alert for little leaks as well as big ones. Passing through the plant office he chanced to see a young man scribbling on a pad of expensive cross-ruled paper.

"Because he saw an opportunity to drive home to the force the gospel of economy, he took the time to call at each desk and collect every pad of this sort, explaining that such paper should be reserved for original tabulations; that it was too expensive for ordinary memoranda. He gathered quite an armful of these tabs, took them to the man having charge of office stationery and explained the matter to him. As a result that plant did not spend a cent for stationery for two months.

"But this wasn't the end of the incident. This story was circulated throughout our entire organization, and every superintendent went after his stationery account. That one thing will save us several thousand dollars in the course of the year."

Crippled Wrenches

This combing of operating expenses is going on throughout all industry. It is shameless, open and aboveboard. In fact it's altogether fashionable.

An official of a company having about twenty-five large plants responded to my inquiry as to tightwad methods in this manner:

"Certainly we're doing it—and doing it hard. Let me tell you of one little leak we have stopped—which is characteristic of scores of others. And don't think that because we are cutting our corners fine and making seemingly trivial savings we are overlooking the larger matters, such as increasing production per man-hour. I cite a small economy to indicate that we have not stopped at the larger ones which have received first consideration. As our expectation of a profit on what we make and sell lies entirely in our ability materially to reduce the costs of manufacture and distribution, we are not overlooking any possible saving.

"We have made a business of drilling into our superintendents and the entire supervisory force that every leak, no matter how small, must be plugged. Naturally, some superintendents are sharper on this sort of thing than others. One of the sharp ones decided to see what he could find under a worker's bench. Just a little digging for buried treasure! The results surprised him. He uncovered a cache of slightly crippled wrenches—four or five of them. Then he tackled the next bench, with almost as rich results.

"Deciding that he had struck a hot trail and would follow it to a finish, he grabbed a hand truck and went through the whole assembly room. Now a box truck such as we use will hold a power of wrenches. Before he finished the search he had gathered a truckload of crippled wrenches—a whole truckload! At replacement prices these represented a lot of money. There were very few of these cripples which could not be easily and cheaply repaired. Of course this incident traveled through our whole organization. The result was a general resurrection of crippled wrenches which put a decided stop to wrench buying for considerable time. It amounted, in the aggregate, to a very substantial sum of money.

"This sort of thing is contagious. Each superintendent is bound that he shall not be outdone by another. Of course each plant has its special type of work and small tools. In another plant a superintendent started out in quest of discarded soldering irons. He made almost as much of a killing as the wrench hunter—returning with at least $200 worth of soldering equipment capable of easy restoration to working order.

"Not a single type of tool has been allowed to escape this resurrection call. Take the single item of files. The file bill of this company for a year would look like an excess-fare ticket to Easy Street in the eyes of most of the men on the pay roll. The number used is so immense that attention was inevitably focused on this article. The rate at which the shops accumulated old files was appalling."

The Scrap Barometer

"The attitude of the mechanic is that it is a waste of time to work with a file which has lost its keen edge. There isn't much argument to be advanced against this—no argument at all when the men are on piecework. They simply will not use a dulled file. We found it extremely difficult to maintain the tightwad rule when it came to files; and we had enough of them accumulated to sink a ship. The final solution of the file problem was the purchase of a machine for recutting files. It cost about $2500—but it's now the pet of the whole economy household. It did its work with amazing facility, but the question was, How would the recut file do its work? We found, by a thorough scientific test, that the recut file would often cut faster and stand up longer than a new file of the same make and quality. This one little thrift trick will save us many thousands of dollars a year.

"Of course we maintain a scrap barometer in every shop. At the start it was about as cheerful a thing to gaze at as a bunch of crape. In one of our plants its showing worried the superintendent to the point of distraction. Finally he chased the problem back to the point of origin—the foundry. He discovered that the night gang was pouring water on the castings in order to hasten the cooling process and make a quicker clean-up. This, of course, made them brittle and many snapped while being machined. This discovery directed attention to the more careful cooling of castings and saved hundreds of castings from breakage.

"In a systematic, determined warfare on waste like that in which every wide-awake industry is now engaged, the matter of tactics is highly important. One of the most effective maneuvers which we have developed is the switching of plant superintendents. They are all up on their toes and fighting for promotion—with the conviction that they must either move forward or move out. Any company having a considerable number of plants will find this hint worthy of entry in its manual of tactics. It has achieved some rather remarkable results for us.

"Not long since, we swapped superintendents between two plants. Almost immediately the official to whom they reported heard from each of them, and the burden of each report was substantially: 'The equipment of this plant is placed to waste labor instead of save it. Let me rearrange machines and production processes and I will save you thousands of dollars.' And each made good on his claim. The answer to this seeming anomaly is quite simple.

"Each of these superintendents had been with his old plant until its arrangement and the placement of its machines had come to seem fixed and unalterable. But when transferred to another plant he looked at its arrangement with a detached and critical eye. There was nothing sacred

(Continued on Page 68)

NASH

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The Advanced Six Sedan for Five

Lowest-Priced 121-inch Wheelbase Four-Door Sedan on the Market—$1695

f. o. b. Factory

Though production of this model has been energetically advanced, the demand for it has ridden ahead so briskly that nowhere in the United States is there a single one unsold except those retained by dealers for demonstration purposes.

Nothing else we might say could sum up the character and value of this car more vividly or convincingly.

Along with the advantage of a lower price, a beauty of body that is unusual, and an enviable calibre of performance, are included such attractions as Four-Wheel Brakes of special Nash design, Full Balloon Tires, Disc Wheels, special Nash steering mechanism, and a further array of important developments.

Prices of Special Six models follow: Touring, $1095; Roadster, $1095; Sedan, $1295, f.o.b. Milwaukee. Prices of Advanced Six models: 5-pass. Touring, $1375; Roadster, $1375, 7-pass. Touring, $1525; 5-pass. Sedan, $1695; Four-Door Coupe, $2190; 7-pass. Sedan, $2290, f.o.b. Kenosha.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wis.*

CYCLONE

"Galv-After" Chain Link

FENCE FABRIC

You can buy more real value for your dollar today in chain link fence fabric than ever before. For Cyclone "Galv-After" Chain Link Fence Fabric resists corrosion, affords permanent property protection. Lasts years longer. No annual painting required.

"Galv-After" Chain Link Fence Fabric is Heavily Zinc-Coated (or Hot-Galvanized) by Hot-Dipping Process AFTER Weaving. It has a protective zinc-coating approximately five times as heavy as fence fabric made from wire galvanized *before* weaving.

We also build Iron Fence, in various patterns, for industrial use.

Write nearest offices, Dept. 21, for complete information.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices:

Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas, Oakland, Calif., (Standard Fence Co. Portland, Oregon (Northwest Fence & Wire Works)

PROPER PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 64)

or unalterable about any process or the arrangement of any of the units of production. Quite to the contrary, he was there to show up the other fellow. Also each knew that the other fellow was on the same hunt. The game between them was played without quarter. They were about equally capable. The net result to the company has been very substantial. Both plants and both organizations have been immensely improved and are producing at greatly lowered costs. Of course the same tactics can be applied to foremen in the same plant. This has repeatedly been done by our superintendents, to the marked advantage of the company. A fresh viewpoint and a sharply critical eye will put a lot of fresh pep into a department or plant."

The vice president of one of Detroit's largest automobile companies holds that it often takes the unprejudiced eye of the outsider to locate the defects of an uneconomical manufacturing system.

"A man from the outside," he declared, "contributed about the largest single economy which we have thus far developed. He was being shown through the plant, and the details of a certain room appeared to interest him greatly. Suddenly he began to ask questions about our production results. Their shrewdness surprised me, for he didn't look the part of a mechanical genius or a trained engineer. Finally he remarked that he believed that he could save us better than $300,000 on the work done in that room by rearrangement and reëquipment. A previous experience had taught me to listen to suggestions from the outside, so I encouraged him to explain his ideas. When he had done so I was convinced that he was on the right track. And his plan looked good to me because we were hard after every possible economy. Waste of labor runs into big money faster than almost any other kind of waste.

"The net of that experience is that his plan was carried out and the saving has amounted to considerably more than $300,000 on our year's output of cars. Under the new arrangement of equipment and processes, that room has turned out 75 per cent more jobs than it did before.

"I have had other lessons in the value of getting a fresh viewpoint when fighting to reduce the cost of production. One was very profitable. Our cost for bodies looked to me altogether too large. This problem was in my mind when one of the most expert builders of automobile bodies in the country invited me to take a cruise with him on his yacht. Naturally I accepted. On the cruise I told him my body troubles and he tackled them then and there. The result was a new model which not only effected a very great economy in production cost but decidedly increased sales. The economies which the body builder worked out subtracted nothing from the quality of the car, added to its attractiveness and permitted a substantial reduction in price. These and other experiences have made me keen for the critical judgment of the outsider, of the man who looks at the situation from a fresh and detached viewpoint."

Handling Curved Ends

Another automobile manufacturer has saved several hundred thousand dollars a year by avoiding waste occurring in the traditional treatment of raw material, particularly rolled steel. For example, the steel sheet or plate of commerce is squared at the ends and sides. It does not, however, come from the rolls in that form, but with irregular outline, the ends often describing a rough oval or semicircle.

This automobile manufacturer, eager to cut the cost of production even a few cents a car, saw his opportunity in the unsquared sheets and plates direct from the rolls.

"Many of the forms or blanks," he explained, "which we stamp from sheets and plates have curved ends or sides. When these are cut from a squared sheet there is, of course, a direct waste of material. Using the unsquared sheets or plates the curvature of the form comes out of the curved portion of the plate. This means that in stamping certain forms we are able to get an additional blank out of the piece because the plate has not been squared. In the production of millions of these stamped forms this counts up into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then there is the saving of the cost of the shearing or squaring at the steel mills—which is, of course, reflected in the price made on the unsquared sheets or plates. Again, we are often able to get a band from the side salvage of a plate. Any economy in materials, no matter how small the single unit, is bound to be large in the aggregate of large production. We are putting great emphasis upon this phase of waste saving and have found it to be very fruitful, as have other large manufacturers."

Labor turnover is one of the largest avenues of waste in production. In northwestern Illinois is a rather large plant which has a remarkably low percentage of waste of this kind.

"Our master mechanic," declares the superintendent of this plant, "puts in most of his time devising and installing jigs and fixtures to make the work easier for the men. He's clever at this. The result is that there is scarcely an operation which has not been relieved of much of its heaviest physical labor and hardship by his resourcefulness. This accounts, in the main, for our low labor turnover. Show workmen that you're trying to make their work less exhausting and they are inclined to stick with you.

"Incidentally there is scarcely a labor-easing device in these shops which has not also directly increased production. The gain has been triple—fewer men quitting, increased production incident to less fatigue, and increased output because of making the work more mechanical.

"Many of our jigs and attachments are rather crude. But they do the work, and we can have more of them and get them into operation more quickly by making them in our own shops."

Short Cuts at a Premium

Pointing to a man who was mounting wheels on heavy axles, he remarked:

"There's an example—a rough device attached to the ceiling which does the lifting. Of course it greatly increased the speed of the operation, but it was really designed to save strain on the men using it. In another shop we have a new wheel machine which supplants eighteen men and saves sixty dollars a day. Here is a device which, at a single stroke, sets ten rivets and reduces the cost of that work on one machine from $2.60 to one dollar. Saving $1.60 on a unit of output runs into money here. Again, next to it is a multiple spindle drill which works very rapidly because it automatically withdraws when it has bored to the required depth. Rather expensive, but it will pay for itself in a comparatively short time. But the emphasis should, I think, be placed on the production economies effected by the jigs and attachments devised and made here by our own men.

"There was never a period of peacetime production, in my opinion, when the resourcefulness, the ingenuity and the inventive talents of superintendents, master mechanics, foremen and the men themselves did more for their companies and for themselves than right now. Short cuts and labor-saving devices are at a premium in the present fight for greater production on each pay-roll dollar. This pressure is bound to have an important effect on industry as a whole; it will make the next few years very prolific in the development of labor-saving devices and will immensely reduce the hard physical exertion involved in most lines of production."

An executive of a large corporation manufacturing electrical fixtures and devices confirms and enlarges this statement.

"We will buy an expensive automatic machine of the multiple type whenever its makers can convince us that its capacity is not in excess of the capacity of our other manufacturing units which feed up to it or to which it feeds in the line of production and that its volume is not too great for our sales output, so that it may be depended upon to lower the cost of production by its saving of labor. But before making such an investment we invariably see what we can do ourselves, by way of attachments to the machines which we already have, to save labor and thereby decrease the cost of production. This effort has already saved us thousands upon thousands of dollars, has kept down our investment in expensive new machinery and has greatly stimulated the spirit of resourcefulness and self-reliance in our organization. It has exerted a mighty wholesome influence upon our whole force.

"This matter of increasing the production of our machines—another name for preventing waste of effort—by means of attachments and auxiliary devices has developed another type of economy. Call it combining a salvage operation with a

(Continued on Page 68)

You ought to—

It's time to—

Too late to—

Re-roof for the last time

—*right over the old shingles*

Re-roofing with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles means fire-safety and permanence for old houses as well as new ones.

THERE'S only one way to get a permanent roof—use a permanent shingle. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are based upon asbestos rock fibre. When you apply them you have roofed or re-roofed for the last time.

Just lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old shingles. No need to tear off the old roof. No dirt! No clutter! And you have a new and beautiful asbestos roof that should shelter your home as long as it stands.

You save the cost of tearing off the old shingles and having them carted away.

But this saving seems only incidental when you consider the far greater savings you make by having, at last, a permanent asbestos shingled roof on your house. You end roofing repair bills. If you re-roof with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles you will never have to lay out money again for re-roofing.

Besides Rigid Asbestos Shingles Johns-Manville makes Flexstone Asbestos Shingles, selling at about the same popular price as ordinary composition shingles which do not contain asbestos. Flexstone Shingles put the fire-safety and permanence of Asbestos in reach of every pocketbook.

There is an asbestos roofing for every type of structure. Besides Asbestos Shingles, Johns-Manville makes Asbestos Ready Roll Roofings for all kinds of buildings with sloping roofs, and Asbestos Built-Up Roofing for flat roofs.

Save money on your new roof. Be sure to send in the coupon for full details.

At the Beech-Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y., Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are used and heartily endorsed.

Through Asbestos and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
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292 Madison Avenue
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Kindly send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

Name

Address

S-F-6X

Keep your hair in place!

The hair—
The first thing to be noticed . . .
and, till now, the hardest to keep right

It has always been a greater bother than any other detail of a man's looks.

It is the thing that has oftenest spoiled an otherwise good appearance. It is what people notice first, and what has oftenest been least attractive.

Till now, there was nothing to do about it.

An hour after being soaked with water, men found, the hair was drier, "deader," more unruly than ever before. When old-fashioned pomades were tried, they left it matted and greasy-looking.

Stacomb has changed all that

Just when men had all but given up hope of finding anything to make their hair look as they wanted it to, Stacomb was introduced.

At once men realized that here at last was exactly what they needed—something that would keep their hair looking all day the way they liked it best, something that would keep it smooth, lustrous, always in place.

They took to it immediately with great eagerness. Now it is as much a part of the well-dressed man's equipment as his shaving brush. A touch of Stacomb on the hair—that is an important detail of his morning routine.

The result is to be seen on every hand. In men's clubs, at the theater, in business offices—wherever men gather—the improved appearance of their hair is remarked. Stacomb has made unkempt hair a thing of the past among men who care how they look.

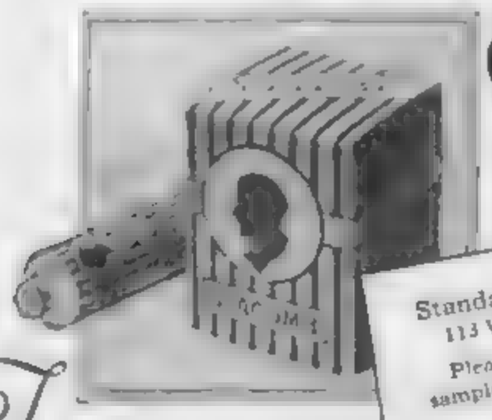
However dry and straggly your hair may be—however uncontrollable after being washed—Stacomb will keep it in perfect order *all day long*. Take just thirty seconds tomorrow morning to apply a little Stacomb when you brush your hair—and look your best all day!

Women use Stacomb, too. For most women the present fashion of severely smooth hair would be impossible without it. And it controls stray hairs, and makes the curl stay in.

Stacomb can now be had in two forms—the original light, invisible cream in jars and tubes, and Liquid Stacomb, newly prepared for those who prefer it. Not sticky or gummy. At all drug and department stores

Stacomb

KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE



FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A 47
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb
Name
Address

(Continued from Page 66)

regular one. Here is an example in point: An Eastern company was making small rectangular hinges, stamped out of sheet metal. It sold them in great quantities at about nine dollars a thousand to the chain stores carrying hardware notions. Suddenly the company lost this business—because the chain stores were able to contract for the hinges with a very large manufacturing concern specializing in automobile hub caps, and at six dollars a ton! The hub-cap company made more profit on the hinges at six dollars a ton than the other did at nine dollars a thousand. This was because the hinges were wholly a salvage. The same blow of the punch machine which blanked out a hub cap also struck from the waste portions of the sheet a number of these small hinges. These were made from scrap and without a separate operation. The dies represented all the cost of blanking the hinges.

"We do the same thing in stamping from sheet brass, utilizing the scrap without an added operation. Two things in place of one at every stroke of the punch press—one product from waste material! This operation visualizes what industry is everywhere trying to do to cut production cost without cutting wages."

A typical example of aggressive tightwad practice in the handling of tools and supplies is that followed in the plant of a hardware-specialty concern in Aurora, Illinois. It uses small tools, drills, punches, dies and jigs by the thousand. The man in charge of supplies and tools is an enthusiast in thrift. With him the prevention of waste is both a passion and an art.

Unlocking the door to his big cage, he exclaimed, "Come inside; I want to show you how we handle the tools and supplies. This new system is saving us thousands of dollars a year."

On pedestals were two books with sheet-iron leaves, each leaf set with thirty-six spring clips for holding small slips of paper. The same kind of book is often used in country stores and garages for filing charge slips.

"One book," explained the foreman of the tool crib, "is for employes, the other for tools. Each man has his number, and so has each tool. Suppose that Tony Biencoe comes to the window for a $^{13}/_{64}$ drill. His clock number is 103. First I turn to his clip and see that it does not already contain a slip charging him with a drill of the size for which he is asking, the number of which is 508."

Conservation of Machine Tools

"Next I make out a tool order slip in triplicate—one copy for filing under the workman's clock number, another for the tool book under the tool number, and the third to be held by the workman and turned in when the tool is returned. The workman signs the tool order, which is properly dated and carries a description of the tool as well as its number. It also contains this printed line: 'Unless tools are returned or accounted for the cost will be deducted from your pay.'

"Again, suppose that when I go to the drill rack and look in the proper compartment I find only one drill of the number called for. Do I get excited and make out a requisition for half a dozen of that size? Not in these days! Instead, I turn to Clip No. 508 in the tool record book, where I learn that we have only three drills of this size in the shop and that we have not found it necessary to buy in six months any of this seldom-used size and that three is an ample stock. Every month I make out an inventory of all the tools in stock. In short, the tool book is operated to keep down our investment in tools, and it is certainly doing the work. The extent of the unnecessary investment before this tightwad system was installed is indicated by the fact that the stock of certain numbers has not been replenished for two years and still contains three or four times as many drills of those sizes as we need.

"Whenever a workman puts a tool out of commission and applies for a new one to replace it he must bring from his foreman a slip designating what caused the breakage. The most frequent entry is 'carelessness.' Many of the tools used here—particularly the larger dies—are expensive. They run into big money. The workers are not allowed to forget this. On tools of this sort there is a time limit. They are handled like public-library books. The workman who keeps one overtime is notified and is obliged to renew it, and show us that it is in good working condition.

"If for any reason the superintendent decides to dismiss a certain man he notifies me first. At once I require him to turn in all tools charged against him. And no man can quit of his own accord and draw his pay until he has first cleared with me on tools.

"Some men who are fired for cause are vindictive and will go to almost any length to make it cost the company something. More than one manufacturer has had an expensive die wrecked out of spite by a discharged workman. Our system of tool clearance is a complete protection against that sort of thing.

"Then there is the waste of overcrowding tools. For example, a workman returned a tap and said that it was no good and would not do its work. I went to his machine and found that he was trying to cut threads while running at high speed. Of course that cannot be done; you must give any tool time enough to do its work. Piecework is very hard on tools because they are pushed beyond their capacity in order to save time. We found that drills were being speeded up to a point where they acted as punches rather than drills. This practice has been corrected and breakage from crowding and carelessness has been reduced to almost nothing. It has taken a fight to do this, but the saving has been big—out of all proportion to the effort and expense involved in the economy."

The Economy Leader

When asked how much the tool expense of his company had been reduced by this tight system, the president replied:

"I am satisfied that it has been cut one-third, possibly one-half. Previous to putting in the present system our tool records were so loosely kept that definite comparison is impossible. The change has had a mighty wholesome effect in many ways; it has quickened the spirit of economy all through the plant and has eliminated a lot of careless, bungling and don't-give-a-hoot workers from our ranks. One reflection of this crusade against carelessness is seen in our accounting system; today the office duplicate of every outgoing invoice shows us the exact cost of every item billed. This has an important bearing on our selling force, for the reason that many of our sales are special jobs which have to be figured by our salesmen. This plan shows up the salesmen who figure carelessly and also those who follow the line of least resistance and run largely to the sale of those articles which bring us the lowest margin of profit. The present economy pinch, forced by the necessity of reducing prices, is not without its compensation. From top to bottom, we are building up an organization of conscientious thrifters who are learning to avoid waste in every form."

How to arouse the interest of employes in preventing waste and decreasing the costs of production is a live problem throughout industry today. In a certain corporation employing an army of men an intensive campaign is on to make every man on the pay roll an alert and active thrifter. This drive is based on the realization that only the workmen can make it effective. An economy leader from the central administration offices is working in one plant after another. His first appeal to the men of a certain plant for suggestions on how to save money for the company resulted in only ten responses, of which six were immediately adopted. In the first fifteen days of the month following, however, 139 suggestions were handed in. Commenting on this, the itinerant economy leader remarked:

"Every one of these suggestions is the fruit of serious thought of a man directly engaged in production. Many of them are practical. But the response is immensely worth while wholly as a matter of company morale. Its influence extends to the men as individuals; it reaches beyond their relation to the company. Many of them, I find, reason this way. 'If it's necessary for the company to turn tightwad, why isn't it a good thing for me to follow that lead in my private and home affairs?' And they are acting accordingly. It's the best individual-thrift propaganda ever started."

It is admitted that some plants have had tightwad methods in force for years, but this is not true of industry in general. The wartime pressure for speed in production, regardless of cost, gassed the spirit of industrial thrift so thoroughly that little of it

(Continued on Page 70)

88 feet *blind!*

PICTURE this: A car approaches through the night. As a courtesy, the driver dims his headlights. You, in return, dim yours. At 30 miles an hour, as you dim your lights, you both travel *blind* for 88 feet—the distance until your eyes accustom themselves to the sudden darkness ahead. R. E. Carlson, of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, discovered that fact. It's nature's law, no matter what the state headlight law.

But perhaps your state is one where they don't "dim"—where bright headlights are legal when meeting other cars. Bright lights, like "dims," take their toll in lives. It is as dangerous to be blinded by glaring light as by darkness.

Blind!—at the crucial moment of passing another car! What dangers are ahead? A culvert? A ditch? A stalled car? An unlighted wagon or buggy? A pedestrian? A cyclist? A child?

You would give a great deal for a concentrated beam of light to give you vision ahead. There *is* just such a light—it is called the Fyrac Night Guide. A million motorists can tell you its value. And the safety it affords costs *less than a penny a day!*

Just the touch of a finger on Fyrac's convenient switch, and a brilliant beam, almost daylight-bright, is thrown exactly where you need it—movable in any direction, yet "stays put" wherever desired.

With shorter days and longer nights, the Fyrac is needed most of all at this season. Don't delay. For safety's sake, *get yours now!* Installed by dealers while you wait

Patented May 15, 1923, and July 15, 1924; others pending

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Fits through your windshield glass

(Quickly removed for use as a trouble lamp)

COMPLIES WITH ALL STATE LAWS

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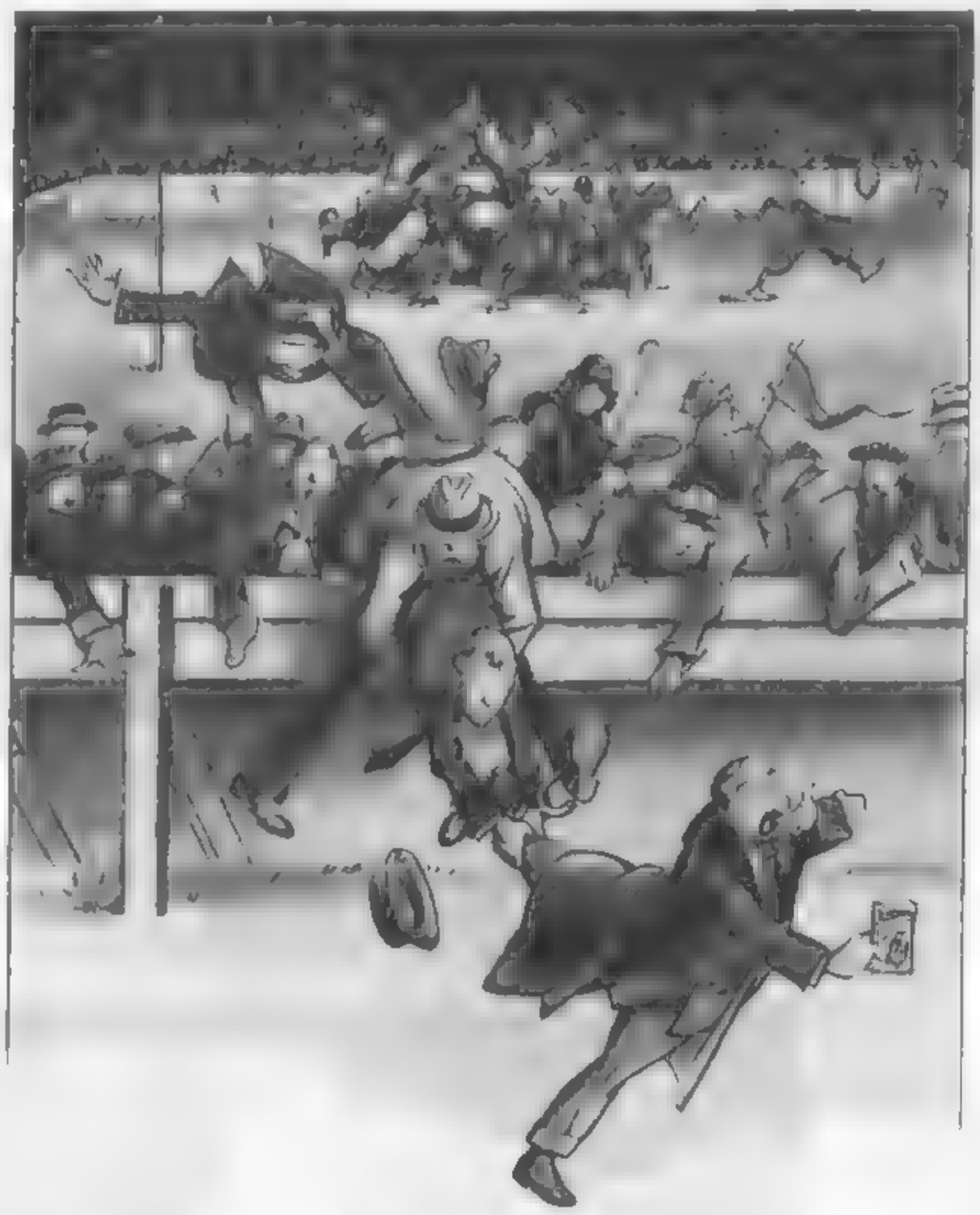
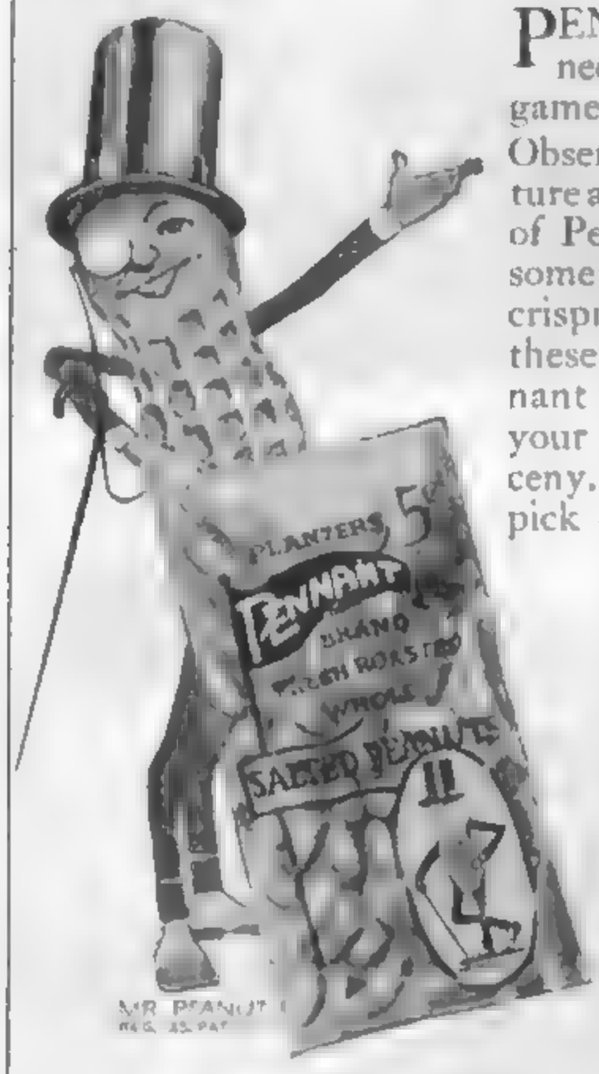
the Legal Spotlight

"The Nickel Lunch"





PENNANT Peanuts are as necessary a feature of foot-ball games as are college Pennants. Observe the gentleman in the picture above and be sure which kind of Pennant you wave. There's something about the delicious crispness and fragrant aroma of these big, plump Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts that makes your neighbor ripe for petty larceny. No wonder. They're the pick of the whole peanut crop. Toasted and salted by our own process that brings out every atom of their irresistible flavor.

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 68)

survived. Even those plants which are exceptions to this rule and have long applied systematic thrift methods are now giving the economy screws frequent and effective turns to set them tighter. Slack and easy-going methods of handling tools, supplies and materials are swiftly passing.

An interesting side light on industry's great economy drive is afforded by the junk business.

"How about the volume of industrial scrap these days?" I asked the largest junk dealer in the Fox River Valley.

"It's growing less and poorer in quality every day," was his prompt reply. "The manufacturing concerns which have the highest credit rating in this region offer me the poorest scrap and the least of it. They are making a science of cheating the scrap pile. The junkman lives on waste and carelessness; when industry turns tightwad his pickings become thinner and poorer, and they're now thinner than ever before."

The intensiveness of the drive on the scrap-and-waste sector is illustrated by the experience of a large manufacturer of men's clothing. His production manager says: "One day I noticed that a worker was throwing away a silk thread end about two feet long. Instantly it occurred to me that silk thread had advanced in cost fully 150 per cent since prewar days, and now costs about $12.50 a pound. This started me on a thread-end hunt. I found that most of the workers were wasting six inches or more to a seam. They were told the cost of silk thread, and the necessity of saving it. The result was surprising. Long thread ends almost entirely disappeared. The net of this small economy will be a saving, for the season, of at least a thousand dollars."

Replying to the suggestion that the nature of the clothing business probably precluded any important saving by mechanical means, this production chief said:

"Wrong! All clothes are cut from paper patterns. There must be a pattern for every garment. Each variation in size and style calls for a master pattern, of which duplicates must be made so that all the cutters can be served without loss of time. Until the necessity of close economy was upon us, we followed the prevailing practice of cutting each pattern by hand. This was decidedly expensive, because the work had to be done by experts and because of the large number of patterns required. From the beginning of the clothing industry patterns had been cut by hand only. The thought that they could be cut any other way was an assault upon a sacred craft tradition. Necessity pushed us to study the problem of cutting the cost of cutting patterns."

Saving on Patterns

"The result has been the development of a band-saw machine by which all our patterns are duplicated. The problem was to secure just the right kind of teeth. Now we cut as high as fifty identical patterns in the same block—and in about the time required to cut one by hand. Our patterns for a season, under the old hand method, cost us about $50,000; the band saw has cut that down to $10,000. This device means a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to the entire clothing industry.

"But this device has developed unsuspected and incidental powers of thrift. Clothing manufacturers use thousands of pressing bucks—somewhat resembling small ironing boards. They are made of hardwood and cost four to five dollars on the market. Today we make our own pressing bucks, cutting them with the same band-saw machine which cuts the patterns. The saving thus secured is fully three-quarters of our former expense for bucks, and amounts with us to several thousand dollars a year.

"In this strife to cut the cost of production we have developed a simple little device in the form of a gauge for the quick placing of patterns on the goods, which saves about five cents on a suit. To the layman this would appear insignificant. But on 400,000 units, which is about our output, it makes the very respectable sum of $20,000. Again, we developed another simple little device which prevents the operators from wasting three to six inches of waistbands on each pair of trousers. This saves one cent a pair.

"We have had remarkable help from our workers. One of them, in an important department, made a suggestion which increased its output more than 10 per cent without any increase of cost. Again, we have developed standards which have increased production 15 to 20 per cent and secured a better quality of work—a very substantial saving! The management has met the men more than halfway in the matter of coöperation. Tasks which were formerly done on a time basis are now on a piecework basis. Virtually all our work is now piecework. We get coöperation from our employes because we give it."

The Gang System

"The big clothing houses of America are today living on their economies, on what they save from waste and their savings in productive labor. These economies have averted, for the present, at least, the necessity of cutting wages."

A Rochester clothing house, under the economy urge, has developed a machine for doing the final off-pressing of coats. This operation formerly cost them 87½ cents a coat; now it is only forty cents a coat. Their output is about 600,000 coats a year, hence the saving from this one source amounts to $285,000.

Getting a larger production return from the pay-roll dollar is the target of all industry, which has concluded that it cannot carry on unless this goal is achieved. To accomplish this without resorting to the ancient expedient of cutting the workers' pay or greatly reducing their ranks is a problem which calls for the highest order of managerial talent. The general direction which this effort is taking is that of putting the workers on their own, of rewarding labor according to its production. The piecework plan of compensation is the simplest and most common crystallization of the effort to put pay on the basis of production; the gang system is probably its most highly developed form. This plan virtually delegates supervision to members of the gang, which receives a consolidated payment for a consolidated production. Any member of the group who shows slacker tendencies, incompetency or indifference comes in for gang discipline, because his deficiencies cut into the total production of the gang and its rate and volume of reward. Under this system the foreman virtually works for the gang instead of the gang for the foreman; it is his job to see that there is no stoppage of materials with which to work.

The vice president of a large automobile company has this to say of the gang system:

"It is the most effective means of economy in production which we have been able to discover. By reason of it we are able to produce 15 per cent below our competitors. That tells the story! What this company is after is a certain output of finished cars per day—ready to go on their own power. That is precisely the unit on which the workers are paid. A gang member gets, say, fifty cents an hour for being on the job, and in addition he gets his share in the gang's total for turning out its part in the production of a normal number of cars per day—for example, 400. If the output is better than that, there is something extra

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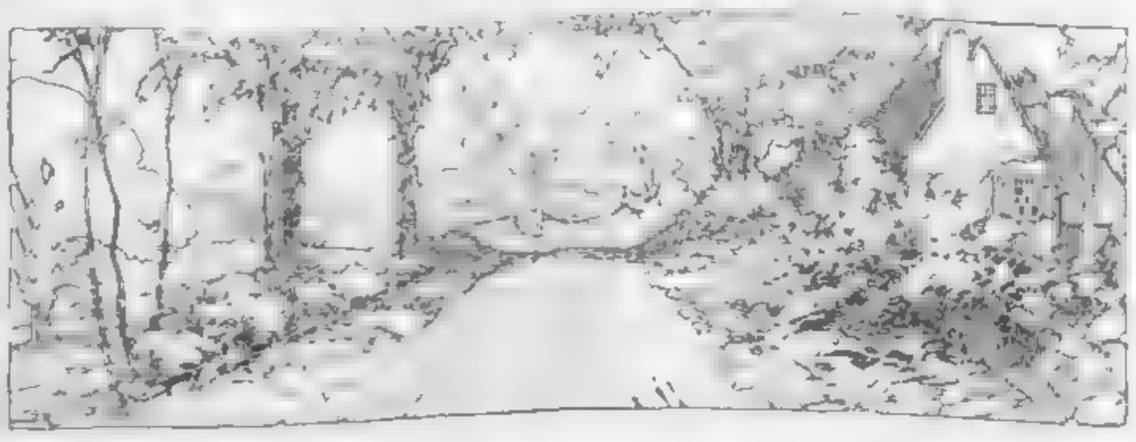

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If you, as a motorist, would have the best service, buy your gasoline from a service station equipped with the Fry Visible Pump.

Here you will get accuracy—dependability—and courteous attention.

If you, as an operator, would like to increase your gallonage, sell your gas from a Fry Visible Pump

For in this pump you have accuracy—dependability—visibility—and the very essence of mechanical simplicity.

Buy from a Fry—Millions do!

The Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

THE [illegible] CO. LTD.
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Always Accurate

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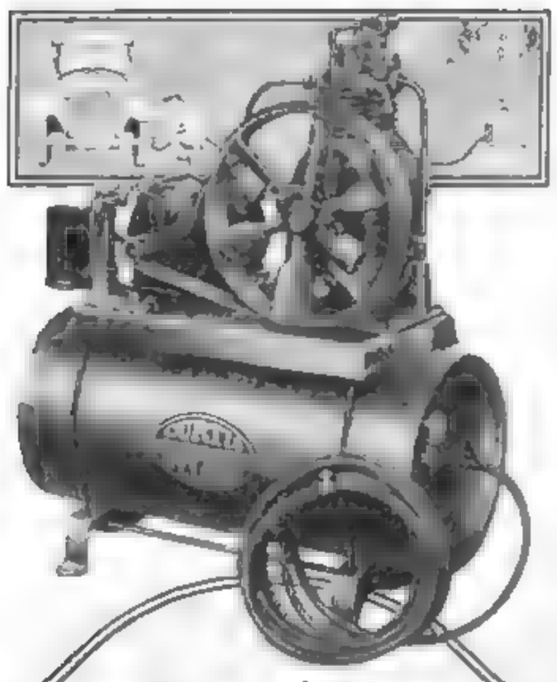

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28 years of continued experience spent in building air compressors is reflected in the perfected CURTIS Compressor of today.

By cultivating the habit of going to a service station which has a CURTIS Air Compressor, the car owner can be assured of a dependable supply of clean air, free from oil.

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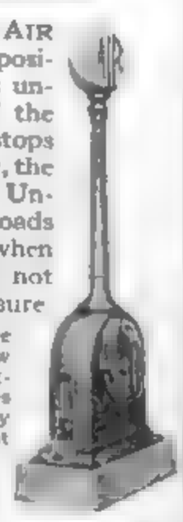
CURTIS AUTOMATIC AIR COMPRESSORS have positive unloading starters under all conditions. If the motor slows down or stops for any reason whatever, the CURTIS Centrifugal Unloader unfailingly unloads the compressor, so that when it starts again, it will not start against air pressure



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(Continued from Page 70)

in the way of a production premium. It would not be far out of line roughly to sketch the system in this way: The gang is a partnership of workers under contract with the company to turn out so many jobs a day at a certain price, with a forfeit for underproduction and a premium for overproduction. Each member of the group has a certain guaranteed drawing account equivalent to fifty cents an hour and he also has a specific amount of work to do to keep the line of production moving at the speed required to avoid the gang forfeit or to secure the gang premium.

"But suppose that the company itself is responsible for a stoppage or a slowdown of the line of production—then it has to pay its forfeit in the form of what we call a gang adjustment. When we encourage a man to show up for work on the assumption that he can earn, say, eighty cents an hour, and then prevent him from doing so by failing to push the work up to him as fast as he can handle it, we have accepted a moral responsibility to make good to him what he has failed to earn through our fall down.

"The gang adjustment covers a multitude of sins; it may be a breakdown of a machine; the starting or setting up of a new job; a failure to have the necessary materials, tools, supplies or partly processed pieces at hand. No matter what it is, we pay an adjustment to the gang for our failure to keep it in position to produce at top speed.

"But you may be sure that the management is up on its toes to avoid any necessity for a gang adjustment. For example, our record shows that we have run for twenty-seven weeks without incurring a penalty of this sort. The gang system might be described as an unofficial form of employe representation in that it seems to give the workers all the say about the business that they wish to have. For example, suppose the company had worked out a labor-saving machine or a plan which would greatly increase the earnings of a certain gang. That would call for a readjustment of rates so that the company would get a substantial benefit from the economy, at the same time giving a fair share of it to the men.

"We say to the gang, 'Work for a week on your present rate; that will give a sound basis for the readjustment.' The increase of earnings under the new order gives the measure of the economy. Then the representatives of the gang and the company sit down together and figure out what the new rate should be. And we have very little trouble reaching an understanding. Why should we have when of 5000 production men 2000 are receiving more than $2000 a year? And every one a clock puncher! We have, to be exact, 3225 non-salaried, weekly pay-roll employes who receive $2000 to $2500 a year, and 191 who get more than that. More than 90 per cent of our men work on the gang basis."

A Wholesome Experience

Probably the hard and humble job of interplant carrying is the one line of labor which is experiencing the greatest change at the hands of the present-day economizers. It is not easy to find a plant of any considerable size in which a mechanical system for carrying materials and parts in process of manufacture is not being installed or extended. Industry has evidently concluded that the ancient man-power methods of carrying are wasteful; that they squander human labor, that their hardships induce a high labor turnover, that their damage and breakage score is high, and that they interrupt the steady flow of work from one process to another through the plant.

This determined and intensive drive of industry to cut production costs by avoiding waste—whether of labor, materials, tools or supplies—has several cheering elements which will stand emphasis. It reveals an encouraging attitude on the part of both employers and employes. In essence, it is an effort of industry to meet lowering prices without sacrificing labor, to take up the slack by the soundly economic means of eliminating waste and by making labor more productive. Also it has revealed a spirit of coöperation on the part of the wage workers which is decidedly cheering in contrast with the spirit of indifference, opposition and actual sabotage which beset production in the war period. It indicates that the great body of wage workers have traveled quite a distance along the highway of common sense since then.

Again, the tendency of this systematic thrift drive is highly constructive; it is consistently developing sounder management and better production planning. Also it is developing the resourcefulness and the inventive talents of thousands of workers. The aggregate of this benefit is bound to be very great, for it has already contributed immensely to the improvement of the mechanics of production. Altogether, this tightwad experience of industry appears to be rather wholesome for all concerned. Industry and all business will be upon a better and healthier basis by reason of it, and the workers will inevitably share in the benefits gained.

There was never a better time, it seems to me, than this for the alert wage worker to gain a practical understanding, from first-hand observation, of the forces involved in production which work to give him a greater reward for his effort. The stage is set for the dramatization of cutting production costs and expanding the buying power of the wage dollar, and the play is on. If he keeps his eyes open he is bound to learn a lot to his individual advantage. His disposition to coöperate in saving waste, in improving the processes of production, and in giving his employer a larger production return in return for every pay-roll dollar, will increase in proportion to his ability to absorb the meaning of this industrial drama.

DIARY OF A FINANCIAL ADVISER

(Continued from Page 25)

constantly studying and making suggestions for new investments.

"One of these concerns, a recent report showed, owned 231 different kinds of holdings; another owned 164; a third 207. And in the holdings of the first concern were 99 different kinds of securities of industrial companies; 70 different railroad securities; 42 different public-utility securities and 20 different government and municipal securities. They took only the best in every field. That shows you how solid and safe they were. They were aiming at the conservative British investor, you see. They didn't put all their eggs in one basket, or even in one kind of security, such as railroads or oil. They grappled themselves with hooks of steel to the whole world of business—business not only in England but in foreign countries as well, so that if they lost out in one industry or locality they could make it up in another.

"For financial depressions, as a rule, don't exist all over the world or throughout all industries at the same time. Business conditions may be bad in one locality or industry and good in another; and so by having a wide diversity of securities and geographical locales, and with a group of trained experts to study general and specific conditions, these British investment trusts are practically panicproof."

A Balanced Investor's Menu

"Then, with all these various shares in hand, these concerns issue the company's own shares and offer them to the public. The dividends which they receive from their own holdings thus become available for dividends on their own shares. The Englishman who buys these shares has the advantage of an investment already well diversified and looked after by professional experts, with no trouble attached. All he has to do is to spend his income; the investment trust does the rest. It's a kind of financial mixed grill, a perfectly balanced menu for the little and big investor alike. You can buy $500 worth, or $5000 worth, or $500,000 worth, according to your pocketbook.

"That's probably why your friends had no business worries. When they bought their shares in a British investment trust they hired, by that act, a bunch of trained experts to do their worrying for them. And that's an excellent thing to do. Of course, the vital points in such a system are the absolute honesty and business sagacity of the directors of the investment trusts; but England is justly famed for these qualities in her bankers, and they explain to a large extent why she has so long occupied the position as the foremost banker nation of the world. Her bankers are honest, long-sighted and dependable, and they are deeply versed in world conditions in which we are less versed.

"In America investment trusts of this nature are still in their infancy. In England they have flourished for more than half a century and they enjoy world diversification, while the American companies are confined to American industries, and even to particular branches in industry. Now do you see how your English friends got by without troubling their heads?"

She nodded.

"Could I put my mother's affairs into something like that?"

"If you like. The main point is to have competent supervision of your capital by experts who are honest, who know general and specific conditions and who will invest your money to the best advantage for you. That leaves your mother with a small fixed income she can rely on, and it leaves you free to earn your own living as you please."

"Couldn't we just leave everything with you?"

I nodded, smiling.

"That's my business and that's the business of this house. I could keep an eye on your securities, sort of nurse them along, shift when I saw a chance for profit and have a monthly talk with you. We might try it out for six months. It would be a good financial education for you. But perhaps your mother may prefer a man as an investment adviser. Many women feel that way."

She reflected a long moment, then broke into a smile.

"Mother doesn't know enough about finance to know beans when the bag is open. She'll probably think you're some big man's private secretary, and she'll treat you—oh, very politely—like the dust under her feet."

"All right," I agreed, laughing. "I'm willing. Let it go at that."

She stretched out her hand and clasped mine warmly.

"It's a bargain!" she exclaimed, drawing a deep breath. "If you knew what a burden is off my shoulders! This past six months has been one long hideous nightmare. And now will you tell me one more thing while we're discussing this mess? I want to know the best and the worst."

"Gladly."

"What was the matter with poor father's system? You said he didn't watch his investments, or employ somebody to watch them for him. But is that all?"

"No."

She nodded her head slowly; she had expected that.

The Days of One-Man Shows

"I can tell you in three words why your father lost his fortune. Times have changed. Let me draw you a picture. It's a picture of business America from twenty-five to forty years ago—the days of your father's youth. It was a country of small independent businesses. Small units. Small plants. When the owner of one of these small plants wanted to borrow money for expansion he applied to a friend or to the country bank. Everybody knew everything about him; they knew about his honesty, his business ability, the kind of citizen he was, the way he treated his men. It was the easiest thing in the world to figure out whether he was good for a loan. He was like a man standing in front of a strong light which turns his figure into a sharply etched silhouette.

"And there were in America at that period thousands of just such strongly etched silhouettes—thousands of men whose business genius was revealed in the merciless glare of publicity which spotlighted them in their own communities; their plants were one-man shows, expressions of one man's virility and power. They used to call their plants simply Brown's Mills or Jones' Chemical Works, instead of, as now, some fancy, highfaluting trade name. Proudly and boldly they stamped their own names on their mills and their products. It was like putting their signature to a check; the name vouched for the man who set it there.

(Continued on Page 75)

Velvet on Wheels

THE END OF THE MATINEE . . . a line of automobiles at the curb . . . the neighborly hum of idling motors . . . and a silent, beautiful car—waiting for your touch, to drift away with you through the twilight.

Your car, finished with DUCO, grows more lustrous with the passing of time. Its rich, slumbrous color remains unfading.

A very part of your own individuality it seems, in its soft, velvety Old Blue—or Sylvan Green—or the color combination you prefer.

Makers of fine cars are now finishing them with DUCO—its soft glow is the ultimate in good taste.

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DUPONT DUCO

New Cars

The following manufacturers have standardized on Genuine Duco and others will be announced shortly:

HUPMOBILE (all models)
JEWETT (all models except Standard Brougham)
MAXWELL (all models)
OAKLAND (all models)
OLDSMOBILE (all models)
BUICK (all Sport Models)
CADILLAC (Roadster)
CHEVROLET (all de Luxe Models)
GARDNER (Special Touring Models)
METEOR MOTOR CAR CO (Standard)
MARMON (Sport Speedster)
MOON (all series "A" 1925 models)
NASH (Special Six Touring, Special Six Sedan, Advanced Six Sedan)

The manufacturers listed below furnish Genuine Duco on any model when requested:

BUICK
CADILLAC
CLEVELAND SIX
FRANKLIN
GARDNER
LEXINGTON
MARMON
MOON

Refinishing

Genuine Duco dries almost instantly. It cannot be hand-brushed. It must be applied by pneumatic spraying machine or mechanical dipping. Duco automobile refinishing stations and instruction schools are being established rapidly everywhere. In refinishing cars, care must be taken to remove the paint down to the metal, as only then will Genuine Duco give its characteristic velvety lustre and durability. Name of nearest authorized refinishing station on request.

Other Uses

Genuine Duco is adaptable to almost any product requiring a lasting finish in color. Due to its quick-drying qualities, it saves materially in finishing time, storage space and investment in finished product. Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is being successfully used on:

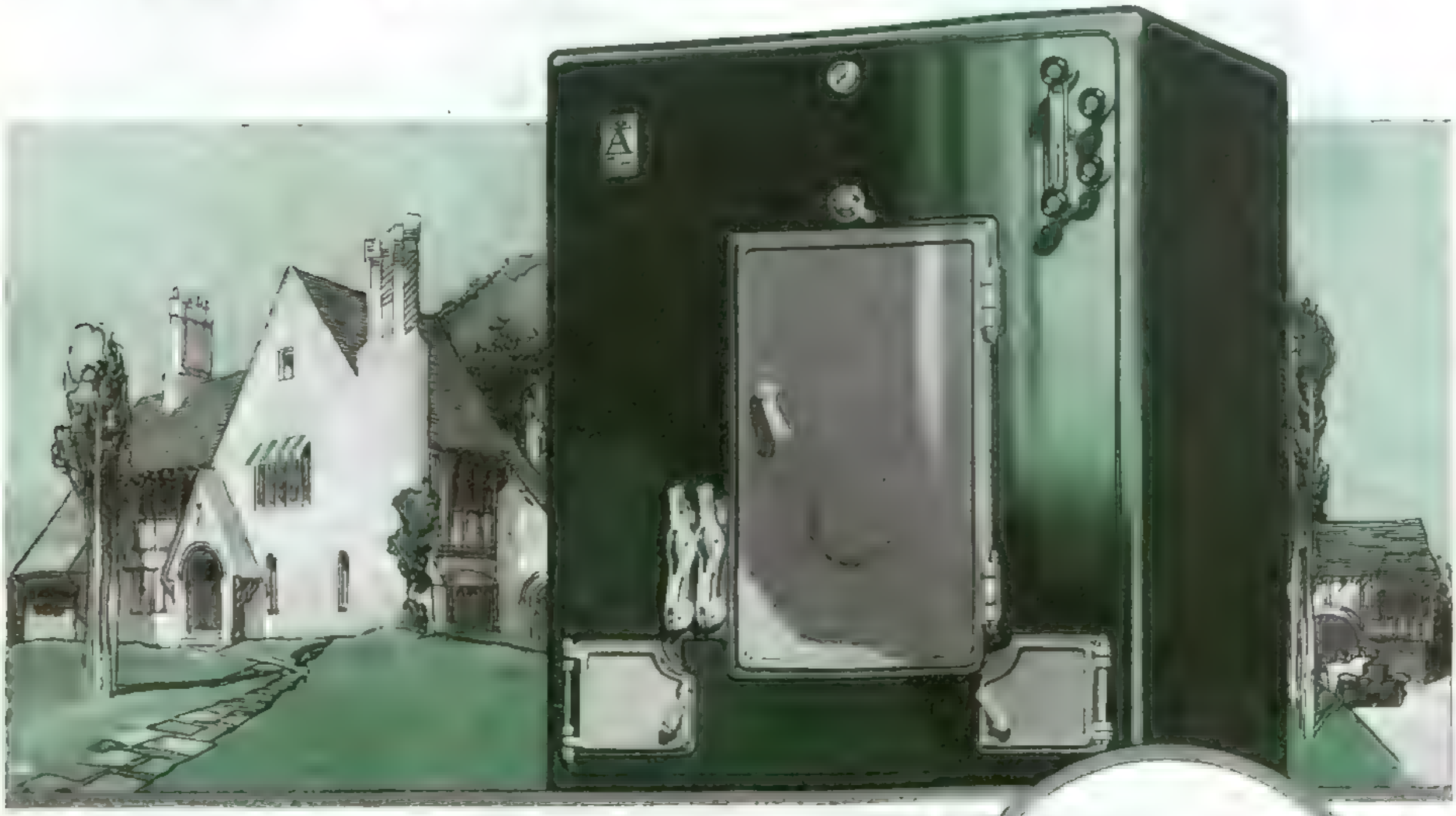
Automobile Bodies
Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Wood Furniture
Metal Furniture
Office Equipment
Pens, Pencils, etc
Washing Machines
Lamps
Handles for Tools, Brooms, Brushes, etc
Novelties Toys
Electric Parts Piano Actions
Locomotives
Railroad and Street Railway Rolling Stock
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets, Radio Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Medicine Cabinets, etc.
Toilet Seats
Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners

Finished with DUCO

Look for the DUCO Nameplate

The new IDEAL Type A Heat Machine

The Ideal boiler for larger homes



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Home Owners
Home Builders
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SEND FOR THIS BOOK

(Continued from Page 72)

"This period might be called the golden age of American industry, when every man stood firmly, like a tub on its own bottom, and individual genius and enterprise had opportunities such as the world has never known. It was a land of business giants, pioneers, each casting his own shadow, and with the wilderness a few jumps away.

"Now turn the page. With railroads and telegraphs and long-distance telephones eating up time and space, companies began to pool their interests, to merge. Instead of one company with a one-man boss and a one-man responsibility for debt, they had half a dozen concerns with a dozen bosses in the shape of a board of directors living in half a dozen towns; instead of borrowing a few thousand they borrowed a few million; and instead of prying it loose from a friend or a country banker, they had to come to the big financial centers to float their superdreadnought loans.

"And the bankers, on their part, not knowing these people personally as in the good old days, had to send out a regiment of experts to size up the situation from every conceivable point of view. These experts reported on the personnel, on the plant, on the product, on other plants like it, on the general and specific conditions in that industry and scores of other things. Do you see how complicated and indirect it became? Nobody could say 'Sure! I know John Smith. He's good for a loan,' for John Smith and John Smith's character and business ability had been swallowed up in the directors' board which had taken his place. Small independent firms or business units amalgamated, or were gradually pushed to the wall, while bigger, more complicated forms of corporations took their place.

"But the difficulty of obtaining the loan wasn't all. One banker couldn't swing such a wad. And so, after deciding to float the loan, with bonds or what not, the bankers would then distribute the loan around to various investment or brokerage houses to sell to their customers. So it was the public, you see, who took up the loan in the end just as in the old days, but with this difference: The public then knew firsthand to whom it was lending its money; it knew all about the character and business ability of John Smith, who sought the loan.

"Now it frequently doesn't know anything first-hand; it doesn't know the company that wants the loan; it doesn't know the bankers that negotiate the loan; it doesn't know the brokers to whom blocks of stock are distributed, and it doesn't know the bond salesmen who come around with a carefully rehearsed song and dance to induce you, the public, to stick your hard-earned cash into those securities. Now, too often, the individual investor doesn't know anything all the way down along the line; he can only know what he is told and he is told only the carefully prepared propaganda which will tend to sell the stock. That's the modern process in a nutshell."

The Investor's Problems

"And to add to the complication, that big business unit, operating under its board of directors, may decide upon a second or even a third loan. The first loan may be a pretty good investment, the second not so good, the third decidedly risky. How is the individual investor, beset by all this bewildering variety, to know which type of security is good and how long it will stay good? It's as abstruse as higher mathematics and far more uncertain. For experts commit errors, or markets slump or industries go to pot. The inexperienced investor cannot possibly know what he is up against or when he may be wiped out; the only way for him to thread the complicated maze is to get expert advice fitted to his personal needs.

"And that brings us to another handicap for the ignorant investor who tries to paddle his own canoe. All this tremendous variety of securities, bonds, common and preferred stocks and debentures, good, bad and indifferent, is dumped down upon the public, to whom it must be sold. But the public knows nothing about it and so it must be told. And this is where the bond salesmen come in. They are often peppy youngsters of pleasing personality, with strong persuasive gifts. They may sell the individual securities which are not good for him, which may be positively harmful because they do not fit in with his particular needs or the list he has already acquired. The point is that in the present situation the best interests of the investor are often lost in the shuffle in this very complicated pattern of business as it has grown up today.

"These razor-edged young salesmen want to bring home the bacon, dispose of their blocks of stock and cash in on their commissions. Theoretically the investor's interests should always come first, since in the end it is he who shoulders the loans; but practically, in our present system, distribution and selling receive more attention than the public, whose interests are too often crowded to the wall.

"Almost every day women come into my office with unsuitable lists of securities purchased on the say-so of some bond salesman, and these securities I am often forced to sell at a definite loss. What is needed throughout the entire selling force is a higher sense of moral responsibility to the individual investor, whose interests should be considered first instead of last.

"Of course there are excellent bond salesmen, plenty of them, of high moral integrity, and investors are perfectly safe in their hands; but the system tends to stress selling ability, with the result that a smart youth, with strong persuasive powers, unhampered by a conscience, may make a bigger success than a man with a keen sense of responsibility to the investor. For the latter may discover, in talking financial matters over with his prospect, that the stock he is trying to sell does not fit in at all with his customer's particular needs; in which case, being an honest man, he is obliged to lay off. But a salesman without conscience very carefully insulates himself from the private affairs of the prospect. He doesn't want to know too much. It may hamper his sales. Selling bonds in this fashion is like the old-fashioned method of selling patent medicines which were claimed to be good for everything."

Insurance for Education

"We might call the age in which your father lived the age of simplicity and this age the age of complication. But the vital point is that the individual investor who lives in the present age of complication cannot go on trying to manage his pecuniary affairs as if he still lived in the age of simplicity; sooner or later he is bound to crash into the stone wall of fact. That's what happened to your father. He was still traveling in yesterday, at a pretty lively rate of speed, when he crashed headlong into today."

"I see," said Miss S thoughtfully. "But he didn't know," she murmured excusingly. She glanced at her wrist watch and rose.

"One moment," I said. "I have another suggestion to make. Are you the business head of the family?"

She laughed.

"I don't know about business, but I'm all the head there is."

"And the sole support of your mother, outside of the income derived from these securities?"

"Yes."

"No additional source of income from rich uncles or cousins or aunts?"

She flushed and shook her head.

"We have an extensive family, but they're all extensively poor. They hung on to father like limpets. He was always giving money to them. And now," she continued indignantly, "that father's dead, all the relatives who have been living on him for years have been writing in letters of condolence to tell me how extravagant he was! I told them," she added, "where to go."

"Fair enough! And now how old are you?"

"Twenty-three next month."

"Perfectly sound in wind and limb?"

She stared at me wonderingly.

"I've never been sick in my life. But why ——"

"All right," I said. "Now I'm going to tell you what you must do. You're the man of the family, with all his cares and responsibilities, and the first thing you must do is to provide for your mother in case something happens to you. That's what every good business man does—every good business woman, too, if she has dependents. In your case, with youth and health, insurance is an excellent investment, for the premiums are small. You're what's called a good risk."

"Insurance!" she breathed, wide-eyed. "Me? And to think of anybody calling me a good risk! They ought to talk to mother!" She broke into unsteady laughter. "How much will they risk on me? Fifty thousand?"

I smiled.

"You don't need $50,000 worth of protection. That's what it is—just protection, in case something turns up. We'll work out the amount some other time. I just wished to introduce you to the idea."

"Pleased to make its acquaintance," she murmured with a laugh.

"You see, you're in a man's position as the financial head of the family and you ought to take a man's responsibility for the future. Then if or when you get married you can tack on a bit more in the event of children, which will enable you to send them through college."

She threw back her head and burst into a peal of clear laughter.

"Talk about foresight! Talk about living in yesterday and crashing into today! What about living in today and crashing headlong into tomorrow?"

"Foresight is better than hindsight," I said dryly, thinking of her father. "And everybody in a responsible position takes out insurance these days as a matter of course. Why, the girls even insure their hats against rain on Easter Day. My cousin is sending her son through college on insurance money. It only seems bizarre to you because you've been living all your life in Europe, where they get a new business idea about once every other century. Wake up! Swim with the tide of your times!"

"I'm going to!" she promised gayly. "And, moreover, I shall take a swimming prize. Baby insurance—I like that! I shall name him-her John-Joan. I shall bond my body for his-her education to the extent of ——" She broke off and looked sober. "It just occurs to me that my so-called education cost poor father scandalous sums. Good-by." She reached the door and turned back, laughing. "Why couldn't I go into selling insurance? They might give me a rebate on my own policy for all these future contingencies."

"That's a rather bright idea." It was, in fact, pure inspiration, for that girl was a born saleswoman. "Let me think it over. Bring down your mother tomorrow."

"And you won't tell her about selling father's stock at a loss? What was that rule?"

"Never let your losses accumulate. Sell your securities when they begin to depreciate. Take a small loss in order to cut short a bigger one."

Helping Lame Ducks

"Don't tell mother that! She solemnly believes that all those securities have acquired peculiar merit and doubled in value simply by long association with our distinguished family. And if she caught you selling them for actually less than father paid for them she'd have a conniption fit."

"We'll keep it dark, so long as the head of the family understands."

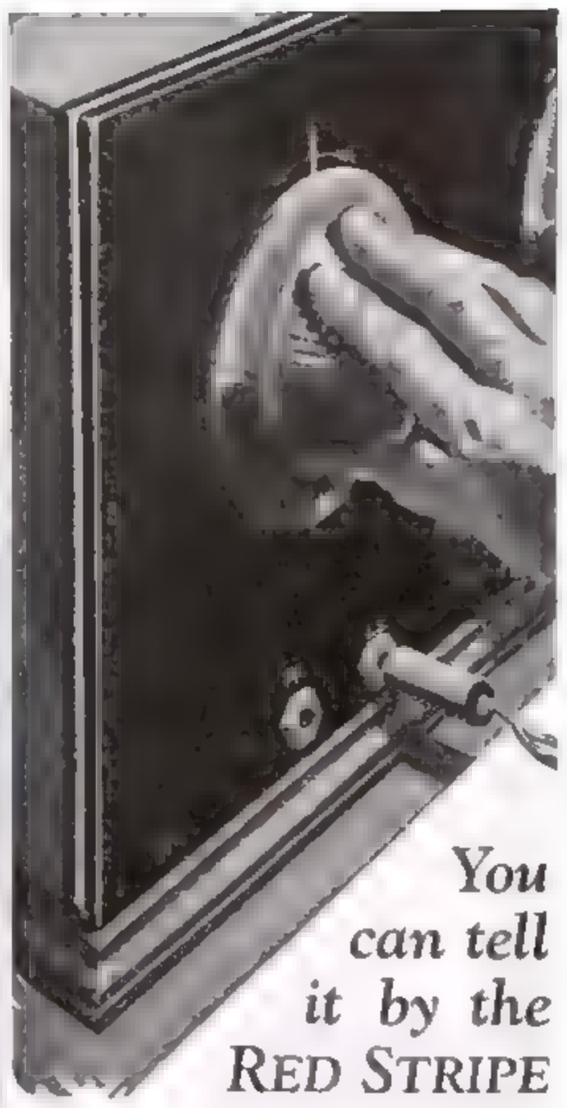
She vanished through the doorway, a brave, vital, clear-headed girl. There must have been fine ancestry somewhere back along the line to offset the weakness of her parents. After all, the dead do not die; they live on in us in a kind of deathless immortality.

My next client was a contrast in every respect. The office of an investment adviser is like that of a preacher or a doctor; into it pour rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—all seeking advice. This woman was an ex-moving-picture actress, slack, good-tempered, paralyzed in one arm as the result of a fall for which she blamed her husband and which had cut short her professional career. Though divorced from her husband, he still constantly applied to her for funds. She drenched herself with perfume so overpowering that in the close confines of my office it turned me giddy and faint; and, financially, she had no more sense than a tadpole. Altogether an unprepossessing client, but it was plain she needed my aid. Some advisers hand-pick their clients, winnowing out the so-called chaff; but somebody has to help the lame ducks, and my policy is to give the best of the house to everyone who knocks at my door.

She entered, bursting with bad news and incoherent with excitement. The gist of her announcement was that she had lost $10,000 worth of securities and she had come to me to retrieve them for her.

"How did you lose them?" I inquired.

(Continued on Page 77)



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ROLLIN

ROLLIN

(Continued from Page 75)

Upon which she unfolded a tale of a bucket shop, though she did not call it that. It was a certain brokerage concern located down in the financial district. Some of her friends were speculating and she thought she'd take a little flyer in a "sure thing" too. The place looked just like any other broker's office, she declared; one went up in an elevator and walked through large double doors into an imposing, luxurious layout—solid mahogany furniture, fine Persian rugs on the floor, telegraph instruments clicking, boys dashing importantly back and forth, markers at the blackboard, and numbers of credulous, greedy suckers like herself, with unbounded confidence in their own ability and luck, eager to speculate. But she had not speculated that day; she had simply strolled in with a friend to watch the show. Eventually she decided to take a chance on some shares, but the clerk had told her she would have to put up some cash for margins or some stock as collateral. She decided on the latter, and the following morning turned over to him by messenger $10,000 worth of securities, meaning to telephone in her order later that day. Then her ex-husband had turned up with a hard-luck story, "And so," she said, "I decided to lend the poor fish some coin." That necessitated her regaining possession of her bonds, for she was short of money at the time. But here she struck a snag. The broker's office would not return them. They did not refuse outright, but kept evading and pussyfooting and finally told her that Mr. B, the principal in the firm, had locked away the securities in his safety-deposit box for safekeeping and was, most unfortunately, away on his vacation; but just as soon as he returned, and so on.

The Ways of Bucketeers

"That got me kind of suspicious," she concluded; "but atill and all, I didn't want to start anything I couldn't finish and I thought maybe they was all right. Then this morning I read in the paper about some bucket shop getting indicted, as they called it, whatever that may mean, and then they gave this firm's name. They called it a bucket shop. What's a bucket shop anyway?"

"A bucket shop is a crooked brokerage firm that skins the public by illegal practices. I'm afraid your securities are gone."

Nevertheless, to make sure, I put on my hat and went down to the district attorney's office.

It was as I feared. The firm had been on the verge of exposure and insolvency when they took her securities. It was simply a cold-blooded steal.

"Sometimes," said the district attorney, "customers want to buy outright certain stocks, and the bucket shops just pocket their money. That's plain grand larceny. Or sometimes these bucket shops take the money of a client speculating on margins and they actually do buy the stocks specified; but at the same time, secretly, they order another firm to sell the exact number of shares they have just purchased, so the transactions cancel each other. For example, the customer may order the bucket shop to buy on margin 100 shares of U. S. Steel. Well, the bucket shop may actually buy those 100 shares and record the transaction on their books, as required; but at the same time they sell 100 shares of U. S. Steel through some other office working in collaboration with them, or in another department or branch of their own company, so the sale is canceled each time, and yet it shows up as a legal transaction on their books.

"Then there are bucket shops which when their customers order them to speculate on margin simply don't execute the orders. They just pool the cash. Some of these fellows are shrewd, hard-headed rogues, and they do not throw away their gains on wine and women and Broadway, as most of the bucketeers do. They save their money and when the inevitable crash comes they have big assets; they can pay 100 cents on the dollar. The argument they put up about their victims is something like this: 'Here's this big boob; he doesn't know the market; he wants to buy on margin 100 shares of XYZ; but XYZ's going down; even if we do buy for him he'll be wiped out in a few days, so what's the use of buying? We'll just string him along, get him to feed in more cash for margins and clean him out.'

"These bucketeers are safe so long as the market keeps going down. The trouble starts when it begins to rise. For suppose some shrewd or lucky customer drops in to buy certain shares of XYZ just at the bottom of the market when it is ready to rise? That customer stands to make a pot of money. And the bucket shop must pay or go insolvent. If they have sufficient money cached away they usually come through in order to avoid exposure; if not, we have another bucket-shop case on our hands.

"Women have no means of telling these dishonest brokers from the honest ones, save by their acts. And usually it is then too late. Not long ago a lady wrote in to me and said:

"'*Dear Mr. District Attorney:* Will you please give me the name of a bucket shop? Mine has failed.'

"About three years ago we had a perfect epidemic of bucket shops. Now, however, we are gradually cleaning them out. The Stock Exchange is helping us; recently it handed in to me two cases of bucket shops.

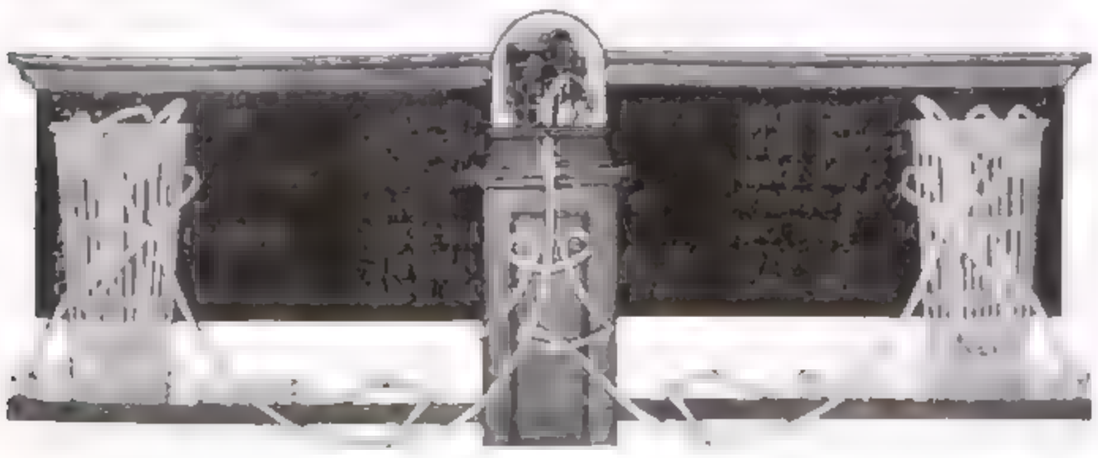
"The trouble with these bucket-shop cases is that they're so hard to prove up on. It's like using a slow, lumbering old oxcart to catch a modern high-powered automobile. The oxcart is our own clumsy, antiquated criminal law and the high-powered car is our modern criminal class, up to every trick and using every device to outwit justice. Our forefathers, when they framed the law, didn't conceive of all this modern, newfangled, complicated crime. They were chiefly anxious that the innocent should have a fair chance and not be railroaded through to jail; and with this object in view they put up checks and guards, with the result that our law is slow and unwieldy and tends to mollycoddle the criminal. It is hard to convict clever crooks these days, with lawyers using every technicality in their favor; the long-drawn-out trials create a heavy expense to the overburdened taxpayers; the criminals appeal and appeal and are often sustained on technicalities, and so justice fails."

The Cost of Crime

"Take, for example, the cost to the state of looking through an accused broker's books. A firm of brokers may have a thousand books. A whole truckload may be dumped into these chambers and then we have to pay an expert to go through them. It may cost $1000. Well, but I have only an apportionment of $34,000 for the entire year to cover all such contingent expenses. The present cost of crime to the state is exceedingly high. The fact is modern crime is too complicated and the law dealing with it too antiquated for justice to be done. And yet, despite all these handicaps, we are cleaning up the bucket-shop situation. Of course, if an ignorant public will speculate in the most intricate business in the world, it must expect to get its fingers burned."

My silly client had got hers burned $10,000 worth.

There's no closed season on suckers; and yet to save my soul I couldn't help grieving about her all day.



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SYRINGAS

(Continued from Page 13)

with secret satisfaction, "his hair is turning gray."

From the front the fact was not so noticeable, but she had instantly observed the grayness as he bowed over her hand.

"At first, when I got off the train," he told her, "and saw your daughter, I thought it must be you. And all the way, as we drove up here, it continued—that extraordinary illusion. I could not get it from my head. It is incredible, Rosina, that you should have a grown-up daughter, though it is not incredible at all that your daughter should be beautiful."

"I don't know that I should call her exactly beautiful," Rosina reflected aloud, looking toward Amy bending over the flowers, "but I own that to me she's the loveliest thing in the world."

Lazalo nodded.

"No," he replied with a slow smile, "you would not call her beautiful, but that is because she is like you, and you never did appreciate yourself."

"But beauty," she began, "is a ——"

"It is not the kind of thing one can debate," he interrupted. "Beauty, like genius, is more easy to discern than to define. She is more than beautiful—she is charming. And such poise! It makes her seem older than—older than she can possibly be."

"Yes," said Rosina, warm with satisfaction as she always was when Amy was praised, "she does seem older than she is. It is because she has been so much with older people—that is, with me. We're unusually companionable." And she continued, telling him of their riding, their music, the many things they enjoyed together, until presently Amy's return silenced her and they went in to dinner.

"I am sure you must find Washington much changed of late years," said Lazalo when they were at table.

"I haven't been there for a very long time."

He turned to Amy.

"And you don't know Washington either?"

"No, Mr. Ambassador."

"Well, it is not at all the same place I remember. While I have been away, growing up, the United States has been growing up also. Perhaps most of all one perceives it socially. For one thing, we foreigners are not so important in your capital as we used to be." He smiled. "We have fallen into our proper place in the picture, and that is a good thing, though I hear some of my older colleagues lamenting the days of their inflated glory.

"But after all," he continued, "everywhere that sort of balloon has been more or less punctured. That is true even in Japan. The Prince Regent has learned from the Prince of Wales that it is better to be popular than to be revered. It is better to be thrown from a horse than to be torn from one. You may now see the Prince Regent in the cinema, and word has gone forth that instead of standing in awed silence when he passes, the people may cheer. But for my part, I am very glad I saw some of the old formalistic courts before the change came.

"Our own king takes these matters philosophically. In a talk I had with him just before I came to this country he was quite droll. 'I do not care for republics,' he said, 'but they are spreading like the influenza. In these times a king must work, like anybody else, to hold his job.'"

Amy laughed.

"How amusing!" she exclaimed. "Judging from his pictures, I shouldn't have supposed he had that much humor. But perhaps I oughtn't to have said that in your excellency's presence."

There was a twinkle in Lazalo's eye as he replied.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you may say in my presence anything which it may please you to say and I shall be an attentive listener. But I have one favor to ask of you—please do not call me excellency."

"Oh," cried Amy, feigning mortification, "just when I was so proud of the way I worked it in!"

"Yes, you worked it in beautifully, but—please, not any more. You cannot imagine what a relief it is to get away from all that." He turned to Rosina. "You were so good to ask me here, and so very good not to ask anyone else this evening. It is a luxury for a bachelor to come to a place so charming, where he can feel at home."

It was not necessary to draw Lazalo out, but his fluency was in no sense due to vanity. He was one of those conversationally gifted men who, through being urged to talk, ultimately acquire an obliging habit of talking without waiting to be urged. At dinner, and later on the porch when he was smoking his cigar, Amy listened intently, and Rosina noticed, not without amusement, that when he paused it was her daughter rather than herself who would put in the word to start him up again.

"You ought to write your autobiography," declared Amy. And immediately Lazalo was reminded of the disaster which befell a certain British diplomatist whose memoirs, intended to be published after his death, were stolen by secret agents of another government.

"It was not so much the international indiscretions they contained that got him into difficulties," he said, "as the backstairs gossip of his own court which leaked back to the Foreign Office. His career terminated, leaving him a diplomatist without a post and an author without a manuscript."

"Mother," Amy presently asked, "do you think the Mitchells would mind if I didn't go to their dance tonight? I've got to go to the Lyons' tomorrow night, you know, and I'd much rather not go tonight."

"You can telephone and ask," Rosina said.

"It'll take more explaining if I do it myself. Be a dear and do it for me, won't you?"

With a shade of reluctance, which, however, she had no difficulty in concealing, Rosina abandoned hope of an uninterrupted talk with Lazalo and went to the telephone. After all, she reflected, he would be here several days. The opportunity for a talk would come later. And to Amy, who had never seen the social life of a capital, diplomatic reminiscences were a novelty. It was to Amy's credit that she wished to stay. Maternal pride welled up within Rosina as she reflected that most young girls of today would go to the dance.

III

"YOU'VE taken breakfast to his excellency's room?" Rosina asked the maid who brought coffee to her bedside next morning.

"No, madam; he breakfasted downstairs."

"But he asked for breakfast in his room."

"Yes, madam, but he woke up early and came down. He's at breakfast with Miss Amy now."

"Oh, all right. He didn't have to breakfast alone." She was relieved. "Please ask Miss Amy if she will come up and see me afterward."

A fresh morning breeze was swinging the net curtains at her windows, and the leaves outside, mottled with sun and shadow, were like a living tapestry. A perfect morning for a ride. Memories of rides in Rock Creek Park with Lazalo came back to her and she recollected that he used to long for surroundings less urban than those of Washington. He would enjoy the riding here; she was looking forward to showing him her favorite woodland trails, and had meant last night to speak of her plan for a ride this morning, but it had slipped her mind. Amy could tell him now and he could get ready. Too bad Amy couldn't go with them, but there were only the two horses. Amy loved riding and rode as only a woman can who understands horses, but usually she had all the riding she wanted, and there were always things for her to do at home. She wouldn't mind giving up her ride just this once.

She must get up and dress or they would miss the beauty of the early morning. She would take him through the pines to the lake where the mountain laurel was thickest, and swing back through the birch woods and past the waterfall.

The current of her thoughts was interrupted by a sudden tattoo on her door, and she had hardly answered when Amy burst into the room.

"Morning, mother. What did you want?"

Rosina saw that she was dressed for riding, and before she could answer, Amy ran on breathlessly:

"You ought to be out. It's a marvelous morning! The minute I woke I thought what a wonderful morning it would be for a ride, so I hopped up and hustled into my clothes and had Ella knock at Count Lazalo's door and ask him if he didn't want to go." In the exuberance of her vitality she was executing dance steps on the rug.

"He sent back word it was just what he did want to do; so he dressed and rushed down, and we've had breakfast. But I just want to make sure it's all right with you. I'd have asked you sooner, only I didn't want to disturb you. But if you got up right away you wouldn't be ready for an hour or so, and besides, he'll have to ride Glory—my pony isn't big enough for him. Is it all right, dear? I knew you wouldn't want him to be roosting around here half the morning without anything to do."

Lying back upon her pillows, Rosina had been gazing at her energetic daughter, and now that the volley of explanations suddenly ceased she had no answer ready and continued to regard her silently.

"Well, mother, it's all right, isn't it?"

Amy could not wait. She was eager, tense, motionless, like a sprinter poised for the signal to start. Rosina felt herself smiling faintly.

"As a matter of fact, dear," she said, "I had been planning to go myself for this ride, but since ——"

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" Amy cried. "You weren't up, you see, so I —— But there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't hop right up and ——"

"No," Rosina broke in, "you're both ready. I'll go tomorrow."

"But, mother ——"

"No. Run along, dear."

"Well"—as Amy gave in she brightened—"I'm awfully sorry if you're disappointed." Then she moved rapidly toward the door, saying, "I'll take him up through the pines to the lake so he can see the laurel."

She was hardly gone when Rosina heard the horses being led up to the house. Their bits jingled as they tossed their heads. Glory always snorted like that at first; it was her way of telling how glad she was to get out. Rosina had different little games she played with Glory. One of them was to feed her sugar after having mounted, making her turn her head and reach for it. She liked the feel of the mare's velvet nose in her palm. But this morning Glory, too, was destined to be disappointed; she would turn her head back hopefully, but Lazalo would not understand.

A sound of restless hoofs scuffing the loose stone of the drive informed her that the riders were mounting, and when, a moment later, they rode off she followed with ears and imagination as they walked to the end of the drive and on reaching the dirt road broke into a trot.

Well, there were always things for her to do. It was getting on toward the tenth of the month; she must balance her check book and pay her bills.

"I suppose it's good for my soul," she said to herself as she slipped into her kimono.

When, several hours later, the riders returned, Rosina carried in her heart, as she went downstairs to meet them, a pleasant consciousness of merit.

"My check book is balanced and my bills are paid," she remarked with satisfaction to her daughter; but the nod with which Amy received the news was perfunctory.

"I couldn't resist swinging in at the Weldons' on the way back from the lake to show him off," she informed Rosina, but as she spoke she looked mischievously at Lazalo from the corners of her eyes. "He didn't want to go, but he behaved very decently about it when he saw he had to, and of course the Weldons were thrilled. You know how they love titles and things. And I disobeyed orders and tossed off a few superfluous excellencies just for full measure." Then, to Lazalo, who was evidently amused, she explained: "They had an explorer and a poet up here last summer, but they haven't an ambassador in their whole collection and they're green with envy." And turning again to Rosina: "That reminds me, mother—they're all coming over here for tennis and tea this afternoon."

"How many?"

"I don't know. Maybe ten, maybe twenty. They're expecting some friends by motor and if they come they'll bring them. We're going to have mixed doubles. I don't know whether you knew it, but Count Lazalo is a whiz at tennis."

(Continued on Page 81)

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VEEDOL

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(Continued from Page 78)

"No, no," Lazalo protested, "I did not say that I was a—a whiz."

Amy, however, lightly overrode the protest, saying to her mother, "He's played doubles against Lenglen and the King of Norway"

"But they beat us very much. It was they who were the whizzes." He smiled over the banisters as he started upstairs. "Whizzes—very good—I shall remember."

They had returned late from their ride; while they were changing their costumes luncheon waited, and by the time they rose from table it was nearly three. Lazalo had not finished his cigar when a fleet of motor cars arrived with the Weldons and their friends, and presently the entire party betook themselves to the tennis courts where, until teatime, Amy and Lazalo played doubles with two of the visitors. Tea was hardly over when it was time for dinner and the guests rushed away, and after dinner the three moved out to the porch, where they chatted while Lazalo smoked in the half darkness.

"Amy," asked Rosina, after the grandfather's clock had slowly boomed the hour of ten, "what time is Tom Lyon coming to take you to the dance?"

"Oh, any time. I'm in no hurry."

The bull's-eye of orange light that marked the end of Lazalo's cigar glowed brightly for a moment and died down again.

"When a dance begins so late," he inquired, "what time does it end?"

"It'll last most of the night," Amy told him.

"And as I understand it, the chaperon is now regarded as a prehistoric creature?"

"I don't mind chaperons," the girl replied; "but mother doesn't care for dancing any more, and it tires her to sit around and try to talk down a jazz band. Far as I'm concerned, I'd love it if you'd both come. In fact, if ——"

"Look here," put in Rosina with a little laugh, "you may as well understand, you young dynamo, that you're not going to be allowed to send Count Lazalo back to Washington a wreck. The riding and the tennis are quite enough for one day. And besides, I want a little time with him myself."

The headlights of a motor coming up the curving drive swung their glare across the garden as if passing the shrubs and flowers in review, and Amy went to the front door to meet Tom Lyon; but instead of starting off with him at once she brought him to the porch, turning on the lights as she came. He was a tall, beautiful collegian, elegantly languorous, and he informed Lazalo that next year, when he got out of college, he was either going to take up a literary career, sell bonds or enter the diplomatic service.

"Ah," remarked Lazalo, gazing at the ceiling with an expression almost too grave and thoughtful, "that gives you a wide choice of careers, does it not?"

"Yes, I can't make up my mind. What would you think of a fellow's going into diplomacy, sir?"

"I did."

"I don't suppose there's much money in it to begin with."

"Not a great deal."

"Well," said Tom, "a fellow has to consider whether there's money in a thing these days, with the cost of living and everything. I mean he has to make money if he wants to get married, or anything like that."

"But what is there like that?" Lazalo asked.

"I mean if he wants to get married before he's an old man with one foot in the grave."

"Assuredly," said Lazalo with profound solemnity. "As a bachelor diplomatist no longer in the first flush of youth, I should not advise you to pursue diplomacy. Bonds would certainly be better."

"I'm awfully obliged to you, sir, for your advice," Tom answered gratefully, as he and Amy departed.

Rosina looked at Lazalo and they smiled together understandingly. It was as if they had spoken.

"It is a state of very mild insanity, is it not?" he commented, and she knew that he meant youth. "Especially the boys," he added. "Certainly your Amy has herself well in hand."

A June bug inside the porch screens was whirring about the electric light and knocking into it.

Lazalo rose, saying, "Now that the future ambassador has left us, shall I put the light out again?"

"Yes, I was going to ask you to."

He pressed the switch, and instead of resuming his seat paced slowly up and down the porch in the peaceful dimness.

"This is a charming place that you have, Rosina, and it is a charming life that you lead here. It is just right, the whole thing. You are to be congratulated, my dear, because you have found the most difficult things in the world to find—the way to live, the way to be happy."

"Yes, I am happy."

"One has not to be assured of that. It is self-evident. No one who was not happy could look as you do or bear herself so. I rejoice for you with all my heart. But I hardly need tell you that."

"It is pleasant to hear." She stood up. "Let's walk, if you're not tired. I've hardly moved all day."

"By all means."

He held the screen door open and stepped down to the grass after her.

"And you," she began as they strolled slowly beside the house with its rank of sentinel hollyhocks, "you must be very happy, too, for you have been successful. So often I have heard of you and thought of you."

"Yes, naturally we have thought often of each other, you and I."

They fell silent, and reaching the end of the house, stood looking through dark aisles between rows of apple trees sloping down the hillside; then as they retraced their steps he continued:

"But as for happiness—no, I have been interested rather than happy. Of course a man unmarried may advance more rapidly at first, but the time arrives when what was an advantage becomes a disadvantage."

"You think so?"

She wished him to be more specific. A cool dampness penetrating her satin slippers warned her that the grass was wet, but had she found herself wading in a lake she would not have turned back.

"Certainly," replied Lazalo, "a man should marry. He should have a wife and children to keep him young. The bachelor pays for his freedom and his advancement with loneliness. Who should know better than I? His life is like a house without flowers in summer and without a fire in winter."

This time they did not turn, but continued toward the garden; and as they stepped down the low grass terrace Rosina laid her hand upon his arm. It seemed natural after that to leave it there.

"That is the side of the matter that is most apparent to you," she told him; "but you mustn't forget that there are other sides. When unmarried people think of marriage they presuppose perfect happiness, but that's exactly what none of us can count on. There are so many mistakes."

It was as close as she cared to get to her own story, and she felt sure that he would gather her meaning.

"True," he admitted; "but assuming that we are intelligent, we are less likely to make mistakes as we grow older."

"Yes."

"Mistakes!" he repeated in a reflective tone. "How little Nature cares what happens to the individual! All she desires is that, cost what it may, there shall *be* individuals—plenty of individuals. Purposely, she sends youth into battle eager and disarmed—that is to say, the slave of impulses, but without judgment.

"Here in this garden, where Nature shows nothing but beauty, it is easy to forget her savage side; but the truth is, Nature is a beautiful, relentless brute. And one of her greatest cruelties is that by the time we have gathered some understanding of life she allows us only a little while in which to apply the knowledge." He laughed ironically. "Naturally, that aspect of the situation is in my mind now more than it used to be. I confess that I do not look forward with pleasure to a lonely old age."

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "You of all people!"

Having reached the extremity of the grass walk, they turned across the upper end of the inclosure.

"Thank you," he said, "but there are little signs which point the other way. I was thinking only yesterday that anecdotes show which way the wind blows. One acquires a collection of them. The other night I caught myself at dinner starting to tell the same anecdote a second time."

"Anyone might do that."

"Anyone not young, yes. I have a colleague in Washington who does it constantly, and it is terrible."

"But you caught yourself," Rosina persisted, "and that makes all the difference." And she continued lightly, "There's no use in trying to make me worry about you on the score of age, Constantine. Not when you can ride and play tennis all day and look as you do."

"Not in years," he said, "have I felt so young as in these days here with you. It is as if ——"

Suddenly he paused, and as he turned toward her Rosina dropped his arm. For some moments she had been aware partly of what he was saying and partly of a fragrance wafting from the dusky cloud of shrubbery beside them.

"Are there not syringas somewhere near us here?" he asked.

Rosina stood silent.

"Yes, surely. Syringas. I can see the little starry blossoms." He drew in a deep breath. "Ah, that is a scent one does not forget!

"But there you are!" he went on, his tone again becoming philosophical. "Was I not just saying that Nature is cruel? Rosina, you will hardly believe what an effect the scent of syringas used to have upon me years ago. Unimaginably romantic! I could become drunk with it. But now I analyze. I say to myself, 'Yes, to be sure, a charming fragrance; but there are other fragrances.' And I ask myself, 'In my youth, how much was it syringas and how much imagination?'"

Rosina stood silent.

"Yes," he reiterated slowly, "as we grow older we learn to analyze."

Suddenly she turned and started toward the house, saying breathlessly, "The grass is so wet—my slippers." And as she accelerated her pace: "I should have brought a shawl."

IV

"MORNING, mother. You've got a great day for your ride."

Rosina was taking a sip of coffee when Amy burst into her room.

"I don't believe I'll go today." She set the cup upon the breakfast tray on her bed. "I didn't sleep well. I'm tired."

"Oh, I'm sorry! And he's counting on it so. Don't you think you'd feel better once you got out?"

But the elder woman shook her head.

"No, you go. I'll try to get some sleep."

"Of course I'd enjoy going with him, but really, mother, I think ——"

"No, it's out of the question"

"But I feel as if I was cheating you."

"Well, you're not," said Rosina. "You're doing me a favor."

When Amy had gone and the maid had removed the tray she tried to sleep, but in spite of fatigue her mind was active and she lay upon her bed throughout the morning thinking of last night. Now and then a wave of stinging bitterness passed over her and she found herself compressing her lips and clenching her fists, but toward noon she began to see the matter in another light. It was funny. Yes, it was funny. She burst into a laugh.

"You fool!" she said to herself aloud. "You romantic old fool!"

After that she wept softly. It seemed to comfort her. She went to sleep. It was late afternoon when she awakened. She still felt tired, but her conscience troubled her for having so long neglected her guest.

"I ought to get up," she told herself, but instead she rang and asked for Amy.

"I looked in on you about lunchtime," Amy said as she entered, "but you were asleep and I told them not to disturb you. I hope you feel better, dear."

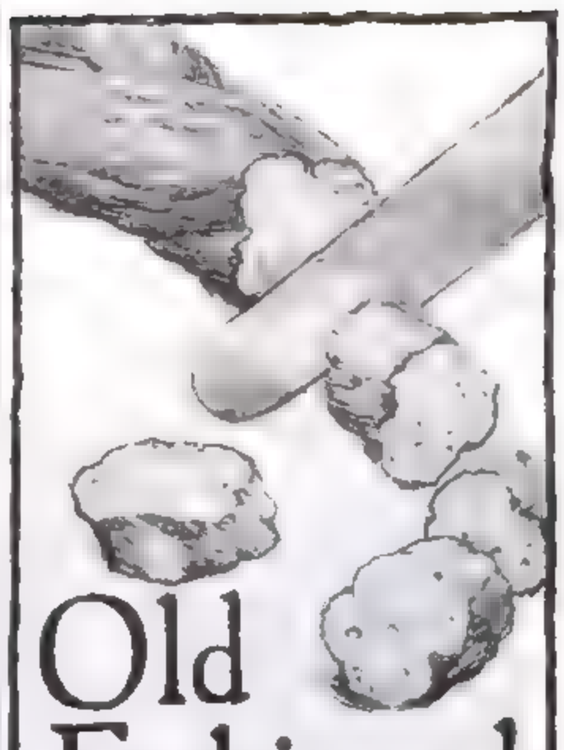
"Well, anyway, I'm coming down for dinner."

"Why do that?"

"With a visitor here, I feel I ought to."

"Oh," said Amy, "you needn't fret about him. He's getting on famously. As you weren't down, I tried to make it up to him. I've been pampering him"—she gave a little chuckle—"and he takes to it like a duck to water." Then more gravely she continued: "You see, mother, I knew you were all tired out and needed rest, and I didn't know when you were going to wake up, so I just had to use my own judgment. I thought he'd get bored being around with nobody but me all day, so when the Morrisons asked us to motor over to the club for dinner I told them we'd go. Of course I could phone and get out of it if you'd like, but I ——"

"So far as I'm concerned," Rosina interrupted, "that suits me beautifully, but he came up here for a rest, and it seems to me ——"



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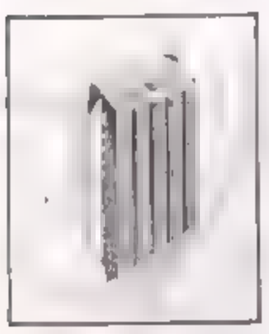

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It was Amy's turn to interrupt.

"Never you fear," she said. "He wants to go. He swears he does."

"Very well." Rosina turned away from the light. "Enjoy yourself, but don't stay too late. You were out so late last night."

"All right. I'm not a bit tired, though. I feel wonderful."

Rosina, in a kimono, was lying on the sofa in her bedroom, reading, when a little before eleven that night she heard the motor coming up the drive, and a few minutes later she saw Amy in the doorway.

"Are you feeling better?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, thank you. I got my feet wet last night and it may have given me a little cold." She smiled and added, "At my age one has to be careful, you know."

"Your age!" Amy dropped on her knees to the floor and embraced her. "Why, you're as young as you can be!"

"As young as I can be," Rosina repeated slowly.

"You're as young for your age as I am old for mine. He was saying that only tonight."

"Who was saying what?"

"Count Lazalo was saying I'm old for my age."

"Do you think he enjoyed himself?"

"Why, certainly." Amy's complete assurance made her mother smile again. "He's smoking on the porch," she said. "I guess I'd better run down. I'll look in on you in a little while, before I go to bed."

Rosina read on. Presently she heard the screen door close, and their voices, now under her window, now faintly as they moved toward the garden. Her first knowledge of their return to the house came when Amy once more appeared at her door.

"We went out and gathered these for you," she said. "The ones on your dressing table are fading."

Her hands were filled with syringas, and as she moved toward her mother their fragrance filled the room.

"No, no!" exclaimed Rosina. "I can't bear flowers in my room—not the way I feel tonight." Then, as Amy stood looking puzzled and astonished, she feared she had hurt her and quickly added, "You were a sweet child to think of it, but please take them away."

"Why, that's all right, mother; I'll put them in my room," said Amy. "I'll love to have them there."

"Yes, dear." Rosina closed her eyes and slowly opened them again. "I begin to see what you meant when you said it was a deathly sweetness."

On her way to the dressing table Amy paused and turned.

"It's queer your saying that!" she exclaimed. "Why, just this evening I was thinking you were right. It's the most romantic scent there is."

She moved on, laid the fresh sprays on the glass top of the dressing table, took the others from the bowl and filled it with fresh water

"I feel as if I'd never appreciated syringas until I smelled them out there just now, all damp with dew," she continued in a dreamy tone as she arranged the flowers. "To me they're like all the love songs of the world translated into fragrance."

Then as Rosina caught her breath, Amy swung swiftly around, as if no longer willing to conceal her radiance.

"And mother," she added proudly, "Constantine thinks so too!"

THE PINES

(Continued from Page 27)

love of the game; began to understand that there can be a definite satisfaction in working toward the chosen goal. He was absorbed in doing the task itself, regardless of what the outcome might be.

The effect of these changes in Dale was quite obvious, easily discovered by the familiar eye. He was no longer to be seen about Bissell's store at odd hours of the day, when even the less thrifty and energetic of his neighbors were busy with the tasks that filled their lives. Even in the evening he was now likely to be among the last to appear, walking swiftly and with purpose, staying only long enough to get his paper and an occasional piece of mail, to make his purchases, and to exchange greetings with the other men in the place. He fell into the habit of drawing Jim Saladine aside and asking him questions, seeking his advice; for Jim was a good farmer with a reputation for successful enterprises, and his opinion was of value. It was Jim who advised Dale to hold his apples for the spring market, and told him how to pack and store them in order to avoid loss. Dale followed his instructions or modified them to meet his own problem with an intelligence and ingenuity that surprised even Saladine, who came to see what the other had done.

There was even some small change in Dale's personal appearance and in his manner. Habitually silent in the past, he now occasionally had a word or two to say; the diffident restraint which had formerly marked him disappeared; there was a curious strength in his voice and in his utterances. One night when Will Belter had some tale to tell of how Pettibaw had eaten Sunday dinner with Jane Thomaston, Dale silenced him as readily and as authoritatively as Saladine himself could have done.

Will Bissell, who from his vantage behind the counter watched all that passed in his store, who knew his customers and weighed them, said to Saladine afterward, "He sure don't seem the way he used to. There's a big change in him."

Saladine agreed. "I don't know as he'll be able to pay off Pettibaw; but it's been a mighty good thing for him to try."

Bissell asked, "Why do you figure Rad ever traded with him that way? You got any notion he really wants Dale's farm?"

Saladine considered for a moment. He knew Bissell's discretion, and spoke frankly. "I've got a notion he likes Jane Thomaston pretty well," he replied. "I've always kind of thought he wanted to put Dale out of the picture with her. She's always paid a lot of attention to Dale."

"I used to figure Dale and her might get married sometime," Will agreed. "But the last three or four years it don't look that way."

"Maybe Pettibaw thinks he could get her if Dale was out of it," Saladine said again. He smiled faintly. "I was talking to Jane the other day," he explained. "To hear her, you'd think she thought Pettibaw was made and handed down. The talk she makes about the way he does things. But I take notice she don't marry him; and I guess he'd be willing quick enough if she'd have him."

"Jane's a good woman," Bissell commented.

"She's a right able woman," Saladine agreed; but he added whimsically, "I dunno's I'd want to be married to her though. She's got too much of a mind of her own."

"Well," Bissell reminded him, "Dale's getting to have a mind of his own too. She'd be a lot better off with him than with Pettibaw, certain."

Such discussions as this one necessarily took place with some frequency through the winter; for the change in Dale was not to be disregarded. The fact that on this particular day in spring he drove into town with Jane on the seat beside him, and set her down at her door, and exchanged a further word or two with her before driving on, was remarked by more than one person. When two or three days later Pettibaw came through on his way to East Harbor, Belter saw him in the village and seized his opportunity to tell the tale.

He said to Pettibaw, "You ain't been here lately, have you?"

"Too much business on hand," Pettibaw replied largely. "I've made a mighty good thing out of this last bunch of pine. Roads are too muddy to do much hauling in there where we are. But I'll have some good lumber to sell soon as I can get it out."

"Ain't seen you around Miss Thomaston's lately."

"I'm figuring on stopping in over there right away."

"Her and Dale was riding around one day this week," Belter remarked wisely. "He had to go over toward Liberty for something, and she went along with him."

Pettibaw laughed. "Well, he's been seeing her for a good many years; but it ain't done him any good yet that a man can make out." He strode largely toward the door. "Dale'd better scratch gravel nearer home," he added jovially. "He's got enough to keep him busy, I should think."

Belter saw him cross the road and go toward the house where Jane lived. The talebearer watched with some curiosity to see

(Continued on Page 85

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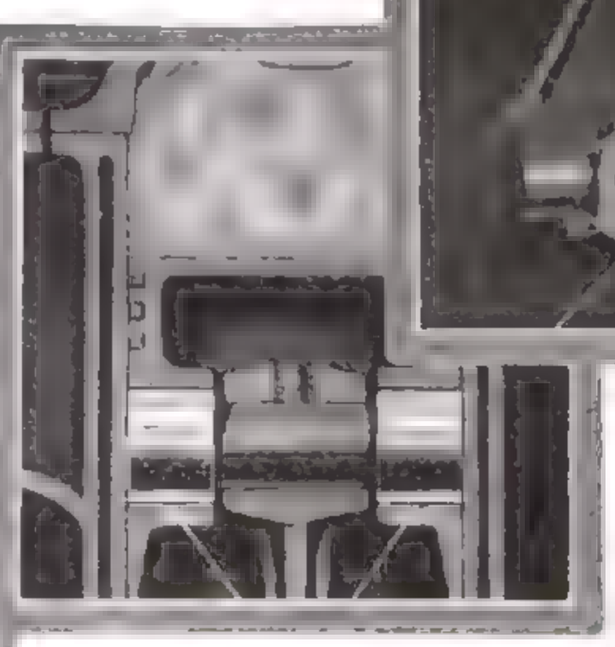

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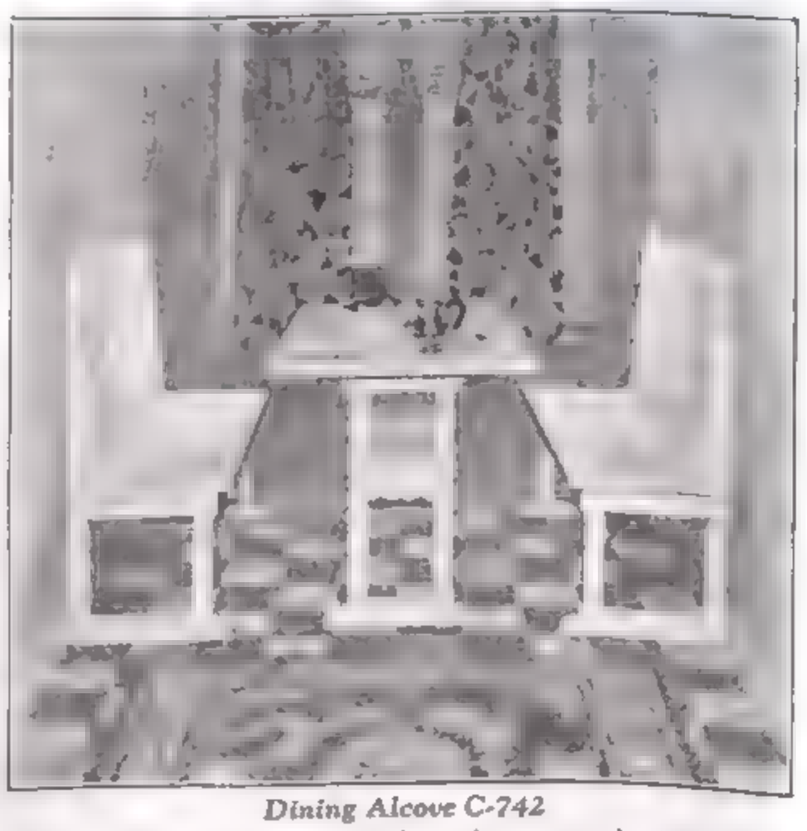

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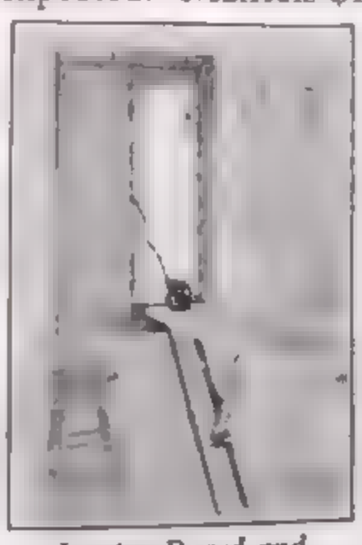

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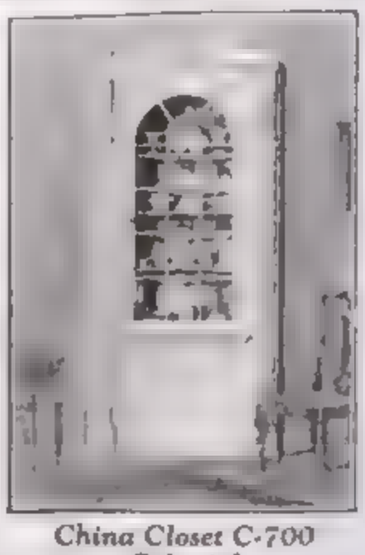

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(Continued from Page 82)

how long he would stay; and when Pettibaw presently came out and got into his car and drove away on the road toward Dale's farm Belter grinned to himself. He thought Pettibaw was probably going to lay down the law to Dale, tell him what he might and might not do.

But the conversation between the two men was not at all as Belter imagined it. Pettibaw drove along the pond road, cursing the deep mud and the ruts which made his small car sway and bound, and turned at last into Dale's barnyard. His hail was not answered, so he went out through the barn and saw that Dale was hauling manure down to the lower field; he accordingly settled himself to wait for the other's return. When Dale by and by drove up the slope and across the road Pettibaw rose and went to meet him, grinning amiably enough.

He held up his hand and said, "Hello, Dale!"

Dale jumped to the ground. A year ago he would have slid listlessly over the wheel; the fact that he now jumped down, landed lightly and stood alertly, impressed even Pettibaw with the fact that there was a change in the man. When Dale spoke his voice was different too.

He said steadily, "How-do, Pettibaw"

"You look busy," Pettibaw remarked.

Dale's eyes turned toward the lower field. "Well, I am kind of busy," he confessed.

"Things going all right?"

"Good enough."

Pettibaw cleared his throat and lighted a cigar and cleared his throat again. "Haven't changed your mind, have you?" he inquired. "Wouldn't want to sell the pines back to me?"

"Not so's you'd notice," Dale replied mildly.

"I'm about cleaned up, where my mill is now," Pettibaw explained. "Haven't bought anything else, and I'll be ready to make a move somewhere soon. Thought if I was going to have to come back here next fall, I might as well come now."

"You ain't got any claim on the pines," Dale reminded him. "The mortgage is just on the farm here."

Pettibaw grinned. "Well, if there was a forced sale of the farm that didn't satisfy the mortgage, guess I could get a judgment against the pines on your note."

"There ain't going to be any forced sale," Dale told him.

"I'm going to call on you for that payment when it's due," Pettibaw warned him. "Four hundred."

"Why, I figured you would," Dale assured him.

"I don't aim to crowd you," Pettibaw explained, "but it's business with me"

"Sure," Dale agreed. "You don't have to excuse yourself."

"If you're going to pay, that's all there is to it," the millman conceded.

"I figure on paying when due," Dale declared again.

Pettibaw's demeanor changed, became expansive and kindly. "Well, Dale, I'm glad to hear it. The farm's looking a lot better. I expect you'll thank me some day for waking you up. Making you stir around a bit."

"I can't complain," Dale replied.

"No reason why there shouldn't be friendly feelings between us, then, is there?"

"Not a reason."

The millman reached into his pocket. "Have a cigar?"

"Not any, thank you just the same."

"I've got to go along to town."

Dale turned toward his team. "And I've got a pile of work," he assented.

So Pettibaw wheeled his car and once more attacked the muddy ruts, departing toward Fraternity. Only as he disappeared did Dale's eyes turn for a moment after the other man. Then he went steadily on with the work at hand. But during the rest of the day he found himself wondering why Pettibaw had come. It seemed to him, the more he thought upon the incident, that Pettibaw regretted his bargain, would like to have the pines again. Dale was puzzled and full of conjectures.

It happened that he found the answer to his question at the store that evening. Andy Wattles had gone to town that day to haul out a truckload of matched boards with which Bissell intended to make some repairs upon the store, and he reported that the lumber market had taken an upward turn. Dale, listening, heard him quote prices and figures; he began to see the light even before Jim Saladine pointed the personal application.

Jim came to where Dale sat and said thoughtfully, "Guess that bunch of pine of yours is worth a good deal more than you paid for it, now, Dale."

Dale nodded. "Sounds that way," he agreed.

"Pettibaw'll be around trying to buy it back from you," Saladine suggested.

The other smiled faintly. "He was around today."

Saladine digested this; and then he chuckled. "Well, for all he's such a business man as he says, looks like you outgeneraled him some, don't it, Dale?"

Dale permitted himself a measure of triumph. "He acted like he felt that way about it," he agreed.

After a momentary silence Saladine said, "He won't like that. I guess there's a mean streak in Pettibaw. If I was you I'd be mighty sure I kep' up with my payments, Dale."

"I aim to," Dale replied.

"And kind of keep him in mind. I would, anyways."

Dale's nostrils tightened faintly. He found a certain exhilaration in the prospect of a conflict with Pettibaw.

VI

SUCCESS has a prestige all its own, and no one is any more ready to recognize foresight and an eye to the main chance than the thrifty New England farmer. When Dale put his farm to the hazard in order to save the pines, and this from a motive which was assumed to be purely sentimental, everyone thought him foolish and predicted that the fool would be paid according to his folly. The fact that, faced with the necessity of making a yearly payment on his mortgage, Dale redoubled and redoubled again the energy of his efforts to make the farm pay, served in their eyes to emphasize his folly rather than to excuse it. It was not likely to occur to any of them that Dale might be sufficiently rewarded, even if he lost his farm, by the discovery that there was a solid satisfaction in work. They were not likely to perceive any spiritual recompense in the situation. To their eyes the fact was simply this—that Dale had been comfortable enough, with a farm which supplied him with everything he needed and demanded very little in return; that he had exchanged this estate for one of toil and tribulation. He had exchanged security for insecurity, indolence for hard work, a pleasant ease for rigorous and continuous struggle.

"He ain't the same man," Will Belter protested. "Used to be Dale lived right comfortable and easy; and if you stopped in there he always had time to set and talk with you. But now he's working all the time; always a-doing something. I guess he's found out he bit off more'n he can chew"

Saladine and one or two others learned a new respect for Dale, applauded his efforts and approved them; but on the whole he had few defenders.

But the news that lumber had gone up, that the pines had risen in value, and that Dale had accordingly made a very good bargain indeed, effected a complete reversal of this public opinion and clothed Dale in a reputation for shrewdness which he was far from deserving, but which he was nevertheless forced to wear. Saladine, willing to accent this change of view, told two or three others that Pettibaw had already tried to buy back the pines. Will Belter spread the report; and Dale found himself within a day or two received with respect, his astuteness praised, his foresight now applauded as generously as his bargain had in the beginning been condemned.

As the days passed, the proportions of Dale's coup grew and grew. Gates, the East Harbor dealer in cordwood who came out to arrange for the purchase of Dale's cut of the winter before, made Dale an offer for the pines. What the figure was, neither Dale nor Gates told anyone; but Fraternity believed it was high enough to show Dale at least five hundred dollars' profit. A few thought Dale should have sold; the majority, as definitely convinced now of his wisdom as they had before been of his folly, wagged their heads and applauded his decision.

"Lumber's going a lot higher before it's any lower," they declared. "Don't you worry yourself about Dale Warner. He knows which way the cat'll jump."

Dale, at first confused by this new reputation, began after a little to accept it as his due. He was told so often that he was a good business man that he began to believe

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it; and this belief, which might have made another arrogant, served simply to give Dale an added confidence in himself, a confidence of which he was definitely in need. For with the summer beginning, and the date of his first payment to Pettibaw approaching with a fearful rapidity, Dale was not at all sure where he would find the money. He had been able to assume a bold front when Pettibaw asked him the direct question; he had pretended an assurance he was far from feeling. But the fact was that his accumulated fund was still definitely short of the fixed amount, and he saw no way to remedy the deficit. In the early summer he suffered a blow which increased his difficulties, for a cow which he had counted upon selling for close to a hundred dollars escaped from the pasture into his garden, partook too lavishly of green vegetables, and subsequently died after a long night in which Dale ministered to her with every means at his command. He wished to conceal the fact of her death from his neighbors, and disposed of the carcass in a remote corner of his pasture; but George Freeland happened past the house the next evening at milking time, stopped for a minute in the door of the tie-up, and remarked the absence of the beast.

Pettibaw got the news within a day or two, and came to see Dale again. There was a definite uneasiness in the millman's manner. He had exhausted the tract of timber on which he was then at work, had not yet bought more, found himself in a rising market with nothing to sell. The possibility of coming into possession of the pines once more was increasingly attractive to him.

He found Dale in the kitchen eating his midday meal, and came at once and brusquely to the point of his visit.

"Hear you lost one of your cows?" he asked.

Dale nodded. "Yes; yes, the old cow died."

"Figuring on selling her, wasn't you?" Pettibaw demanded.

"Selling old Lib?" Dale shook his head and grinned. "She weren't a bit of good. Wouldn't have fetched five dollars at a glue factory. No, I kind of hated to see her go; but I never had a notion of selling her."

"Will Belter tells me you was planning on it."

"Will'd tell anything, I guess," Dale reminded the other.

Pettibaw sat down, pressed his hat upon his knee and mustered affability. "Well, Dale," he said in a genial tone, "looks like you outdid me on that deal last summer. How'd you figure lumber'd be going up?"

Dale had found that telling the truth usually brought good results. He said mildly, "Why, I didn't buy the pines for a trade, Rad. I just kind of like to see them, down there by the pond."

Rad laughed. "Yeah, that's what you said then," he agreed. "You fooled me, all right. I thought you was crazy. Well, you was crazy like a fox. Yes, sir, you stand to make a good profit on them trees."

"I don't figure to sell them," Dale reminded him.

"I'd give you twenty-two fifty, right now, for them," Rad suggested.

"Gates offered me twenty-five," Dale replied; and Pettibaw winced in spite of himself.

"What more'n that do you want?" he demanded.

"I don't figure on selling," Dale repeated.

Pettibaw leaned forward confidentially. "See here, now, Dale. You know, and I know, that you'll have to scratch a lot of gravel to pay me four hundred, come September. Why don't you be sensible and git out now, when you've got a good chance? I'd go to twenty-six if I had to."

Dale said simply, "I ain't selling," and in the end Pettibaw had to accept this. He drew off at last with angry words, words very like a threat.

"You better see to't you're ready to pay up on the dot, then," he advised Dale. "Or I'll be down on you like a ton of brick, that's all."

After the millman was gone, Dale rinsed the dishes he had used and put them away. He found himself more and more definitely enjoying the position in which he found himself; and when from the farmyard he looked toward the pond and saw the dark tops of the great pines, it was with a curious sense of gratitude to them.

"I done a good job when I hitched up with you old boys," he told himself thoughtfully. "You've made it up to me, I'll say."

He had been for so long a negligible figure in the life of the town; the incident of the pines had made him conspicuous, made his opinion sought after, and given weight to his words. He felt himself full of loyalty to them, was quite certain that whatever happened they should never go.

Jane Thomaston took it upon herself that afternoon to try to convince him that he was again a fool. She walked out from the village and found him working in the garden and made him listen to her.

"I been talking to Pettibaw," she said.

"He's been talking to me," Dale assented.

"He says he offered you a six-hundred-dollar profit on them old trees and you wouldn't take it."

"I never did aim to sell them trees," Dale reminded her.

"Then, you're a bigger fool 'n I ever thought you were," she asserted. "I thought you was crazy to mortgage this farm to buy them; but I know you're crazy now. They ain't worth that, nor anywheres near. And land knows, you need the money."

"Ain't worth it, maybe, but Pettibaw thinks they are," he retorted.

"That's not your fault. Long as he's willing to pay you."

"I wouldn't want to get the best of him," he remarked mildly. "Him such a fine business man and all."

She looked at him quickly, then smiled with a certain harsh tenderness in her eyes.

"Land, Dale, looks to me you're jealous of him, all of a sudden."

"Him? Why'd I be jealous of him?"

"The way I've talked him up. Well, Rad Pettibaw is an able man, at that."

"I dunno why you're so anxious for me to get the best of him, then."

"Why, Dale, I've knowed you twenty years," she said, almost gently. "Guess you know I'd want you to do well. That's why I'm telling you you'd ought to sell."

"You're always wanting to tell me what to do," he replied quietly. "I sh'd think you'd begin to notice, after a while, that I mostly do the way I want to, spite of what you say."

"I guess you do, Dale," she confessed.

"If you wasn't so much inclined to think I didn't know a thing, I'd like you a lot better, Jane."

"It's just trying to take care of you."

"Blast it," he said vehemently, "the whole blamed town keeps trying to take care of me. I'm a grown man. I can take care of myself, looks to me."

"You'll never get a better price for them trees," she persisted.

"I don't aim to sell them trees," he told her again. "Can't you get that through your head? I don't ever aim to sell."

When by and by she went back toward town he found himself faintly regretful because he had spoken harshly to her. After all, he knew well enough that Jane thought only of his well-being. For years he had resented her attentions and feared them, because without acknowledging it even to himself he perceived that she was the stronger character. But he himself had grown in strength and spiritual stature during the months just past. It occurred to him now that today, almost for the first time, he had dominated their conversation; occurred to him, too, that he had seen gentleness in her eyes, and some faint and respectful deference. He found a surprising warm pleasure in the thought; this pleasure balanced the regret he had at first felt for his harshness. If Jane would just learn to give him credit for knowing what he was about —— It was astonishing how the fact that he had silenced her now endeared her to him.

He tramped to the village earlier than usual that evening, half intending to stop in and see Jane and make his peace with her. He vaguely perceived that there was a change in the relations between them; discovered in himself new springs of strength which enabled him to dominate her, instead of submitting in sullen silence to her dominance; and he wished to repeat the experience of the afternoon. But his intention was forgotten, since, when he came up from the bridge to the store, half a dozen men were sitting on the steps there.

They all looked toward him, and Will Belter said loudly, "Here he comes, now, Rad!"

Dale stopped, perceived Pettibaw with red and flustered countenance and angry eyes, and guessed that they had been baiting the millman. Pettibaw spoke to him in a peremptory tone.

(Continued on Page 88)

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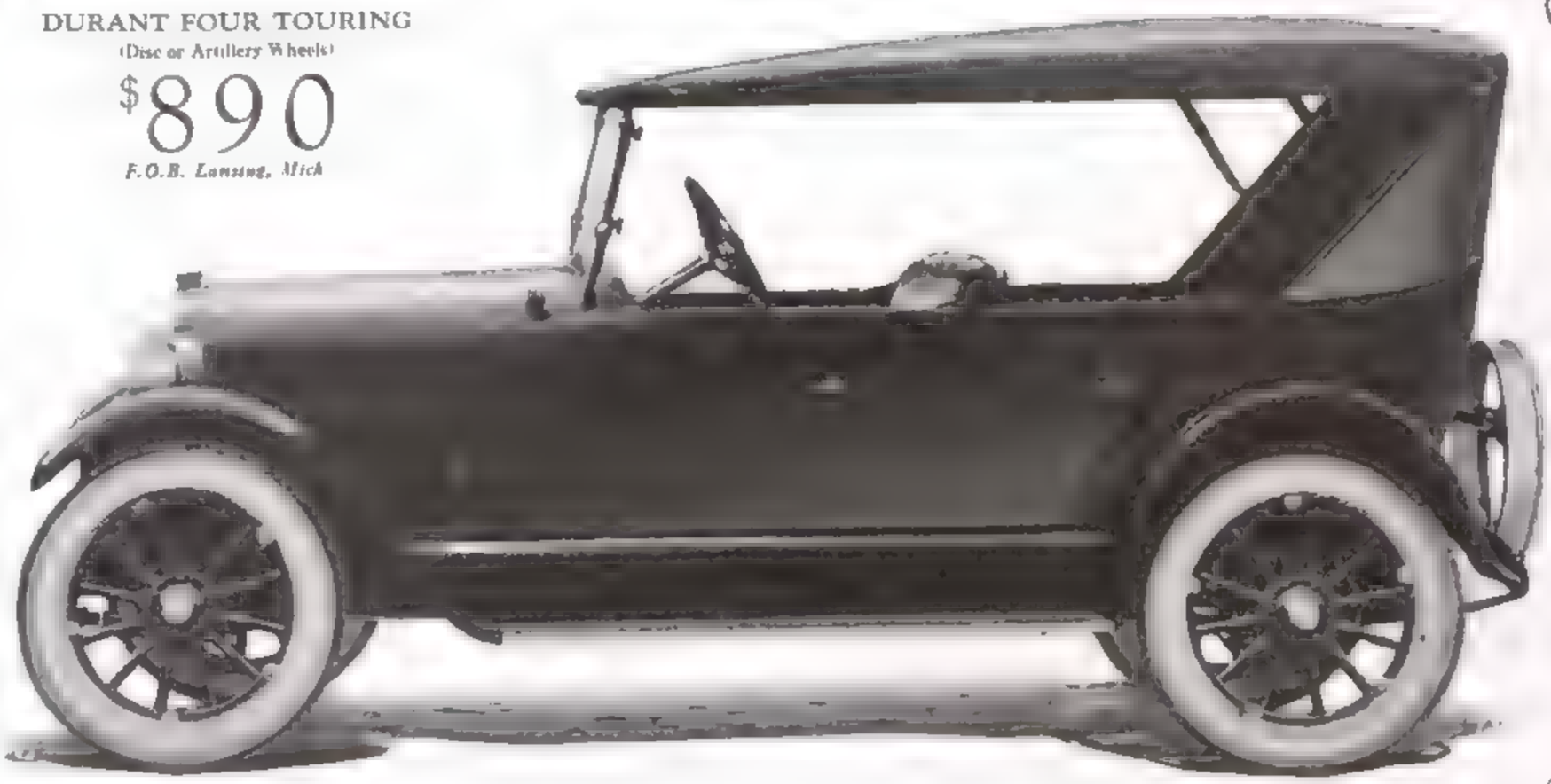

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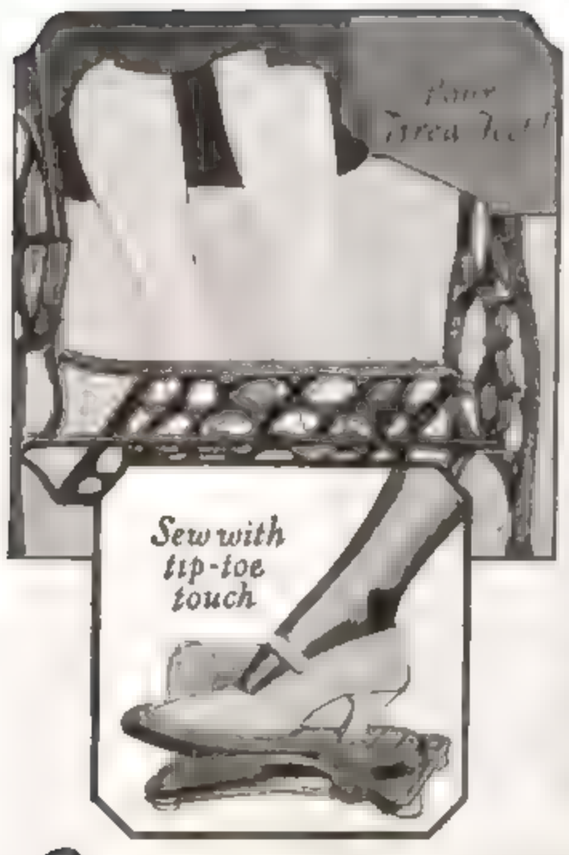

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(Continued from Page 86)

"Dale, come here a minute."

So Dale joined them; and Pettibaw came down two steps to meet him, stood with Dale's head on a level with his waist and dropped his hand on Dale's shoulder.

"These blamed fools here," said Pettibaw, "are trying to talk themselves into thinking you're a pretty shrewd man. Trying to make me believe you knew what you were doing last summer."

"Why," said Dale, "I usually aim to know what I'm doing." And Gay Hunt laughed and slapped his knee. Pettibaw was near choking; and Dale perceived that they had tormented the big man till he was raw with anger.

"Here's what I'm getting at," Rad insisted. "I'm saying that you had some fool notion you didn't want them pines cut, and you put a mortgage on your home farm to buy 'em. That's all there was to it, ain't that so?"

Dale looked from one of them to the other.

"Won't they take your word for it?" he asked innocently. He was full of secret elation, enjoying this moment.

"You bet your life they will!" Pettibaw declared. "Or I'll start something around here."

"Don't see why I should go to say anything, then," Dale told him.

"Point is," Pettibaw insisted, "you didn't have any notion lumber was going up. You know that, well's I do."

"I might have had some idee," Dale said cautiously; and not only Gay Hunt but also George Freeland laughed aloud, and even Jim Saladine chuckled.

Pettibaw, for a moment, seemed like to burst with his own thwarted anger. He would have gripped Dale's other shoulder; but Dale stepped back down to the ground, drawing Pettibaw off balance, and the big man had to release Dale to recover himself. From the level of the road he swung to face them all. Dale sat down beside Saladine and they watched Pettibaw, who chewed soundlessly, forming new words. In the end he managed to laugh.

"Well," he said, and waved his hands, "it don't matter anyhow, if you want to claim it was that way. Main thing is, you can't hold on to 'em. I'm going to cut them pines this fall, Dale, sure as you live."

"Dunno how you're going to manage it," Dale said equably.

"If you don't pay what you owe me, come September, I'll grab 'em; and if you do pay—why, then I'll make you sell 'em back to me anyway."

Dale's eyes narrowed, and the others were sober enough, listening quietly. "How'd you figure on doing all that?" he inquired.

Pettibaw laughed again, his tone changed. "Don't mean just that," he replied. "Only thing is, I can make you see sense. Any man's a fool to hold on to standing lumber and pay taxes on it and risk fires and everything, when he can get a fair price."

There was a momentary silence, and Dale took a match from his pocket and whittled it to a point; he spoke at last sidewise to Saladine, ignoring Pettibaw.

"I have heard tell," he remarked, "that there's been cases where this man wanted to buy a patch of timber, and couldn't, and it just happened to catch fire afterward."

Saladine made no comment. It was, after all, not his quarrel; if it seemed wise for him to act he would do so; but loose talk was abhorrent to him. Pettibaw flushed with burning anger again, and himself swung toward Dale.

"You saying I ever set a fire?" he demanded. Dale got swiftly to his feet and faced the other, quite steady and unconcerned.

"I guess you heard what I said," he told him, and met his eyes.

Pettibaw cried loudly, "By cripes, if you meant to say that, I'll take you all to pieces right here."

"And by cripes your own self, Pettibaw," Dale replied quietly, "here's what I will say: I aim to meet the payments on that mortgage, and I aim to keep the pines. They're not for sale nohow. But there's just this: If they should happen to catch fire, one of these days, I don't care how it starts or anything else, I'm figuring to take it out of your ugly hide."

There was a long moment when it seemed certain that Pettibaw would strike. He stood inches taller than Dale, and he was heavier in the shoulder and longer in the arm. If Dale had shown any weakness Pettibaw must have overwhelmed him. But Dale confronted him boldly; and after a space of time that seemed infinitely long, Pettibaw was the one to draw back.

He drew back and he laughed, and he said in a placating tone, "Guess you're mad, Dale. Sore about something. I don't take any account of what you say."

"You can do as you like about that," Dale told him.

Pettibaw laughed again. He gave ground again. And abruptly enough he turned and went around the store to where his car was standing, and got into it. They heard the engine roar; he appeared, driving down toward the bridge, and passed them without looking in their direction.

Dale sat down again, and Saladine said mildly, "Wouldn't have knowed it was you, Dale."

Dale was shaking with the reaction. "I'd do it too," he declared.

"I guess he believed you, all right," Saladine commented.

Whether or not Saladine was right it is impossible to say. As to the events of the next few days, only this much is known: On Wednesday Pettibaw came to town, sought Dale, and offered twenty-seven fifty for the pines. Dale refused. Pettibaw asked whether the mortgage payment would be ready and Dale assured him that it would. Pettibaw slumped into his car and drove rocketing away.

But he stayed in the boarding house in the village that night; and next morning, when Dale got up and looked out of the kitchen door toward the pines, he saw a wide cloud of smoke rising along their border nearest the road.

VII

THERE had been a change of weather during the night. When Dale went to bed, toward midnight, the stars were bright and what wind there was blew from the southwest; but sometime between then and morning the wind died and sprang up again from a new quarter, bringing over the hills from the east a damp and chilling breath and a threat of rain. The early sunrise was bright red; but a few minutes after the sun had risen it was obscured in cloud; and when Dale looked out of the kitchen door and saw the smoke rising along the border of the pines the day was clouded over and there was imminent promise of rain.

When Dale saw that the pines were afire he was for a moment paralyzed by shocked dismay, then shook with a convulsion of such anger as he had never known before. But on the heels of this his senses cleared, he perceived that the fire must be conquered, and in another moment he had turned to the telephone and was winding the bell. The telephones in Fraternity are on the Liberty Exchange, so that if your neighbor be not on your party line your call to him may go ten miles to Liberty and back again. But there were six or eight numbers on Dale's line; and he rang Joe Race and gave him the word and told Joe to spread the alarm and bring help as quickly as he could. "I'm going right down," he explained.

"It's going to rain," Joe reminded him. "That'll stop it."

"May not rain till noon," Dale cried. "Shut your talk and get things started, Joe!"

He snapped the receiver back into place and ran out into the yard, caught ax and rake and hoe from the shed, and went at a swift run along the road toward where the smoke clouded smolderingly upward.

The fire, when Dale got there, had no particular fury; it had slumbered through the night, spreading only a little; and now the damp air prevented its taking any strong hold. If the sun had shone the flames might already have been beyond control; but the change of weather, Dale saw at once, would make it possible to stop their spread. There was, about the spot where the wood road from the highway struck down toward the pond, a close-packed growth of young spruce ten or twelve years old, the little trees pressed closely together, smothering the weaker ones each year. In the edge of this growth the fire had started—or been set. A cigarette butt thrown carelessly aside by someone driving along the road the night before might conceivably have been responsible; any one of half a dozen plausible accidents might have waked the first flame. But Dale did not speculate; to his mind it was evident that the fire had been set here at the most favorable spot, where the young spruce trees offered ready fuel. He had expected as much; he attacked the problem of checking its spread with a vehement fury.

He had, within a space of twenty minutes, stout assistance. Race and Gay Hunt and Freeland and Andy Wattles and then Will Bissell came from the village; and after them other men from the farms beyond, as the alarm was spread. By the time they arrived a few sprinkles of rain had fallen. The fire had not yet reached any of the great pines; they would be able to hold it where it was; but so long as a spark remained alive the danger still existed. So they worked vigorously and with the skill born of some experience, clearing away a ring around the fire area, beating back the creeping, sleepy flames within, and watching the skies for the rain that promised momentarily to begin to fall.

Will Bissell came to Dale's side and said to him reassuringly, "We got it stopped all right, Dale."

"Fire ain't ever stopped till it's out," Dale retorted, relaxing his exertions not at all.

After the first moments of excitement, men had time to think; and it was Will Belter who remembered the warning Dale had given Rad Pettibaw, a few days before, by the steps of Bissell's store.

Will was working with Chet McAusland; and he said with a certain satisfaction, "Pettibaw was in town last night. Stayed in the village."

"I heard so," Chet agreed.

"Don't see him here," Will remarked. "You'd think he'd come too. If he don't, folks will start talking."

"I guess Dale's mad enough to tackle him," Chet remarked. "It wouldn't surprise me."

Will grinned. "That'd be kind of funny too. Rad's a mighty able man with his hands. I've seen him. And he's a pile bigger than Dale."

Chet made no further comment. The fire was by this time checked; its progress had stopped, its retreat was begun. Will Belter, never a glutton for work, when the need was no longer great drew back a little and assumed the rôle of a spectator. People were gathering, a few women among them.

He saw Jane Thomaston and approached her and asked her, "Rad here, is he?"

She said impatiently, "I ain't seen him." She had never any liking for Belter.

Will left her and wandered toward the village. He was full of an itching curiosity to see what would happen if Dale and Rad should meet. After he had gone a little ways this curiosity hurried his feet; and he came to Dale's house and went in and attacked the telephone and got Pettibaw on the wire.

"You coming up here?" he asked.

Pettibaw said sullenly, "I've got to go to East Harbor."

"Folks are kind of wondering," Belter told him. "After what Dale said to you the other night."

"What they wondering about?" Pettibaw demanded.

"You know, well as I do," Belter evaded.

There was a moment before Pettibaw spoke again; then he said morosely, "I might get out there before I start."

"Would, if I was you," Belter told him, and went back to the fire, but kept a vantage from which he could watch the road from town.

A few minutes later—the rain by this time increasing to a mild drizzle—some of the women who had gathered began to depart, and a few of the men.

Jim Saladine told Dale he might as well let the rain do the rest. "Safe enough now," he advised. "It'll be coming down hard in half an hour."

But Dale would not be satisfied with anything less than the complete extinction of the fire; he worked with as much vigor as in the beginning. He was still at it, with Saladine and two or three others of the more persistent ones, when Pettibaw's car came along the road and Pettibaw himself alighted where a group of men had gathered. The millman was received in silence.

He said heartily, "Well, got it out, haven't you?"

Belter answered him. "Yep. Rain'll take care of it, all right."

Dale appeared, skirting the edge of the burned area, and saw Pettibaw; but there was still a blaze among the young spruce, and he turned his attention that way. Pettibaw had watched him alertly; but when Dale turned aside the big man grinned with relief.

"How'd it start?" he asked the others.

No one spoke for a minute; then Belter said, "Looks like somebody'd set it."

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 88)

"Did a poor job," Pettibaw commented, "if they meant business."

"Might just have wanted to give Dale a scare," Belter suggested boldly.

Pettibaw grinned again, but no one else spoke. They watched from the roadside while Dale and Saladine and Chet McAusland and Bissell finished their task. By and by it began to rain in earnest, a drenching and persistent torrent; and save for half a dozen men who knew something of the potential drama in the situation, everyone departed toward the village. Pettibaw stayed, and Belter, and George Freeland and Gay Hunt. The four sheltered themselves under a hemlock across the road from the fire. To them came at length Dale and the others, satisfied that the last spark was dead. Dale was blackened with charcoal, streaked with rain, and a stub had torn his cheek so that it bled in little streams which had dried in the grime there. Thus disfigured he came toward where Pettibaw stood, his coat collar turned up, waiting under the hemlock; and the others watched silently to see what would come to pass.

Dale, discovering Pettibaw, walked directly toward him until the two men were no more than a pace apart; and Dale gripped Pettibaw's eyes with his for a moment, then asked harshly, "You remember what I said?"

Pettibaw grinned. "I told you," he reminded Dale, "that you was foolish to hold on to standing timber, when it might catch fire any day."

Dale moved convulsively, swung sidewise in an awkward fashion, and struck with both hands at Pettibaw's face. He landed a glancing blow, was knocked sprawling by the bigger man's swinging buffet; and this repulse seemed to set him on fire, for he came to his feet as though rebounding, and with the same movement swarmed all over Pettibaw, striking with wicked half-arm jolts, his head against Pettibaw's chest, refusing to be thrust away. The millman grunted as Dale's fists buried themselves in his middle. He backed away, pushing and striking awkwardly; he tried to imprison Dale in his arms, and was glad to give up the attempt; he got at last both hands on Dale's neck and thrust him back and shook him till Dale's head wagged loosely. Dale wrenched himself free; but his feet were weak beneath him and he staggered back and swayed where he stood. He threw himself at Pettibaw again and was met this time by a blow in the face which rocked his head on his shoulders and swept him backward.

He got to his feet more slowly, the strength shaken out of him; but his rage at the big man was as great as ever. Somebody's hoe leaned against a bowlder beside the wall, and Dale's eyes fell upon it. He caught it up and swung it sidewise, like a scythe, at Pettibaw's head. The millman threw up his hand to ward the blow and dodged backward, and his heel caught in a brier; he fell on his back in the ditch beside the road. Dale threw the hoe high and sought to bring it down, but a branch of the hemlock caught it and twisted it out of his hands; so, empty-handed, he leaped forward and, before Pettibaw could scramble to his feet, pinned the big man in the ditch. Pettibaw had been on hands and knees, trying to get up; Dale flung an arm around his neck and belabored him with the other fist. Pettibaw could not rise; he rolled on his back, trying to catch Dale under his shoulders; but Dale slid in the bigger man's grasp so that they came breast to breast and clung together so, and Dale's knees were busy, and his hands sought Pettibaw's throat, and once he got one arm free for a moment and drove blows in and downward so cunningly that Pettibaw squalled with pain like a maddened bull. He got one leg crooked under Dale, his foot in Dale's stomach, and with a great thrust flung the smaller man back, so that they both got to their feet and faced each other shakily. This time it was Pettibaw who attacked.

Dale had been moved in the beginning by a furious and unreasoning rage; he had fought blindly and without plan, intent only on damaging this man he hated. But as he fought, and tasted the solid satisfaction of landing a shrewd blow, his senses returned to him. Pettibaw was now the one insane with anger; he was mad with pain and as eager to destroy Dale as Dale had been to injure him. So now when Pettibaw bore down upon the smaller man, Dale waited his coming with a cool and steady eye; he stepped inside the other's reaching arms and landed two solid blows and was away again; he repeated the dose when Pettibaw attacked him again; and when a third time Pettibaw lumberingly charged, Dale bowed his head, lunged forward, and butted Pettibaw in the body with all his strength. The blow knocked all the wind out of the larger man so that he rocked on his heels and gasped and clucked and choked; and Dale swung right hand and left, battering at the other's bruised and swollen countenance. As much by chance as by design, he struck the line of Pettibaw's chin a little forward of the ear; and the big man's knees wavered and he fell sidewise. Dale was upon him as he fell; and Pettibaw got to his feet again, and fell again, drunk with the impact of Dale's blows, his faculties shaken, his muscles utterly out of control

Dale, utterly pitiless, would have pursued his advantage, but Jim Saladine touched his arm and said mildly, "Dale!"

Dale checked at the touch, and stood still, his chest heaving, licking his crushed lips, looking down at the man he had beaten. "I told him," he said thickly.

"You've give him all you promised," Saladine said mildly. "You ought to be satisfied."

Pettibaw dragged himself to a sitting position, propped against the bowlder by the road; and Dale strode toward him and said chokingly, "You'll leave my trees alone after this."

Pettibaw wagged his head with his hands. "I never touched 'em," he protested.

Dale cried, "You're a liar!" and would have struck again; but Pettibaw threw his hands in front of his face, and Saladine said mildly, "Don't you, Dale."

"He's lying!" Dale cried. "That fire was set. Never started by itself. I'll break him in two if he don't say so."

"You're crazy," Pettibaw protested, and looked to the others for support. But he saw no favor in their eyes.

"You don't dare t' say you didn't set them spruces going," Dale challenged, bending over him. "Le's hear you say it once."

He poised intently; and Pettibaw looked up at him, and all around; and he licked his lips, but he said no word

There came a diversion. A woman, half-running along the road, clutching at Dale's arms. "Dale!" she cried. "You! You're all blood, Dale! What you been doing?" She saw Pettibaw, and turned on him like a fury. "What you been doing to him?"

Saladine stepped between her and the beaten man. "Dale done most of the doing, Jane," he said gently.

Jane caught Dale's arm again. "Leave go of me," he commanded.

"You come let me wash your face," she pleaded.

He said sharply, "You mind your own affairs, Jane. I've got business to attend to. Go on away."

"I ain't going till you do," she protested.

"I guess you are," he said, and caught her eyes with his. "You turn you around and march. I'll see you by and by."

There was a moment when they stood thus face to face; and once and then again Jane's lips moved as though she would have spoken, and she put out her hand to touch Dale's arm. But in the end she forbore, her hands dropped to her sides; she moved back a step, and she said in a low voice, "Why, all right, Dale. But I'll be waiting for you, when you git ready to come."

"I'll come by and by," he said, not so sternly; and their eyes met again. Then she turned and went swiftly back along the road and disappeared. Dale and the others watched her go. Pettibaw got to his feet, buttoning his coat, wiping his face with his handkerchief. The impartial rain drenched them all. The millman's movements recalled Dale's attention, and he faced the other again, said crisply, "You owned up that you started this here fire."

"I never said such a thing," Pettibaw retorted, his courage returning.

Dale took a quick step toward him; but Saladine again intervened. "I guess we're all satisfied, Dale," he suggested.

"If he ain't satisfied I'll satisfy him," Dale said.

"I don't want to argue with you," Pettibaw replied. "You're out o' your head."

"Well then, I'll just tell you some things," Dale announced in a level tone. "I don't aim to jail you for this. Guess I could; and if you make me, I will. After I've knocked the stuffing out of you again. But I'm willing to let it go. I aim to pay off that mortgage, the way it's convenient to me, when I get ready. You'll get interest right along, and you'll get your money. But I wouldn't recommend you to press me any, Pettibaw."

Pettibaw tried to muster a hearty tone. "Why, I never meant to crowd you, Dale. Take your own time."

Dale nodded. "Guess we understand. Then you better get out of here. You better stay away from the village after this. Or I'm apt to go crazy again."

The millman grinned mirthlessly. "I guess I've got some friends here," he suggested, but no one spoke. Their silent attention was his sufficient answer. After a long interval he got into his car and started the engine and turned it laboriously in the narrow road and drove away toward town.

When he was gone Dale sat down on the bowlder. "I'm kind of tired," he confessed.

Saladine nodded. "You better come along home," he agreed. "These boys'll keep an eye on the fire till she stops smoking."

Their nods agreed to this; and Dale got to his feet and he and Saladine went slowly along the road. The two did not speak. Dale walked unsteadily, and Saladine watched him, ready to lend a hand if the other needed it. But as they approached Dale's farm the man's strength returned. He walked more steadily.

They found Jane in the kitchen. The stove fire was going, and water was heating in a kettle. She stood by the sink and faced them as they came in. Dale stopped just inside the door, Saladine at his shoulder; and for a little space Dale looked into Jane's eyes and she into his. Then Dale looked behind him and discovered that Saladine had disappeared.

He stepped forward slowly; and she pushed out a chair and he sat down. He looked up at her and smiled, twisting his swollen lips.

"I guess I'd like it if you'd fix me up now, Jane," he said.

"I've got hot water and linen and all," she assured him, beginning her ministrations. He submitted without further word while she attended to his hurts. By and by she asked softly, "Feel better?"

He nodded. He was curiously sleepy and comfortable. "I like it, coming home and finding you when I need you," he said in a low tone.

"I like being here, taking care of you," she confessed.

He felt himself weak and trembling. Her hands were busy about his face, and he put his cheek down against one of them and held it there, and she did not withdraw her hand. But after a while she said in a tone she strove to make jocular, "A great way for us to act. Like a couple of young ones."

He nodded and took her hand between his. "Time we acted sensible," he said warmly.

Their eyes met for a moment; and he saw the deepening happiness in hers. Then she released herself and said abruptly, "Now you go along and get into some dry clothes, while I cook something up for you."

He obeyed her readily enough; found himself now pleasantly contented to obey.

(THE END)

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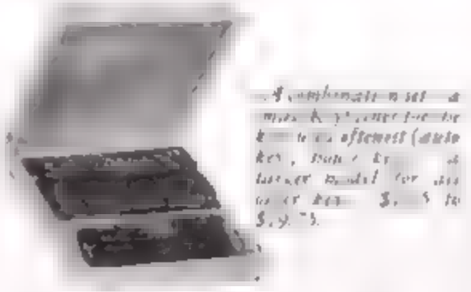

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POZZI OF PERUGIA

(Continued from Page 7)

the family talks. You were talking about Benvenuto Cellini. I knew it was all a bluff to get the old man interested. I never guessed you knew he was a goldsmith, or that you'd read more than the first ten pages of his life, until I heard you saying ——"

"What did I say?" asked Helen.

"—— till I heard you saying something about his work with gold and steel, how he turned his attention when he was first in Rome to making poniards like the Turks and steel rings with gold grotesques. You said you wished you could see that work. You liked the idea of steel and gold."

"I do," said Helen; "I wasn't trying to interest you then."

The images that words make give words a curious value. It was something like a revelation when he spoke of steel and gold, the surprising revelation when youth finds it possesses something in common with age.

"I know you weren't," said Uncle Jethro. "You were saying something you meant, the first time you ever told me anything you meant. Well, it set me to thinking. You saw something when you spoke of steel and gold, and I saw what you saw. That's what changed the world."

"I don't quite understand," said Helen.

It was always hard to tell what he meant, or whether he was in earnest or in jest.

"I thought it out afterwards," said Uncle Jethro. "It hasn't been long that I've had time to think. Steel and gold is a symbol. It meant something to you, and that's why you wanted to see it. Martin, is anything behind us?"

"No, sir," said Martin.

"Steel and gold," said Uncle Jethro, "steel and gold." His voice was not sharp and nasal any longer. "I've wanted to talk to you about it, because you'll understand what I mean, and maybe you're the only one who would. There's something the same about us both. You've got your grandfather's head and eyes, and he had a lot of steel in him when he was young. . . . Steel and gold. Steel's a new thing in the world. There's always been the gold, but steel's what pushed the world along. It's steel that's made the thing we're riding in, and the buildings. It's steel that's made the machine, and this is the age of the machine. Do you mind listening to an old man?"

"Why, Uncle Jethro," said Helen, "I never knew you thought of things like that!"

"It's what I think of," he said, "when I see steel and gold. Now I never thought much about art until I began buying, and then I understood that everything that's made by hand is an expression. If it's good the man who made it has tried to say something; and when it says something to me, I know it's good. But take steel; steel is hard and cold and ugly, but it's everything when once it's chased with gold. It's what's making the world go round. There was only gold when I was young, not steel enough to make bayonets. And now gold has made steel by the ton. Steel has become gold and gold is steel. It spans the rivers. It spans the earth. It's crossing the waters. It's like life, because it's part of life. It lives in the furnace. It ages and rusts and leaves the gold behind.

"Wait until you see the Pozzi chain, my dear. It's the whole story of gold and steel."

IV

THERE is an ageless attribute to thought and fancy. He was old and she was young, but neither was conscious then of the gap of age.

There was a moment's silence, and then Helen said, "Did you ask me to come here with you because you thought I'd understand?"

The old man beside her nodded.

"I suppose you'll think it's queer of me," he said almost diffidently; "but you'll learn sometime that nothing's more lonely than a pleasure you cannot share. I've been lonely all day because I've got something that gives me pleasure, and I won't feel so by myself if you like it too. You don't mind?"

"Can I see it now?" she asked.

"See it now, when there aren't lights to shine on it? See it when all that shows will be rust and age? The chain's old like me. The steel in it's going the way the steel in me is going. You've got to wait till things are right to see the rest. You've got to have light to see the fretwork that old Pozzi made."

Uncle Jethro was right. The light was no longer good. A dark gray cloud bank had come out of the Atlantic, cutting off the sun and hastening the twilight. Now and then to the right of the road there would be a glimpse of the sea, already dark the way water grows just before evening.

"Pozzi?"

Helen frowned slightly and her uncle nodded.

"Yes, Pozzi. They had peculiar names. Pozzi of Perugia. He was a goldsmith in the middle sixteenth century. He did his work in Venice at the time of Titian and Veronese."

"I've been to lectures on the Renaissance," said Helen, "but I never heard of him before."

Uncle Jethro seemed pleased rather than annoyed. His mustache wrinkled as he smiled and blinked his eyes.

"You're not the only one. Not even the collectors knew of Pozzi of Perugia until about six months ago. He was lost. He wasn't even a memory."

"Lost? But how—how could he be lost?"

There is a vague, half-recognized excitement, the heritage of the antiquarian alone. It is the lure that makes men waste their sight over musty books and ciphers, and their years in prying into dust heaps.

"Lost?" she repeated. "How could he be lost?"

"The way the memory of almost anyone is lost," said Uncle Jethro gravely. "It's all a part of the tragedy of life, or of death, if you want to call it that. Have you ever been in an auction room? There's nothing there but half-forgotten memories. You run across unknown painters who can only be attributed to the schools, but who were nearly as great as the masters. They're lost. They're lost as completely as Atlantis was lost."

Uncle Jethro paused and stroked his mustache.

"The experts," he continued, "are just beginning to realize that a goldsmith existed in the middle of the sixteenth century: an unknown, a forgotten goldsmith, who may not have been as versatile, but who in his own sphere was a good equal to Cellini himself. In his way he was an artist of artists. He was a poet, who wrote his poetry with a chisel, and yet he was swept away, hardly appreciated, hardly heard of. It's only by a freak that we ever found he lived at all

"Martin!"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Is there anything behind us?"

"No, sir," said Martin.

"But, Uncle Jethro," said Helen, "aren't you going to tell me any more? Who was Pozzi of Perugia? How did they find out about him?"

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro.

He seemed pleased—pathetically pleased that she was interested, and as he spoke the memory of Pozzi of Perugia walked again. Before either of them realized it Pozzi of Perugia had extended his deft hand from the land of shadows.

"You want to know?" said Uncle Jethro. "You really want to know? It's a queer sort of story. I like to look for queer things. I've looked for 'em all my life, but I've never run into any as queer as the stories that float around old gold. Well, let's begin at the beginning. The dealers are the men who make most of the discoveries today, and the dealers found out about Pozzi. Holtz and Frankenstein were the first ones; and then the Metropolitan got interested; and then a meat packer in Chicago, who hasn't got anything better to do; and then I got interested; and now it's in the papers. Everybody will be interested before long.

"Well, Frankenstein was in Venice last summer. Toward the end of spring he always goes to Italy. Well, last summer, in the back of a secondhand bookshop, he happened on a young man all out at the elbows, who was turning over some loose pages of manuscript. It turned out he was looking for letters—letters of the Andriati family. They were never a well-known family, though their name comes up in Italian history. Frankenstein began to talk, and finally asked to see what he was doing. He was writing a historical essay. He worked in a dark little room with the

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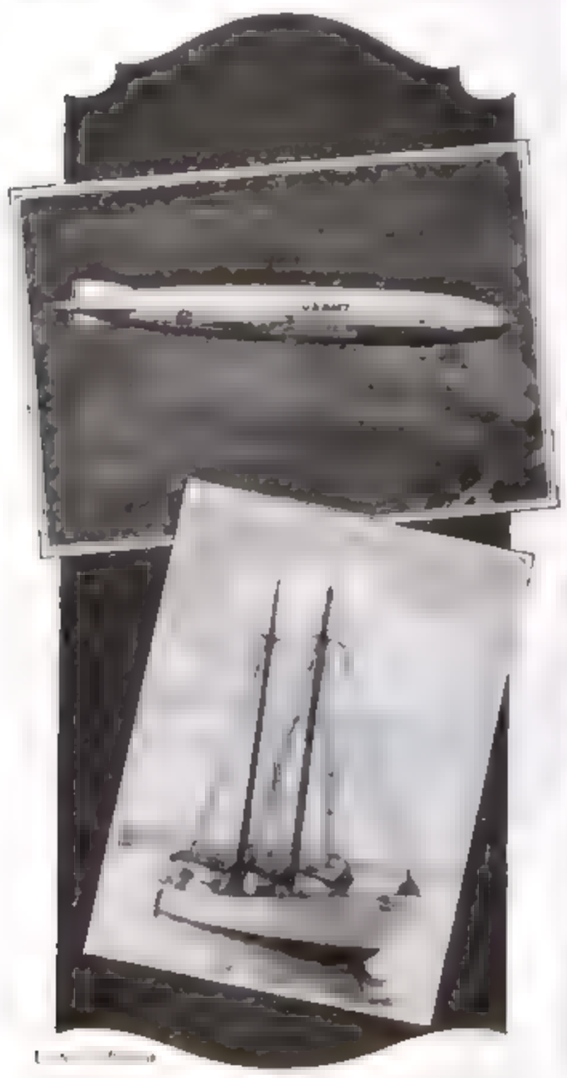

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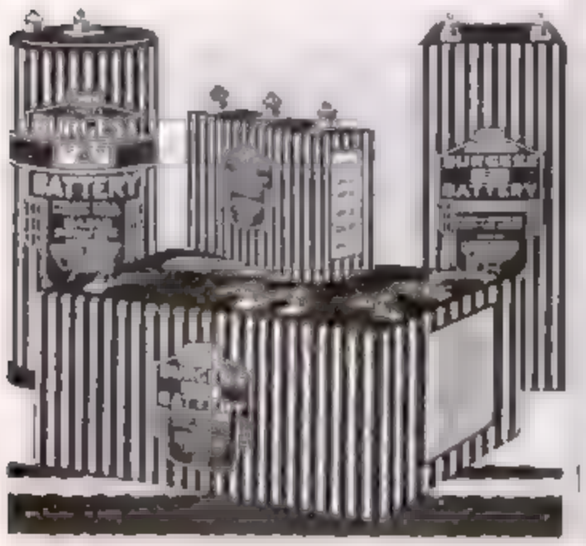


floor covered with manuscript and the bed covered with it. It was all old manuscript; and though Frankenstein knew nothing about manuscript, he was interested in anything old.

"Martin!"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Is there anything behind us?"

"I'm watching, sir," said Martin. "The road's all clear."

"Well," said Uncle Jethro, "to come back to what I was saying. Most of those papers weren't of much account, except one or two by Giulio Andriati. He was the rich man of the family back in 1500; a banker, probably a Shylock, as far as anyone knows. I wouldn't wonder if he took a pound of flesh from poor Pozzi of Perugia. If that young man hadn't picked up those letters there wouldn't have been a memory of Pozzi of Perugia. If he hadn't happened to mention an extract of a letter to Frankenstein, Pozzi would have gone for good. I've read the extract myself. It goes something like this."

Uncle Jethro leaned back and half closed his eyes.

"'By a series of fortuitous circumstances, dear Amelio'—no one knows who Amelio is—'I have contrived to gain over to my house and person a young man, one Pozzi di Perugia, whose name you may have heard of late, not mentioned favorably by the Council. He is a wild, licentious young man, much given to drink and peculation, and yet with all his vices, I, dear Amelio' I'm hanged if I know who Amelio is—'I, dear Amelio, who have some repute as a connoisseur of the arts, consider him one of the most ingenious and skilled workmen in precious metals who now lives, not in my estimate to be surpassed, even by men of such fame as Benvenuto of Florence, and at times a pleasing companion.

"'I have contrived, I say, to gain his exclusive services, and he is now at work in my house, from which he dares not stir, on many objects of great price.'

"That's the general way the letter ran. It ends with a list of these objects. I can't remember them all. Many were gold and silver, and some were gold work to be done on armor, on swords and daggers; and one of the last in the list was a chain of gold and steel, an ornamental chain, such as was worn about the neck. The chain is in that box right now, and that's all there is of poor Pozzi di Perugia, except a few lines several years later telling of his death."

"His death?" echoed Helen.

"He hung himself in his workshop in the Andriati Palace."

"But what I don't see is," said Helen, "how they found any of his work. How did they find the chain?"

"There was where the young man came in again," said Uncle Jethro. "When Frankenstein was interested he went to work for a small fee. He found out some more about the Andriati. At the time Napoleon entered Venice they were quite poor. He found a record of their melting a large amount of gold and plate, and then they left for Austria. He found out where, and went away from Venice, and came back with the Pozzi chain."

The sun was down. The inside of Jethro Courtney's limousine was gloomy and it was hard to see his face. He paused for a moment, a motionless shadow in the half light.

"That's how it happened," came his voice again; "out of coincidence—the way most things happen. There's no doubt about Pozzi now. There was a chain, exactly as Andriati described it. There are other things. They are combing Northern Italy for them. Agents are looking through the Tyrol. There is no doubting the Pozzi touch. It is new in the history of gold work. It's as individual as Titian's or Del Sarto's. Pozzi is a collector's rarity now. Half a dozen museums are looking for specimens of his work. When that chain went up for sale, a dozen people who should have known better bid their heads off over it."

"There wasn't any use in bidding," said Helen. "They should have known you'd get it."

Jethro Courtney laughed.

"Well, well," he said, "I can afford it, I guess. If old Simon Jeffries hadn't thought he could afford it, too, I could have got it for a third the price. That's the trouble with auctions. We sat there looking at each other, and going up and up, all for a steel chain, chased with gold, a rusted chain with veins of gilt. I don't know what possessed us, but I know when I look at the chain. It's what I said—the gold and the steel, or maybe the supply and demand. There's only one Pozzi chain in the world."

They were away from the towns and country houses, passing through a level sandy belt grown over with scrub pine. In the headlights of the car, she could see them lining the road and pushing their branches forward.

"I wish I could see it," said Helen.

"Wait," came her uncle's voice. "We'll be home in half an hour."

"But won't you tell me some more?" she asked. "What finally happened to—to——"

Who?"

"Oh, you know," said Helen—"to the young man who found out all about it. I think he's the most interesting part of all."

"That's what a lot of people think," said Uncle Jethro; "but ask him yourself if you want to. He's coming out tonight."

"He's coming here?"

Why was it her voice caught? She could not tell. It seemed to bring Pozzi of Perugia and the Pozzi chain and Venice and Mr. Frankenstein into a new and definite relationship. Why was it she felt it was not the end of a story, but the beginning?

"He asked himself," said Uncle Jethro. "He said he wanted to see the Pozzi chain again. Watch his eyes when he sees it. Pozzi means something to him, the way he does to me. I think he's sorry now the chain has gone."

"Beg pardon, sir!"

It was Martin's voice, loud enough to interrupt Uncle Jethro's discourse. It was like the voice of reality. Uncle Jethro stopped.

"Well," he asked, "what is it?"

"There's a car behind us, sir. It's been following for the last two miles. You can see its lights coming round the last turn."

"The devil there is!" said Uncle Jethro.

■

WHY was he peering down the road behind them? Was it something to do with the Pozzi chain? She could almost think he had stolen the chain, his voice had grown so sharp.

"Martin," he said, "put that box under the seat and tell Harry to step on the gas."

Could there have been a more curious end to the story of Pozzi of Perugia?

"Why, Uncle Jethro," cried Helen, "what's the matter?"

The limousine had lurched forward. The noise of the motor had reached a staccato beat

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro. "Now don't get excited. There's probably nothing the matter."

Helen found herself giving way to a burst of nervous laughter.

"Uncle Jethro, there's something you haven't told me about the chain!"

She wished she could see his face. As it was, she could only hear his voice, still mild, but markedly nasal.

"So there is," said Uncle Jethro; "something I didn't mean to mention exactly. Maybe you've noticed I haven't been exactly easy. Well, I haven't been since I bought the pesky thing."

"But why?"

"Because there's some fool who read the price in the papers and doesn't know it's made of steel."

The limousine, built for a more decorous pace, was lurching on its springs. Helen laughed again.

"By thunder!" snapped Uncle Jethro. "Maybe you won't be laughing so much in a minute!"

"But, Uncle Jethro, it's all your imagination!"

"Maybe," said Uncle Jethro grimly. "No doubt you think I'm an old fool, but it don't account for one thing."

"For what?"

"It may be my imagination that somebody's after it now, but it wasn't this morning. When I took the box out of the bank to take it home, no sooner did I get on the street than someone tried to snatch it from under my arm. Now my state of nerves don't account for that, and I'm too old to be taking any chances."

"But just because a motor's running behind us——"

"I know," said Uncle Jethro. "But what if it's running after us?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said Martin, "the other car's still there. In fact, it's gaining a trifle, sir."

"It is, is it?" said Uncle Jethro. "And what do you think they intend to do?"

"I think," said Martin, "they intend to catch us, sir."

Uncle Jethro did not appear alarmed.

"Well, well," he said, "they're going to catch a damned tough proposition. I told the reporters that's what comes of printing auction prices in the papers. There go her lights."

In spite of herself, Helen cried out. She had not believed anything would happen until the lights from a car behind them struck on her face. The inside of the limousine was quite bright. She could see Martin crouching beside the window.

"My dear," said Uncle Jethro, taking her arm as though he was going through an ordinary performance, "maybe you'd better sit on the floor for just a minute. Why, dear me, I haven't seen anything like this since I was a boy in Montana! Now, Martin ——"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Let go the side window. We don't want broken glass."

And Uncle Jethro picked up the speaking tube beside him.

"Harry," he called, "slow down. Let those folks go by, since they want to go so all-fired fast, and if anything happens ——."

Uncle Jethro ended in a suggestive silence. Helen began to be frightened. A moment before it had seemed like imagination, and now ——

"Confound it!" Uncle Jethro was saying. "Nobody can come over me like this!"

The brakes of the limousine had thrown them forward and she felt his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," he said. "This is what I've brought a footman for. Here she comes!"

Out of a confusion of thought she heard the throbbing of a motor. Suddenly outside everything was bright. Light was dancing through the pine branches and was casting shadows along the road. Then the noise was right upon them and the light was gone. A low runabout had sped past the limousine.

"They've gone, sir!" said Martin.

But almost as soon as he spoke he was contradicted. The limousine came to a full stop. The young footman, the superfluous manifestation of wealth, who had assisted them to get in, snatched open the door.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "the car that's passed us, sir, it's slowed down and stopped."

"They have, have they?" Her uncle's voice rang with an unexpected vigor. "Get to the side of the road. Get out, Martin."

"Oh," gasped Helen, "what are they going to do?"

"Do?" Her uncle was speaking very fast. "D'you ever read the papers? D'you know what a holdup is? They're going to try to get what's in the box, that's what they're going to do!"

Helen gave a faint cry.

"Don't be a fool now," snapped her uncle, stepping out on the running board. "They're going to have a tough time doing it. A lot of fools think I'm all gold nowadays. They'll see I've got some steel in me yet."

"You can't leave me here!" cried Helen.

"Oh, it'll be all right," said Uncle Jethro. "Sit still on the floor. Martin used to be an army sharpshooter, and Harry and James were in the war since Loos. . . . Martin!"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Where's that pesky car? It's too dark for me to see."

"It's ahead, sir, a bit beyond our lights."

"What are they doing, Martin—can you see?"

"Two men are getting out, sir," said Martin.

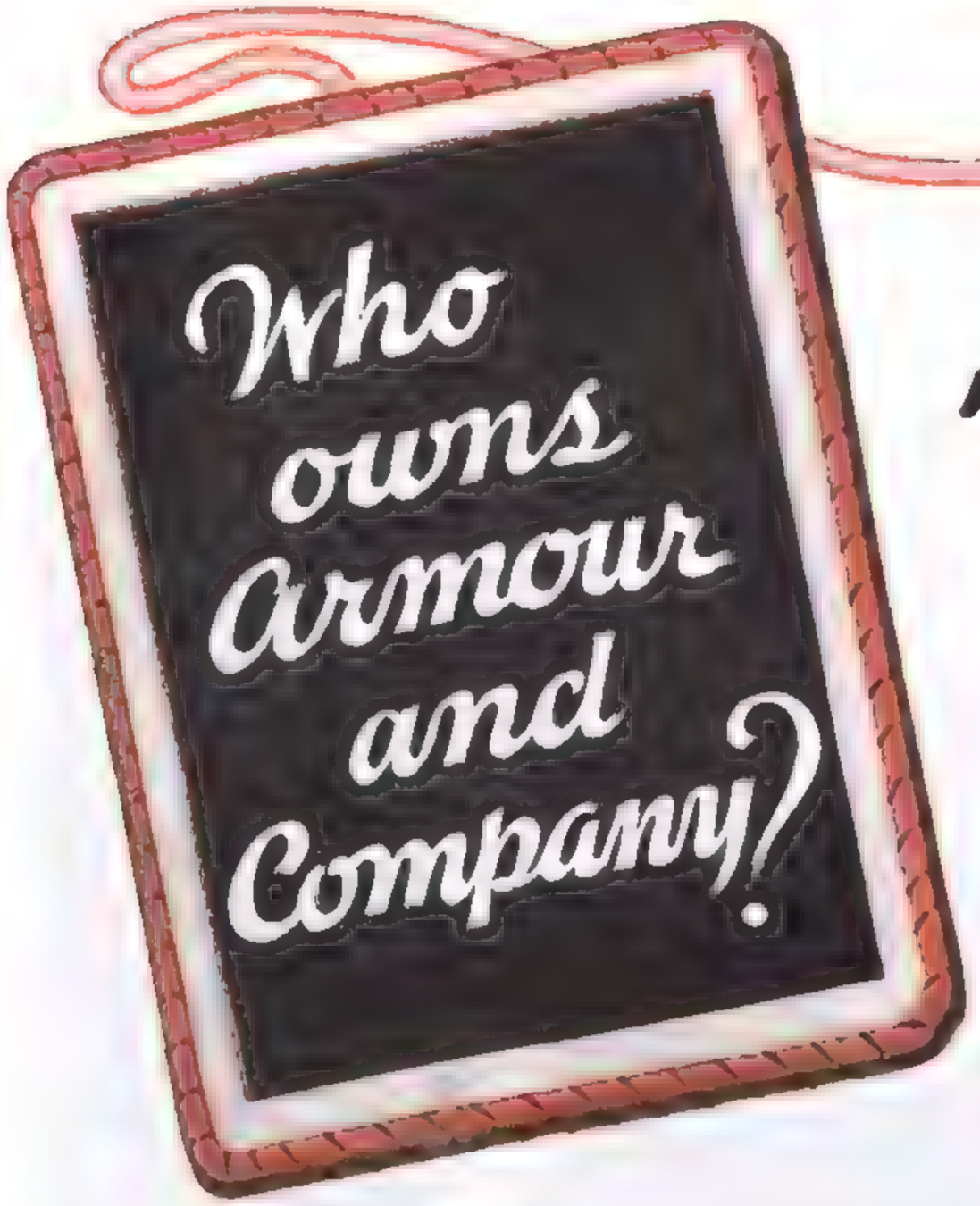
Helen had wondered sometimes what she would do if the current of life ran fast. Like everyone else, she had put herself in the situations dished up by fiction. Here it was, something that would stand out in black newspaper headlines. She had wondered what she would do, and she did nothing. The barriers were down. The great fractions of life were reduced to their lowest denominators and all she did was to peer helplessly out at the road. The road was black and quite deserted. The headlights of the limousine swept downward until they struck the tarred surface and were dissipated in the dark.

"Can you see them now, sir?"

It was Martin's voice, quite low, coming from some distance to the right. Uncle Jethro stepped off the running board.

"Uncle Jethro," she called softly, "where are you going?"

Continued on Page 99



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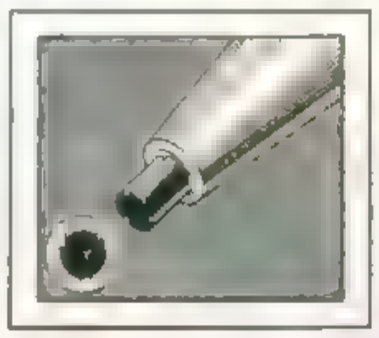

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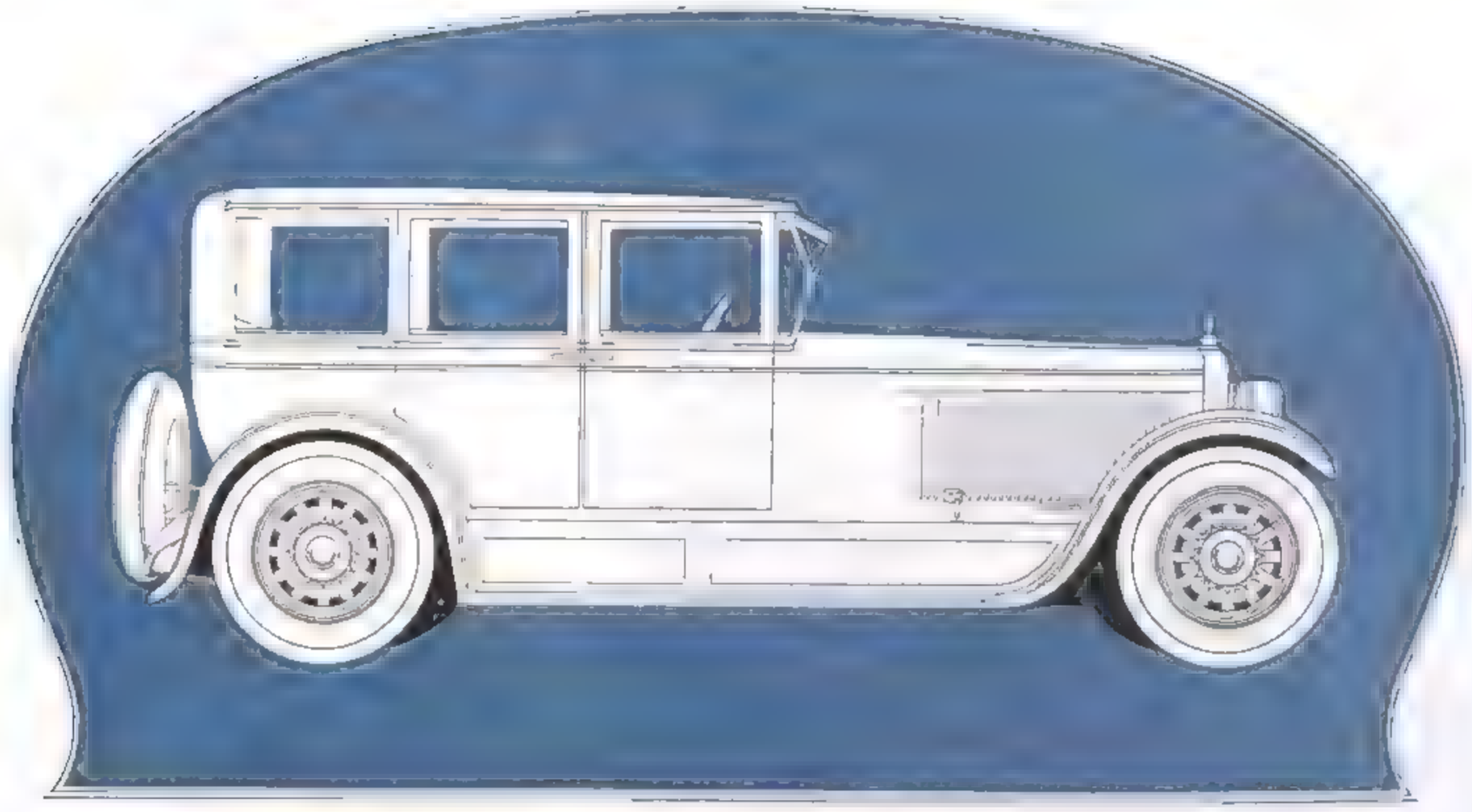

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JORDAN

(Continued from Page 94)

"Do you think I'm going to stand here like a lump on a log?" snapped Uncle Jethro. "You there!"

His speech had ended in a shout. In the old days he had ordered men about and his voice had not lost its carrying capacity.

"Be careful, sir," warned Martin. "I wouldn't stand in the light."

"Mind your business," snapped Uncle Jethro. "D'you think I'm frightened of a couple of crooks at my time of life? Well, I ain't, by jingo, or of ghosts either! You there! What the devil do you mean blocking up the road? What do you want? Who are you?"

There was no answer. The only sound was the even running of the motor. Helen stared down the road, along the line of light, but the light was dazzling. For all that she could see, her uncle might have been calling to the spirits of the air.

"Who are you?" shouted Uncle Jethro again.

And then she saw them—two men on the road ahead, with long overcoats whose collars were turned up to their chins, and with felt hats drawn over their eyes. And then she heard a laugh, a weirdly high but a strangely musical laugh. It was startling, for she had not expected to hear laughter. It echoed down the road. It lingered in her hearing like the last note of a song, before her uncle spoke again.

"We're not doing a vaudeville turn out here," he called. "Answer up! I asked you who you were."

Then a voice came back, and the voice was like the laughter.

"I'm Pozzi," it said, "of Perugia."

VI

IT WAS fancy, a sheer play of fancy, the illusion of dark and circumstance that made her start. Uncle Jethro himself seemed startled, for there was an appreciable interval before he answered.

"So you're Pozzi of Perugia, are you?" he replied. "Well, I don't care whether you're Pozzi or Cesare Borgia, and I've got three men here who don't know enough about Renaissance history to care if you're Lorenzo the Magnificent. Go back and get your car out of the middle of the road."

The two men in the overcoats stopped, quite suddenly, Helen thought. One was a step behind the other, and Helen distinctly saw him pull at the sleeve of the one in front. It was a brief but a significant gesture. She even thought the one behind whispered something, for the one in front half turned his head. And then she heard the laugh again, the same high musical laugh. It echoed down the road again, in a contagious, merry way, carelessly, like a pleasant answer to some question.

There was tragedy in the dark, tension and mystery in the unbroken silence. There had been a nameless sort of suspense, like the silence about the clouds, a knowledge that something was about to happen. It was startlingly disconcerting to have it dissolved in laughter. It was like an unexpected ridiculous touch in a melodrama. Try as she might, she could not get over the feeling that the laughter was not wholly spontaneous.

"Wait!" It was the man in front who was speaking. "Please, sir, don't you know me? I only wish to ask the way."

Uncle Jethro stooped and peered ahead.

"When you want to know the way," he inquired, "do you generally chase another car two miles and then block up the road?"

"But don't you know me, sir?"

The man in the overcoat was hastening forward, full into the headlights of the limousine. Then he swept off his hat. They all saw him quite plainly then. He was a young man with a nervous, expressive face. As soon as she saw him, it was plain to see that it was all a mistake. He was embarrassed, pathetically embarrassed. His voice had grown quite thick with embarrassment. Suddenly his speech had become awkward and slightly foreign.

"Don't you know me? Please, sir! I thought when I first called you would understand. I saw your car. I followed. I knew it would be you—but I forgot. How could you recognize me in the dark?"

"Good land!" Uncle Jethro was stroking his mustache. It was clear he did recognize the stranger then, for his voice relapsed to a quiet drawling tone. "If you wanted to know the way, why didn't you ask along the road?"

It was evidently an embarrassing question, for the stranger crumpled his hat in his fingers.

"But I was confused," he remonstrated. "There were so many roads. I was just stopping to ask when I saw you go by, sir. I thought I could follow you. I never dreamed you would go so fast."

And then he stopped. It was quite evident that some horrid and unexpected thought was crossing his mind. He seemed to wither under it, to droop like a flower in the sun.

"You couldn't think——" he stammered. "Sir, you don't suspect ——"

"If you had been me," said Uncle Jethro coldly, "what would you have thought? Of all the impudence ——"

The young man slapped his hand against his forehead.

"Dear sir," he cried, "can you ever forgive me? Ah, why can I never think? That I startled you—frightened you on a lonely road, all because I lost my way! I should rather have bitten off my tongue or burned my hand. To think that I—that I ——"

Contrition bowed his shoulders and made him droop his head. There was a singular appeal about him as he stood there quite alone, something the look of a child, Helen thought, thwarted in his gayety. In that moment he seemed delicate and inexpressibly sad.

She could not tell why he made her feel so sorry. She wanted to tell him it was all right. She wished his face would lighten and that he would laugh again.

"To think"—he choked—"to think that I ——"

Uncle Jethro himself was softened.

"Come, boy, come," he said. "It's not as bad as that."

"But"—the young man's voice was wrung with pain—"but my honor—how can I explain—to think you may suspect ——"

"Why, boy," said Uncle Jethro, "we don't any of us suspect you! You mustn't think that. Even if I didn't know you, I'd know you wouldn't want to steal an old iron chain.

"Martin, Harry, James—get back in the car again. The drinks are all on me, I guess. Helen ——" He turned toward the limousine, twisting his mustache and blinking in the light. "It's a false alarm, my dear. It ain't a bandit after all. It's Henrico Romano, the young man who discovered the Pozzi chain."

Henrico Romano gave a cry of agony. He dashed his hat to the ground and seemed about to follow it in an attitude of groveling supplication.

"A lady!" His eyes met hers. They were dark eyes, deep-set and wide apart. His glance lingered a moment. He seemed to find it hard to speak. "I am ashamed! How can you forgive me for behaving like this, for frightening you? I tremble all over with shame!"

He took her hand in his and bent over it, as only a Latin can do, in a humble, abject way. He said that he trembled, but clearly it was only a politeness of speech. Both his hands were firm and cool and very steady.

"Isn't it all silly?" she began. "I told Uncle Jethro it was all his imagination. Of course I wasn't frightened."

And then she stopped. He was still holding her hand, but was no longer looking at her. His glance had strayed down the road. It was a small thing to have him glance away. She would hardly have noticed if she had not been looking squarely at him. His face had grown as immobile as a carved face. He was still holding her hand. His fingers had tightened their grasp on hers.

"Why, what is it?" she found herself asking.

"It's another car," he said.

It was another car, coming from the direction of New York. They could hear its motor and they could see its lights.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jethro, "you better get that machine of yours out of the road."

For a student and antiquarian, the discoverer of Pozzi of Perugia was surprisingly decisive and quick. Long before Jethro Courtney had finished he had spun about on his heel.

"Amelio!" he called. "*Subito! Subito!*"

"Amelio?"

Uncle Jethro seemed struck by some coincidence, and the discoverer of Pozzi of Perugia made an eloquent deprecating gesture.

"Dear sir," he said, "no wonder you don't understand, when I am so poor. He was my orderly in the war. He followed me from Venice."

Uncle Jethro did not answer. He was staring down the road toward the other car. It was coming very fast, but now it was slackening its speed.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Uncle Jethro. "If it ain't going to stop too!"

It was stopping. A broad-shouldered young man was getting out, a young man in tweeds and a light brown overcoat.

"Hello!" he called. "Is anything the matter?"

"Why, it's Tom!" cried Helen. "Tom!"

"Tom who?" inquired Uncle Jethro stupidly.

"Tom Bacchus, of course!" cried Helen.

Tom Bacchus was approaching them with brisk swinging strides, with his overcoat swaying breezily.

"By jingo," he said, "you gave me a start, stopping here!"

He paused and glanced at the men around the car.

"Look here, isn't anything the matter?"

"Silly!" said Helen softly. "Of course nothing's the matter! Why should there be?"

Tom Bacchus drew a deep breath.

"Well, it's fine there isn't," he said. "There's just been a holdup near Pineville half an hour ago. Two men in a runabout stopped a limousine."

VII

JETHRO COURTNEY lived far out of the commuting zone. His house was on a rise of ground overlooking the ocean. It had been a bleak sheep pasture once, but now it was cut into lawns and terraces, filled and leveled and walled and covered well with loam. There were even trees, tall trees, carefully transplanted, and box hedges, dug from gardens in Philadelphia. Though the grounds had been planned only five years back, it was already hard to realize that they were not the result of a generation of gardening.

Two of the best architects available had grown confused and nervously exhausted designing Jethro's house. They had struggled hard to reconcile their client's ideas, and the result was a compromise—an Italian villa with two high round turrets cropping up at each end of the building and ending in sharp points. Besides these, there were several L's spreading out in an awkward manner, which resulted in an interior filled with long passages and twisting flights of stairs.

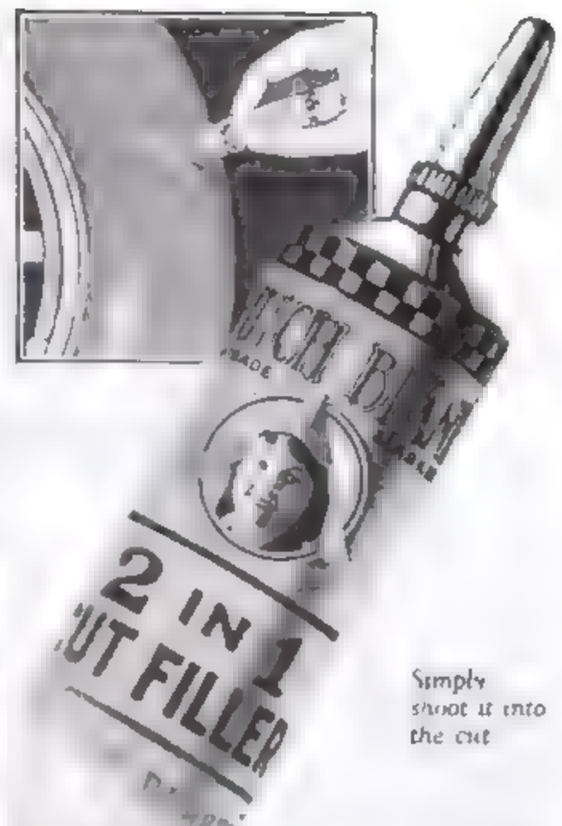
In some ways it was like a house of one's dreams; not the dreams conventionally depicted by the hopeful real-estate broker, but real dreams, disjointed and disproportionate. The dining room was wider at one end than at the other. The ceiling of the room that Jethro Courtney insisted on calling the sitting room was startlingly high, and the ceiling of the library was too low. The hall was a square sort of court, surrounded by pillars supporting a gallery on which opened the doors of the rooms on the second floor. At the end of the hall opposite the front door was a wide staircase which divided halfway up into two branches. When Jethro Courtney's house was finished the architects were frightened, almost awed at what they had accomplished; but Jethro Courtney liked the house. He said it was unusual, and there was no doubt that he was quite correct.

He had filled it with rare pieces of furniture, indiscriminately and generously. Great Flemish oak cabinets, Sicilian chests and Italian armchairs. Some of the walls were done with oak paneling; some were covered with tapestries. In all it made a strange effect, a conglomeration of a dozen periods, the efforts of four centuries of furnishing combined in misdirection. Everything inside his house old Jethro had bought himself. Everything in its way was rare, down to the match boxes and the ash trays.

He had too much furniture. The halls were filled with it. One unfamiliar with the passageways stumbled over it. Yet he continued buying more. He said it meant something to him; but what it meant, no one exactly knew. When he was alone he would walk about and stare at piece after piece. There was not one that did not mean an adventure, a tilt at bidding, a nimble battle at wits.

Out of that disorder of wood and iron, binding and tooled leather and weaving was born a certain definite effect. It was discouraging to levity. It was not an alteration of sense. It was rather a state of mind that was not entirely definable. Bright as the lights might be, and merry as the

(Continued on Page 101)



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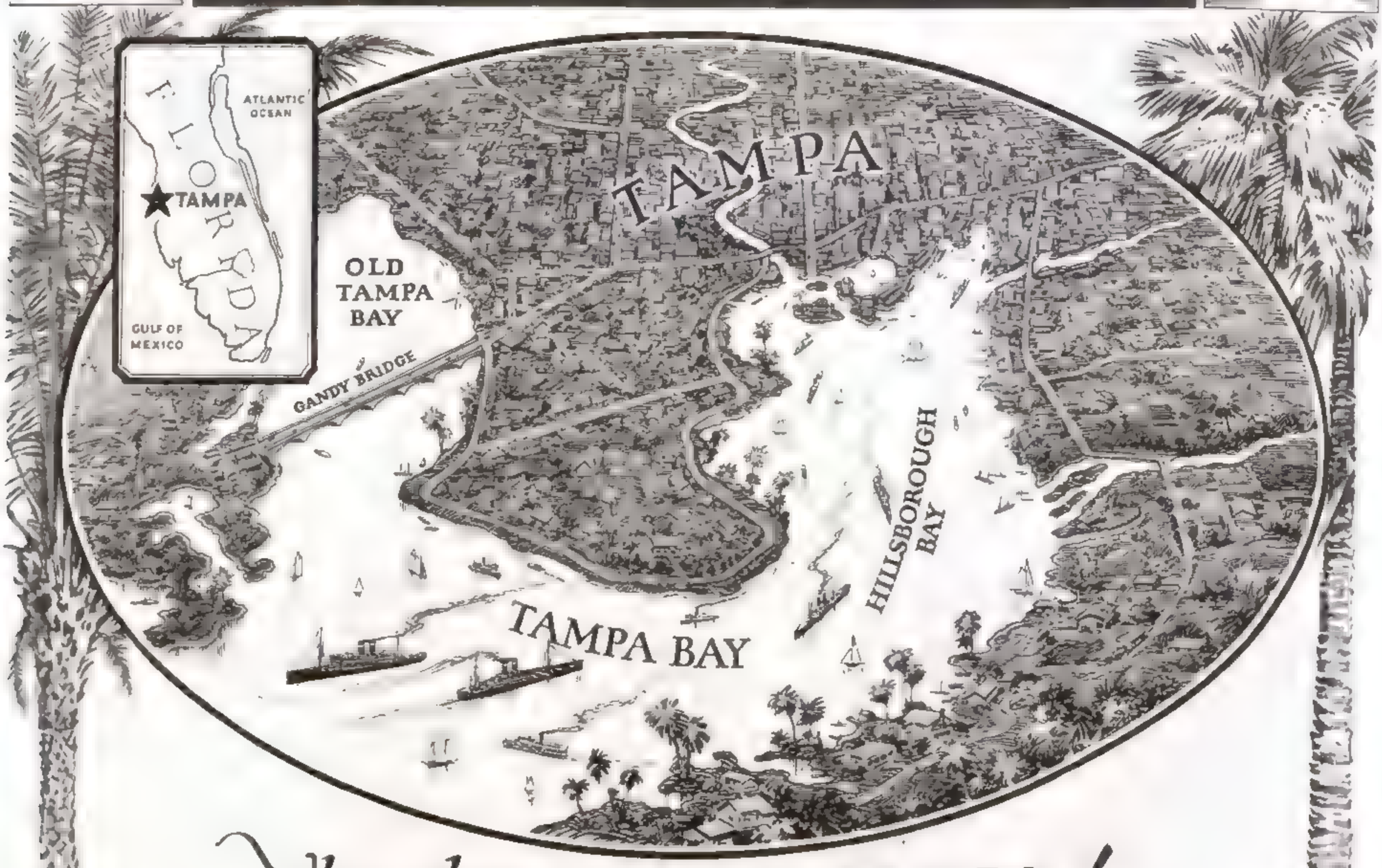

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(Continued from Page 99)

talk and generous as the supply of wine—old Jethro was always generous with the wine—there was always a sense of shadows, not physical but mental shadows, and a feeling, almost solemn, of the impermanence of life and wealth and vanity. Sometimes the house of Jethro Courtney seemed like the tent in the quatrains of Persia, and everything beneath its roof restless guests brought there by an old man's will, to be scattered when he had gone and to continue in a cycle of pilgrimages wherever wealth might bring them.

It was not a house of which visitors were fond, but no one who entered had ever left without a knowledge that old Jethro did things in style. As his limousine, followed by the two lighter cars, entered the driveway, the front door was opened, an electric light glowed in a great wrought-iron lantern above the stone steps and two housemen hurried down. Jethro Courtney got out stiffly, holding the japanned box, and helped Helen to step off the running board.

"Well, well, here we are," he said. "Leave your bags and cars, young gentlemen. We've got help enough to wrestle with them all."

At the top of the steps he waited for his other guests. It was a moment that host and guest know very well, the time, the infinitesimal beat of time, when hospitality pauses at the door, when even the most accomplished feel the light touch of constraint, and the dispenser and receiver of hospitality both are imbued with a wistful anxiety to please. Tom Bacchus came up the steps first and stood beside Helen. Henrico Romano followed him more slowly, but lightly, with hardly any noise, and Jethro Courtney nodded to them gravely.

"I'm glad you're here," he said. "I hope you all will have a happy time."

It was what he always said to every guest; and though his welcome had an awkwardness, there was a fixity in its form, a certain earnestness and gravity which made it pleasant to hear.

Tom Bacchus could never think quickly. He was never good at phrase making, and could only frame apt replies five minutes or so too late. Helen wished he would say something apt, or at least that he would laugh; but instead he only shuffled his feet. It was the other who spoke, gravely and respectfully.

"I feel sure," he said, "we shall all remember our visit most delightfully. . . . Amelio! Amelio will carry my bags."

He shrugged his shoulders as he finished, as though he was cold, and Helen felt cold also, and noticed for the first time that the air was damp and salt.

It was pleasantly warm when they were all in the hall and the door was closed behind them. They were still silent. Guests were always silent when they came into the hall. Its proportions were solemn; the carpet deadened each footstep; and the furnishings were grave and clerical, nothing but the heavy pillars and a double row of high-backed thronelike chairs that seemed waiting for someone of port and mien enough to use them.

They all stood in the center of the hall, and while a maid helped with her coat Helen looked curiously at the men. In the background, at a discreet distance, Martin and Harry were standing with the bags. A third man was with them, whom she knew was Amelio; a squat, muscular man, broad-shouldered and with disproportionately long arms. His face was very swarthy. His features, like his limbs, were thick and heavy; the features of a peasant, she thought, whose hands had been close to the soil. He was standing with a bag in each hand, looking straight ahead of him and scarcely noticing the weight he carried.

Near her uncle, Amelio's master was standing. It was the first time she had seen him in a fair light. He had handed his overcoat to one of the servants and was pulling off his gloves. It was the motion of his hands she noticed first. It interested her to see men handle gloves. She felt sometimes that it was an index of character and of care in bringing up. Some stripped them off with a flourish and slapped them on their palms with ostentatious pleasure. Others fumbled nervously and unfamiliarly with the fingers. He did neither the one nor the other. He pulled his gloves off carelessly, scarcely looking at his hands. Yet they were hands worth looking at—long, nervous and tapering.

She remembered he had spoken of the war. She wished she could see him in uniform. He had a grace and proportion that would have gone well in some gay color. Even the dark suit he wore, drab in itself, was distinctive from his wearing it. Now that he was standing in the light, there was surprisingly little about him that was foreign. His suit was of an English cut. His face was a northern face, tanned, but still fair, with a high forehead and a firm jaw, and a mouth whose lips kept twitching at the corners in a way that was never far from laughter. Only his eyes were dark. Their darkness made a contrast with the fairness of his skin.

He did not notice her. He was looking at the pillars of the hall and at the chairs with the tapestry behind them; and then Helen saw that her uncle was looking at him also as Martin helped him with his black cloak.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Martin. "There's only half an hour before dinner."

Helen looked away from them and saw Tom. He was standing by himself, looking at his feet and twisting his watch chain. After watching Romano's hands, there was something blunt about Tom's attitude. His clothes were unnaturally rumpled and awry. All at once it came over her that he looked almost ill. His face was drawn and there were hollows beneath his eyes.

"Tom," she whispered, "is anything the matter?"

"Helen"—his voice made her start: it was strained as his face was strained—"will you dress quick and come down? I've got to tell you something."

Something was the matter. There was no need of her to ask it. Helen knew Tom Bacchus better, she liked to think, than anyone else in the world. He was never good at concealing his emotions. Long ago she had learned to read everything that passed in his mind, and his very transparency was what she cared for most. It was refreshing to guess at everything he thought, and to feel that she was cleverer, far cleverer than he.

She was frightened at what she saw. He was looking at her blankly, so that he hardly seemed to see her.

"Tom"—her own voice was unsteady—"Tom, has it anything to do with you and me?"

What it was she saw in Tom no one could ever tell. It was already beginning to be talked about, and he was neither clever nor good-looking nor rich, and surely he was neither more clever than usual nor better-looking then.

He drew in his breath sharply, like someone about to take a jump.

"Yes, it's about you and me," he said.

He looked away from her almost guiltily and began twisting his watch chain again, and his face was quite pale. It was the first time that circumstances had ever directed a blow against her, the first time she had ever felt the play of life beyond her own control. Something was going to happen, something that would hurt her. She could not escape the belief that she had been waiting for it all the while, that it was a part of a chain of things that she had half perceived. Why should she think of the night just then, and of her uncle's voice? There was another voice. She heard it as she moved toward the stairs.

"Miss Courtney ——"

Henrico Romano was beside her and they were walking up the stairs. He said something and she answered him, but she never remembered what it was he said.

VIII

TOM BACCHUS was already in the hall when Helen came down. His hands were in the pockets of his dinner coat and he was pacing up and down by the front door, biting his lower lip. It was unlike him to be restless, for his body was large and muscular and made for slow motion. There was pain and repression in the way he moved, which reminded her of something caged and anxious.

"Tom," she said, "do I look all right? I didn't stop to see."

His expression did not change. He only looked at her vaguely.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he said.

"But"—Helen's eyes grew wide—"don't you care?"

He snatched at both her hands.

"Care?" he demanded savagely. "Don't you know without asking me? I care enough for you to ——"

"Tom!" she whispered. "Someone may see us!"

Tom dropped her hands and looked hastily around. There was no one in the hall, and not a sound, except voices in the dining room, where the servants were laying the table. He puckered up his forehead.

"Look here, I do sort of feel someone's looking at me. Isn't there some place we can be alone for a minute?"

"There's the writing room off the library," she said. "It's as quiet as a tomb."

"Let's go to the writing room," said Tom. "A tomb's the place for me."

They went through the drawing-room, lighted and still with the expectant silence of a house before the dinner guests arrive, and down a passage to the library. The library was a long room, and the writing room, the barest room in the house, was at its further end. The library table, covered with a disarray of books and maps, was lighted by a single lamp, which showed the walls lined almost to the ceiling with Jethro Courtney's first editions and prints, and the leather armchairs beside the shelves. As they walked through it they were aware of the musty smell of leather bindings and the aroma of cigar smoke, which always persisted no matter how often the library was aired.

The writing room was smaller, with the windows high up from the floor. It was paneled with oak stripped from the walls of an English country house. Indeed, it was a complete room taken bodily from England, even to the furniture. A high Jacobean dresser was at one end, massive and obtruding, and in the center was an oak table, riddled with wormholes, and half a dozen carved oak armchairs. The floor itself was of hand-hewn oak.

A room for an antiquarian, but not a cheerful room.

Tom Bacchus looked unhappily about. Like the library, the writing room was dim. A single lamp was burning on the table, but the walls absorbed the light. Helen closed the door.

"Tom," she said, "no one can see us now." He did not move. He did not answer. "Tom!" cried Helen. "Aren't you — What is the matter?"

"I'm cleaned out," he said shortly. "I'm busted as high as a kite."

"Cleaned out? Tom, have you been gambling again?"

"That's what." He tried to speak coolly, as tradition demanded, but he made a miserable failure. "I bet every cent of my money. I chucked it all in. What else could I do? I couldn't ask you to marry me if I couldn't support you. I bought a string of stocks on margin, and as soon as I bought the whole list dropped. It's just what always happens. I couldn't afford to let 'em go. I scraped up all the rest of my money and backed them with more margin, and my brokers called me up this noon. If I don't put up again they'll sell me out at ten on Monday morning, and I can't. I'm busted."

There he stood, like the thousands before him, with the look common to all those thousands who have tied themselves to the chariot wheels of chance.

"Why, you silly!" cried Helen. "Do you think I'm so fragile as to mind a little thing like that? I think it was splendid of you even to try."

"Oh, Lord," groaned Tom, "don't you see the point? I've got some sense of decency or whatever you call it. I can't marry you when I'm stony broke and can't even pretend to support you."

"Is that all?" For a moment she was near to laughing out of sheer relief, but when she looked at him she did not laugh. He was far too wretched to laugh at as he sat staring at the floor. "Why, you silly dear," she continued, "there's money enough for you and me. I've always said —— Mother will understand. She'll have to, once ——"

Tom Bacchus was on his feet.

"No," he said, "if I can't go and ask for you like a man, I won't go. I'd rather steal."

"Tom!" cried Helen. He was standing very straight.

"Would you have any use for me," he asked, "if I did a thing like that?"

She did not know. She only knew that her heart was beating faster.

"Of course I would," she said.

"You wouldn't," replied Tom. "You'd hate me all the rest of your life. It might be different if I had something else to offer, like talent or social position, but not the way things are fixed."

There was a silence, a long silence.

"I never knew," she said at last, "you thought of things that way."

"Well," said Tom Bacchus sadly, "once in a while I have a streak of common sense.

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You see now, don't you? I'm glad you see."

She could see. It was like a wall between them, a curious structure of pride and convention.

"Tom," she said, "won't anyone lend you the money?"

"Why should they?" he replied, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Aren't you going to try to do anything?" she demanded fiercely. "Are you just going to sit still?"

"There isn't anything to do," he answered.

"Tom"—her whole face was alight with inspiration—"you've got to ask Uncle Jethro. He'll understand. He's made all his money on the stock market."

"Touch him for fifteen thousand when he's asked me for over Sunday?"

Tom looked at her wide-eyed.

"All right," said Helen, "if you won't ask him I'll ask him myself. It won't mean anything to him at all. I know he'll let you have it if I ask him."

And she turned to open the door.

"Look here!" gasped Tom. "You aren't going to ——"

"I will if you won't," she answered.

"Wait!" cried Tom. "Don't do that! I ll—I'll ask him."

"There!" began Helen triumphantly, but she never finished. There was a knock on the door of the writing room. She looked at him and smiled.

"Don't be such a goose!" she whispered, and opened the door. It was Martin.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, "I was looking for the other gentleman. There is a distance call for him from New York. He isn't in his room, and I ——"

"You mean me?" inquired Tom, turning pale.

"No, sir," said Martin, "the other gentleman—Mr. Romano."

"Why, there he is," said Helen, "in the library behind you."

With the look of a man about to sneeze, Martin turned hastily around. Sure enough, directly behind him was Mr. Romano in his evening clothes.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Martin, "but you couldn't have been here when I came through."

Mr. Romano smiled.

"Perhaps not," he said. "The conscious mind is all a matter of metaphysics, but it seemed to me I was here, sitting in a chair in the shadows. The telephone, you say? May I use the one here on the table?"

Martin closed the writing-room door and both Tom and Helen looked puzzled.

"Who the deuce is that bird?" muttered Tom. "I hope he didn't hear us."

"Not with the door shut, silly," said Helen, taking his hand. "Listen! You can't hear a word he's "

She paused. Both of them could hear very plainly every word in the next room. They both stood still. Now that they were there, they were both obliged to listen. It was hard to realize it was the same voice that had answered Martin in the doorway.

IX

"WHO is it?" Romano's voice was very clear, but vibrant and out of tune. "Ah, never mind telling me. I know your voice—a cheat's voice—a pig's voice. . . . Aha! Don't snort so loud. I can hear you, Mr. Frankenstein!"

There was a pause, a long pause, and then a laugh, but the laugh also was slightly out of tune.

"No, I will not come back. . . . No, I will not think better of it. . . . I told you they only cheat Romano once. . . . No, I will not believe you. . . . Don't be grotesque. . . . Don't make me laugh, you fool. . . . You tell me that, when I have lived all my life with thieves? Ah, why didn't you think of it first then? So you will keep on lying. . . . No, the goose will not come back to lay another golden egg."

His voice was growing louder. His words were tumbling over one another, hot as a sirocco storm. Helen Courtney held her breath. She could not have stopped listening then. There was not a word to guide her, and yet she knew it was a part of what was all around her. They were speaking of the thing that lay hidden in the japanned box, a marvelous thing, a potent force. It was the Pozzi chain. The Pozzi chain was still holding Mr. Frankenstein and the young man who found it. They were still struggling with its links. Even a sound-proof door would not have been enough to deaden Romano's voice.

"No, I will not come back," he was shouting. "Bah! I would spit on you. . . . No, I will not, you thief, you mealy liar. . . . No! No! You will see what I shall do. . . . No, I will not think. . . . No, you pain my ear. . . . Fifteen thousand dollars—what does that mean to me? Art? What do you know of art? You are filth beneath my feet. . . . You cannot frighten me. . . . It is Romano who is speaking. . . . Ah, then wait and see. . . . Good evening, Mr. Frankenstein."

There was a silence. The conversation had ended, and yet for a moment they could not keep their eyes from the door. She had never heard a voice like that. There was a cadence in it, rising, rising, until it was lost in silence.

Though Tom Bacchus could not understand, he must have felt what neither of them could see.

"What is it?" he whispered. "What the deuce can be the matter?"

"Listen!" Helen whispered.

There was a footstep close to the door, and the door was opening; and then, before she thought what she was doing, she had seized Tom by the arm. But there was no reason to be afraid.

It was Romano, but his face was as serene as summer. He was smiling in a most engaging way and was looking from one to the other.

"Do I interrupt?" he said. "Excuse me. I am sorry."

There was an embarrassing silence. Romano bowed and began to back away.

"Oh, please don't go," said Helen quickly. "We're the ones to be sorry. We didn't mean to listen."

"You heard?" Romano raised his eyebrows.

"We couldn't help it," she said.

"That's it," echoed Tom. "Here we were. We couldn't help it."

Then, all of a sudden, in the second that followed, they found that Romano was a most pleasant person, for he looked straight at them and laughed.

"My dear fellow," he said, "don't take it so hard. After all, it was just a little business conversation."

He paused, looked at them questioningly and laughed again.

"Ha-ha! I see! You do not understand—of course. Where I come from, we all are volatile. We shout at one another without meaning what we say. We are all words and shouts and tears. It is our weakness. It is the sun, the hot sun where we live. It gets in the blood and makes the blood run hot. All talk just like children. Ha-ha! But shall we talk of something else?"

He was so engagingly frank about it that one could not help feeling light, irresponsible and free.

There was an answer to everything in his smile and in the shrug of his shoulders. For a moment even Tom seemed carried out of himself.

"I know what you mean," he said. "I wish I could talk business like that and get away with it."

"Oh," said Helen, "let's not talk business. Why does everything come down to money?"

Romano clapped his hands. There was a buoyancy in him, an irrepressible buoyance that carried them all along.

"Bah!" said Romano cheerfully. "It is all a habit. It is because we live in an age of gold, because we try to turn everything into a weak metal that is soft like lead, that you can bite and mark with the teeth, that you can beat to nothing like a cowardly dog that has not got the strength to snap. Bah! I had rather have steel."

He was like a half-formed thought, swaying the mind, yet not to be understood. He was looking at Tom. She wished he would not look at Tom so hard.

"Money!" he was saying. "Listen! There is a proverb they have in the mountains of Calabria. A very bad man told it to me once." He made a deprecating, apologetic gesture. "Bad men are often philosophers. They live by the old-fashioned values. 'When you want gold,' he told me, 'turn to steel.'" Romano kept looking at Tom, thoughtfully, but not unkindly. "There is too much gold now. They forget the steel."

He waved his arm toward the furniture in the writing room.

"Look at those chairs and that table. They have changed to gold today. Everyone is nearly priceless now, but once they were made to use. Now we think of them in terms of money, because they are rare. They are not beautiful, but they are rare. Does anyone care for beauty now—beauty without money? Bah! All they want is rarity. Any ugly antique is beautiful because the worms have eaten it."

He seemed to have forgotten they were listening. Some thought of his own had brought a flush to his cheeks.

"What chance has an artist now when the patrons are raking in the dust heaps, when they are blind to everything but rarity and price? 'It is pretty,' they say, 'but it is not old. It is not rare. It has no value.' I tell you if Cellini were alive they would laugh him out of town or make him sell his soul—and then they wonder why there is no art. They would rather buy machine-stamped silver unless they can get it old. Where is there recognition? Where is there interest?"

He paused to catch his breath.

"Why, Mr. Romano," cried Helen, "I thought you made your living from antiques!"

"Excuse me." Romano had changed again. He was as calm and pleasant as a day in May. "I have spent my life with rare things, dear lady, but sometimes the things we are most fond of grow heavy. I love to think of when the antiques were new and treated at their real value, of when artists were appreciated. When Cellini came to Rome ——"

He waved his arm and ended in a gesture, an exaggerated bombastic gesture. It would have seemed ludicrous at another time, but it was all a part of what he said. It was a stroke that made his words alive. Helen Courtney, and even Tom Bacchus, caught his mood.

"And when Pozzi of Perugia came to Venice?" she said.

Romano dropped his arm.

"Ah," he said, "you have heard of my little contribution, my poor little claim to notoriety. Yes, let us not forget poor Pozzi of Perugia. Look!"

He pointed across the room. Against the wall was the tall oak dresser. He looked intently at its blank paneled front.

"That *armoire*," he said, "was in the cabinetmaker's when Pozzi was pounding out his gold. I—no I have never seen one just like it, except once at Christie's. I wonder, is it the same one?"

He was beside it, running his hands softly over the front. While they watched him he stood on tiptoe and touched the top gently with the tips of his fingers.

"Yes, it's the one. The man who made it used sharp tools."

Tom Bacchus walked to the dresser also. In spite of himself, he was interested.

"It certainly is solid," said Tom; "I couldn't smash one of those doors if I tried."

"Yes," said Romano, "it is the one." He stood on his toes again. "There is a drawer up there."

"Where?" asked Tom.

"It's hard to see," said Romano, "unless you know. It seems solid, but look. If you take the sides ——"

Romano, however, did not have occasion to demonstrate. He was interrupted by Martin, who had appeared again in the doorway.

"Beg pardon," said Martin, "are you looking for anything, sir?"

Still standing on tiptoe, with his hands on the top of the dresser, Romano turned his head and looked at Martin curiously.

"No; why?" he said.

"Beg pardon," said Martin, "but seeing you, I thought you might have mislaid something."

"Ha-ha!" Martin's answer appeared to add to Romano's high spirits. "It would be hard to mislay anything with a man like you around."

"Thank you—yes, sir," said Martin.

"And was that all you came for?"

"Dinner is announced," said Martin.

They could hear voices from the drawing-room. Helen went first, then Tom, and then Romano.

Martin, however, did not follow. He stayed in the writing room, staring at Romano's back.

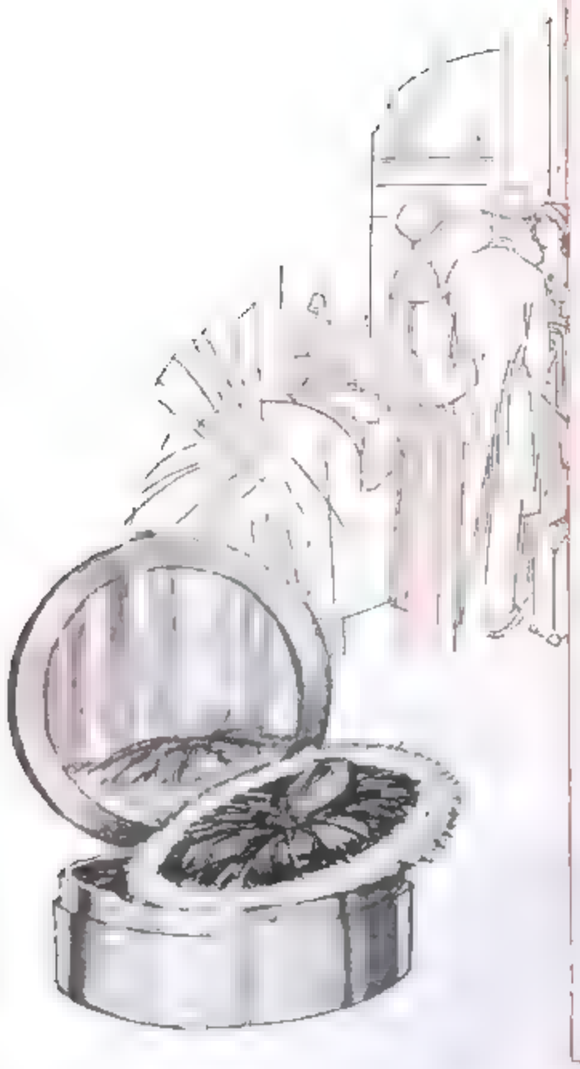
"Now remember, Tom," said Helen, "if you don't ask Uncle Jethro right after dinner, then I will."

"I'd do anything you want me to," said Tom. "You must know that by now, but I wish I didn't feel all mixed up."

"Mixed up?" repeated Helen.

"I mean there's something going on," explained Tom, "that I don't know about. I sort of feel it. You know what I mean."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Why is the woman in red so greatly admired? Because she knows how to select her proper rouge tone and make it blend with the right shade of powder. Mme. Jeannette tells you how clever women do this.

Isn't the woman with rose-petal cheeks always more attractive? MME. JEANNETTE

Effectiveness in using rouge is attained by the tone you select—and the natural way in which you apply it.

WE all instinctively love the beautiful things of life—love the laugh that discloses white teeth—love the eyes that sparkle—love the skin that is clear and has its "little garden of roses."

Women have always been aware of this fact, and for many years—yes, for centuries—they have tried to achieve these beauties. But it is only within recent years that women have really made an art of using rouge.

Today we find the most conservative, the most modest women using rouge. These women demand three things of their rouge: it must be pure; it must be the right tone for their skin; and it must be applied to look like a natural coloring.

Pompeian Bloom is, therefore, one of the most widely used rouges found—it is compounded of the purest ingredients; it is perfectly toned in its four shades for the four distinct types of skin-shades; and it is easily applied as it comes in compact form, making it simple to blend and grade for shade and naturalness.

You should be as careful to select the right tone of Pompeian Bloom as you are to select the right shade of powder, for when these two agree with your skin-tone you are always successful in attaining the result you should want—namely, beauty and youth and a natural effect.

The following general rules may be observed in using shades of powder and tones of rouge together:

The Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom should most often be used with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. There are some exceptions, of course, but in the great majority of cases this is true.

The Light shade of Pompeian Bloom should be used with Naturelle, Flesh, or occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder, depending on whether the skin tends toward yellow, pink, or the colorless white skin

The Dark shade of Pompeian Bloom should be used most often with Rachel and in some cases with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Orange tint has an exceptional value in tone and obtains slightly varying results with different powders and types of skin. It is quite gold or orange colored in its compact form, but when it is rubbed onto the skin it becomes a delightful tint. It complements Naturelle, and occasionally may be used with White or Rachel shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

In very general terms I may describe the application of rouge as a mathematical problem—the color in your cheeks forms an area that is somewhat triangular in shape. It begins at the highest point of your cheekbone and sweeps outward toward the upper line of your ears; then, slanting downward, it approaches the corners of your mouth. But never with hard lines! Always work for perfect blending of rosy cheeks with a clear skin. Pompeian Bloom, 60c at the stores, (slightly higher in Canada).

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Pompeian Bloom—a rouge

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Medium Skin

The Medium tone of Bloom generally, or the Orange Tint when slightly tanned. Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder should be used as the foundation.

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The rich tone of Dark Bloom is best for this skin. Occasionally Orange Tint is effective. The Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder enriches this skin

Pink Skin

The delicate tone of Light Bloom complements this youthful skin, sometimes Medium Bloom gives it a rare brilliance. The Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is correct for this skin

White Skin

This skin requires great care in the use of rouge—the Medium Bloom used sparingly is generally best. Sometimes this skin takes Light Bloom or Orange Tint, depending on the color of hair and eyes. This is the only skin that should use White powder in daytime

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This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained Is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

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Something new in tires

It's SUPERTWIST····*and it's a Goodyear contribution!*

It is the habit of a great many people to talk about automobile tires as "rubber tires."

The truth is, automobile tires get their strength and endurance not from rubber, but from cotton.

Goodyear has long recognized this, and even in the early days of fabric tires, set about to improve the fabric used.

In order to do this, Goodyear bought a fabric mill of its own.

After prolonged experiment, Goodyear developed in this mill a square-woven fabric considerably stronger than anything then available.

This enabled the manufacture of better fabric tires, and as you will perhaps recall, such tires thereafter showed marked improvement.

Some time later, Goodyear developed the cord tire, through perfecting the multiple-ply principle of construction

This ushered in a revolutionary improvement in tires, and eventually the whole industry turned to cord tires embodying this principle.

Various refinements in cord tires followed from year to year, until development seemed almost at an end.

But Goodyear still had in mind that the essential strength and usefulness of a tire come from the fabric of which it is made.

So about two years ago experimentation was begun in the Goodyear mills in an attempt to improve cord fabric.

Success attended the work at last, when out of the endeavor emerged the remarkable new cord fabric called SUPERTWIST.

SUPERTWIST is a balanced cord fabric, of great endurance, having the important advantage of much greater elongation or elasticity.

It far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

A tire carcass made of it yields in greater degree to a blow or shock, calling into play more cords to take the strain.

This wider distribution of impact means greater freedom from stone bruise. carcass breaking and similar injuries.

SUPERTWIST is unmistakably an impressive advance as a tire material; very probably an epoch-making one.

Its superiority takes on added significance by reason of the strong tendency now toward thin-sidewall, low-pressure tire construction.

Because of its advantages SUPERTWIST has been called a development almost as important as the cord tire itself.

Certainly all tests so far made show that ply for ply it renders a tire carcass incomparably serviceable.

Goodyear men feel that SUPERTWIST is one of the most beneficial contributions made to tire-users in all the long and productive inventive history of the company.

It supplies one more powerful reason for insisting on Goodyear Tires.

Being an exclusive Goodyear development, SUPERTWIST is used *only* by Goodyear.

It is built into Goodyear balloon tires of *both* kinds—to fit new small-diameter wheels, or the wheels now on your car.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

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The exquisite aroma and delicious flavor of Tao Tea, combined with the practical and economical qualities of the handy Tao Tea Ball, have won favor from coast to coast. The Tao Tea Caddy, handsomely lacquered in black and gold, is a gift that will *last* because a "refill" from time to time will keep it in use long after the original fifty Tao Tea Balls are gone.

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Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

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Tao Tea Co., Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York

CROWNED-HEAD HUNTERS

Continued from Page 14

invested with a new philosophy and dignity, who explained that there was nothing to give out.

"These reporters! A terrible bother, m' dear, a terrible bother, y' know."

It was upon his arrival in New York that the Prince was greeted by the gallant brigade of two hundred newspaper representatives. That is the number which went out to quarantine to cover his arrival, the largest group of earnest writers ever assembled to greet an arriving notable. There were star reporters and descriptive writers, interviewers and sob sisters, lady novelists especially engaged for the occasion to set down their impressions and reactions, photographers—all prepared with questions totaling into the thousands and including everything from what the traveler thought of the New York sky line to what chance an American girl really had to be Queen of England.

The Cunard company had generously offered to get the reporters aboard the incoming Berengaria and, undismayed by the numbers, sent us down the harbor on a river boat. It was no small task to get the crowd aboard the liner, but it was accomplished, and after some confusion the crowd was grouped on deck. The Prince soon appeared, but not from the direction expected. He came from the rear and at once retreated to a corner where only half a dozen could gather around him. When he saw the size of the crowd he called attention to the rather obvious fact that it would be impossible for him to talk to so many and offered to speak with half a dozen or so. Followed a stampede to be in the first row of the few.

All Treated Alike

That over, his royal highness drew forth a piece of paper upon which, he explained, he had written down everything he had to say. Again there was excitement, for upon such occasions the reporters expect copies for all present—a hand-out, in newspaper parlance. It was finally arranged that the copy should go to the representative of a news association with the understanding that it would be distributed later to all newspaper offices. Then those reporters favored by vantage squared off to put a few questions and draw forth some color and human interest from the royal mind. An early question was unfortunate and proved to be the last. It was fired by a lusty cub:

"How about a poker game, Prince?"

This question had reference to a dispatch preceding the Prince which quoted him as saying that if he had his way he would just play poker all the time he was in this country. Abrupt, undoubtedly, but it might have given a returning United States senator, say, an opportunity to get off a pleasantry and then drop some substance for copy in a chat. But it was too much for the Prince, accustomed to a much greater degree of reserve in all he meets. He retreated and left the gallant two hundred in possession of the deck and not much else.

The landing of the Prince started what has been not inaptly termed the Second Battle of Long Island. Long before he came to this country the Prince had had to choose the circle he would visit. His choice was necessarily between the older American society which in a previous generation was called the Four Hundred, among which he would have been assured of an eminently proper reception, conservative entertainment and an all-around dull time; or the newer, younger, gayer Long Island group; not so much so far as tradition goes, but with better equipment for and more experience in princely pastimes. Either way there would have been a battle, but the Long Island setting was far the more sanguinary one.

Here was the most dazzling social figure of his day to be dined and lunched and danced with and sat out with and talked to. The scramble for princely attention would make a story or two in itself, but as this article is concerned with the tribulations of the newspaperman I will only say that there was a smaller but no less intense corollary engagement among the score or more young men who acted as official observers of the press in the United States not participating in the immediate scramble, but wanting to know everything.

The Prince moved into the James A. Burden home at Syosset, Long Island; and, after his hurried trip to Washington to lunch with the President, was on the loose so far as official obligations were concerned. He started out to have a good time. The reporters crowded into a boarding house in the village and started to have vice versa.

We were innocent and unsuspecting in the early days, but disillusionment came quickly. Right off we learned that the Prince's attendants were not going to be very communicative; and when we confirmed the announcement of an amazed press photographer that he was being high-hatted all over the place we knew we were in for it. And apropos of this, I want to say that if some of the people whose acquaintance I made—or didn't make—get their names into the paper again it will be not only with a press agent but with a burglar and a crowbar if I have anything to say about it.

Trailing His Highness

The royal party, the new Four Hundred of Long Island and the Burden estate therefore were frequently successful allies in the struggle against the newspapermen in their efforts to keep the world in touch with the Prince's activities. After about three great departures from the Burdens' in high-powered cars, with about three times as many high-powered cars filled with reporters fading in behind and the whole procession tearing across Long Island, the strategy began on both sides.

Trailing his highness suddenly became an entirely different matter.

There are four official entrances to the two-thousand-acre estate and soon we realized that our guards stationed there were ineffectual. There was a leak somewhere. A man was placed at the servants' entrance, but still the Prince got away from us. It took us several days to discover that there was an unused rustic gate, grown over with ivy and the padlock rusty with age, which was lifted off its old hinges and carefully replaced when the Prince had escaped.

Another ruse of the Prince's was to start off boldly in polo clothes, or at least in heavy coats that were presumed to cover riding clothes beneath, with the announcement that the morning would be spent on the field. A few miles away, in an unfrequented spot—there are a few on Long Island—the party would change to another

(Continued on Page 108)

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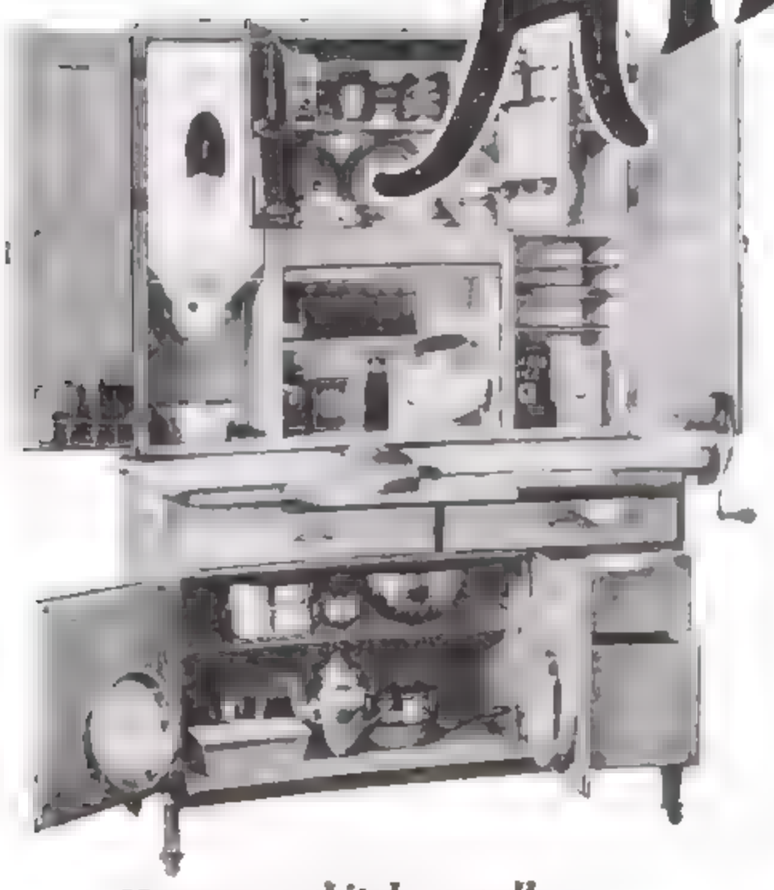

This is, we are informed, the greatest offer in kitchen cabinet history! An unprecedented opportunity! Presented to you, *for one week only*, by those famous makers of "the world's finest kitchen cabinets," Coppes Brothers & Zook, Nappanee, Indiana—in co-operation with the following prominent stores. The object is to introduce the latest model Napanee Dutch Kitchenets into a limited number of homes in each locality, where they will serve to attract others. Offer strictly limited to supply in each dealer's hands. Go early and avoid disappointment.

Have you a kitchen wall space 24 in. to 50 in. wide?

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Standard size, genuine Napanee Kitchen Table. White enameled. Firm, flat top of snowy porcelain. Drawer is partitioned.

A small first payment brings everything!

(1) table
(2) kitchen set
(3) glassware
(4) cabinet

Give Her a Napanee for Christmas!
Dealers will hold your purchase for holiday delivery, on request.

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With your Napanee also comes complete set of beautiful *crystal* glassware for spices, coffee, tea, salt, sugar, etc. Also an aluminum sugar scoop. Furthermore, on this great special offer you are allowed

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The famous nationally advertised Wallace Brothers' Bungalow Kitchen Set "A 12¼" cake or egg turner with slotted blade, a 12" mixing spoon, a 12" strainer spoon, a 12½" two-tined fork, an 11" stirring spoon an 11" ladle—and a 14" white enameled rack (with screws) to keep them from getting scattered. Utensils of fine steel, electric welded throughout and heavily malacca tin-plated. Nickeled ferrules. White enameled "ever cool, handy grip" wooden handles *that won't come off!* A kitchen set every woman wants!

(While they last!) Your choice of beautiful latest models in 36", 42" or 50" widths - white, gray or oak *(While they last!)*

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Fairview, Pa. — Brickman [illegible] Co.
Fall River, Mass. — J. S. Brownell Co.
Findlay, Ohio — Mrs. F. H. Trout Est.
Flint, Michigan — Dort Sales Co.
Forest City, Pa. — [illegible]
Fort Dodge, Iowa — A. D. McCollum
Ft. Madison, Ia., Gulick-McFarland Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind. — Hadley Furniture & Carpet Co.
Gallon, Ohio — Reech Brothers
Glens Falls, N. Y., The Boston Store
Gloversville, N. Y. — Brauer Stove & Heating Co.
Goldsboro, N. C. — Hellig & Meyers
Goshen, Ind. — Spohr & Clark Furniture Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich. — Young & Choffee Furniture Co.
Great Barrington, Mass., J. P. Hunt & Co.
Greensboro, N. C. — Greensboro Furniture Co.
Greenville, Fla. — Wm. H. Maxwell
Greenville, S. C. — Gilmer's, Inc.
Hampton, Va. — The Rountree-Tennis Furniture Co.
Harrisburg, Ill., Clark-Martin-Hawkins
Harrisburg, Pa. — Miller & Kadeo
Hartford City, Ind. — John Wellman
Hartford, Conn. — G. Fox & Co.
Hazleton, Pa. — Rosen & Co.
Hopkinsville, Ky., Lampert-Evans Co.
Herrin, Ill. — Herrin Supply Co.
High Point, N. C. — Bell Furniture Co.
Holland, Mich. — De Vries & Dornbos
Holyoke, Mass. — Parfitt Furniture Co.
Honolulu, T. H. — W. W. Dimond Co.
Huntington, W. Va., Dickinson Brothers
Independence, Kan. — R. L. Pomeroy
Indianapolis, Ind. — Reliable Furniture & Carpet Co.
Jamestown, N. Y. — The Wilkop & Holmes Co.
Jackson, Mich. — Smith Furniture
Jasper, [illegible] — Various Hoosier Dealers
Johnstown, N. Y. — Sweet's Store
Kalamazoo, Mich. — Hoover Bond Co.
Kane, Pa. — Dolan Brothers
Kansas City, Kan. — Anderson Furniture Co.
Kansas City, Mo. — Scott Furniture & Carpet Co.
Kenosha, Wis. — Bode Brothers
Key West, Fla. — Frank Lowe & Co.
Kingsport, Tenn. — C. N. Ludwig
Knoxville, Tenn. — H. G. Treat Furniture Co.
Lakeland, Fla. — Oates-Corley Furniture Co.
Lancaster, Pa. — Watzenberger-Maley-Meyers
Lansing, Mich. — F. M. Arbaugh Department Store
La Porte, Ind. — Buck & Hemet
Laurel, Miss. — Norman Aycock
Lexington, Ky. — L. B. Sapp
Lima, Ohio — V. W. Bond Co.
Lexington, N. C. — Piedmont Furniture Co.
Ligonier, Ind. — J. J. [illegible] & Son
Lock Haven, Pa. — L. J. Resnick
Logan, W. Va. — Beckett & Brugh
Lorain, Ohio — V. W. Bond Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. — The Broadway Department Store
Los Angeles, Calif. — Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.
Louisville, Ky., Central Furniture Co.
Lowell, Mass., Garfield Furniture Co.
Lynchburg, Va. — Reams & Co.
Lynn, Mass. — Titus & Buckley
Macon, Ga. — American Furniture Co.
Manchester, N. H. — [illegible]
Marietta, Ohio — L. B. Monroe
Massillon, Ohio — Massilon Housefurnishing Co.
Marion, Ill. — Duncan Baker Co.
McKeesport, Pa. — J. Hirshberg
Memphis, Tenn. — B. Loewenstein & Brothers, Inc.
Miami, Fla. — Powell Furniture Co.
Michigan City, Ind. — Fawley-Abbott Co.
Middlesboro, Ky., White Furniture Co.
Milwaukee, Wis. — Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn. — The Dayton Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. — J. D. Newquist
Missoula, Mont. — [illegible]
Monessen, Pa. — [illegible]
Mt. Clemens, Mich., Chas. Ferdia & Co.
Muscatine, Iowa — [illegible] Installment Co.
Muskegon, Mich. — Muskegon Furniture Co.
Nappanee, Ind., Lehman Furniture Co.
Nashua, N. H. — Louis Rudnick
Nashville, Tenn. — H. Cole & Furniture Co.
New Albany, Ind. — [illegible]
New Britain, Conn., B. C. Porter Sons
New Castle, Ind. — [illegible]
New London, Conn. — Shaw's Furniture Co.
New Orleans, La. — D. H. Holmes & Co., Ltd.
New Paris, Ind. — Charles Rohrer
Newport, R. I. — A. C. Titus Co.
New York, N. Y., R. H. Macy Co., Inc.
Niagara Falls, N. Y. — The Wilkop & Holmes Co.
Norfolk, Va., Miller-Rhodes & Swarts
North Adams, Mass. — The Boston Store
North Canton, O. — [illegible] & Son
Oakland, Calif., Capwell's Dep't Store
Oakland, Calif. — Kahn Brothers
Omaha, Nebr., J. L. Brandeis & Sons Co.
Owensboro, Ky., Economy Furniture Co.
Painesville, Ohio — Gail G. Grant Furniture Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va. — Goldenberg Furniture Co.
Pawtucket, R. I. — J. J. Beard Furniture Co.
Peoria, Ill. — Wanka Furniture House
Petersburg, Va. — Harlow Hardy Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. — [illegible]
Piqua, Ohio — Lape & Millhouse
Pittsburgh, Pa. — The Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsburg, Kan., Duey Furniture Co.
Pittsfield, Mass. — The Wallace Co.
Plant City, Fla., Plant City Furniture Co.
Pontiac, Mich., Economy Furniture Co.
Portland, Ind., Kettring Furniture Co.
Portland, Me. — T. F. Foss & Sons
Portland, Ore. — Olds Wortman & King
Port Arthur, Texas — [illegible]
Pratt, Kan. — Searlin Furniture Co.
Princeton, Ind. — Underwood Furniture Co.
Princeton, W. Va. — [illegible]
Providence, R. I. — [illegible]
Raleigh, N. C. — Wood Worley Co.
Reading, Pa. — Zable Furniture Co.
Red Bluff, Calif. — [illegible]
Richmond, Ky. — W. P. Huggins Co.
Richmond, Va. — Hopkins Furniture Co.
Riverside, Calif., Courtesy Electric Shop
Roanoke, Va. — Phelps & Armistead
Rochester, N. Y. — W. S. Reed
Rockford, Ill. — Hale-m Brothers
San Antonio, Tex. — Kamakin Furniture Co.
San Diego, Calif. — [illegible]
San Francisco, Calif. — The Emporium
San Jose, Calif., Trinkler-Dohrmann Co.
Saginaw, Mich. — Wm. Barie Dry Goods Co.
Santa Rosa, Calif. — Pedersen-Smith Furniture Co.
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Salt Lake City, Utah — Crawford Furniture Co.
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Schenectady, N. Y. — The Wallace Co.
Scranton, Pa. — Stocht & Fister
Seattle, Wash. — Ryan Furniture Co.
Selma, Ala. — Southern Supply Co.
Shamokin, Pa. — W. H. Ryan
Smithfield, N. C., Spiers Furniture Co.
South Bend, Ind., Home Furniture Co.
Spartanburg, S. C. — Reams Tate Furniture Co.
Stamford, Conn., The Rose Company
Staunton, Va., Pugh Department Store
Steubenville, Ohio — Fulton Furniture Co.
St. Louis, Mo. — Sam Baer & Fuller
St. Albans, W. Va. — R. M. Maxwell Dept. Store
St. Paul, Minn. — The Golden Rule
St. Petersburg, Fla. — W. H. [illegible]
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Superior, Wis., M. May Furniture Co.
Syracuse, N. Y. — Jacob Weinheimer & Sons
Tarentum, Pa. — Jaffe Furniture Co.
Terre Haute, Ind. — [illegible]
Tiffin, O. — [illegible]
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Tuscaloosa, Ala. — [illegible]
Vincennes, Ind. — Carl Schrist
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Warren, Pa. — Gibson Brothers
Warsaw, Ind. — Rogers Store
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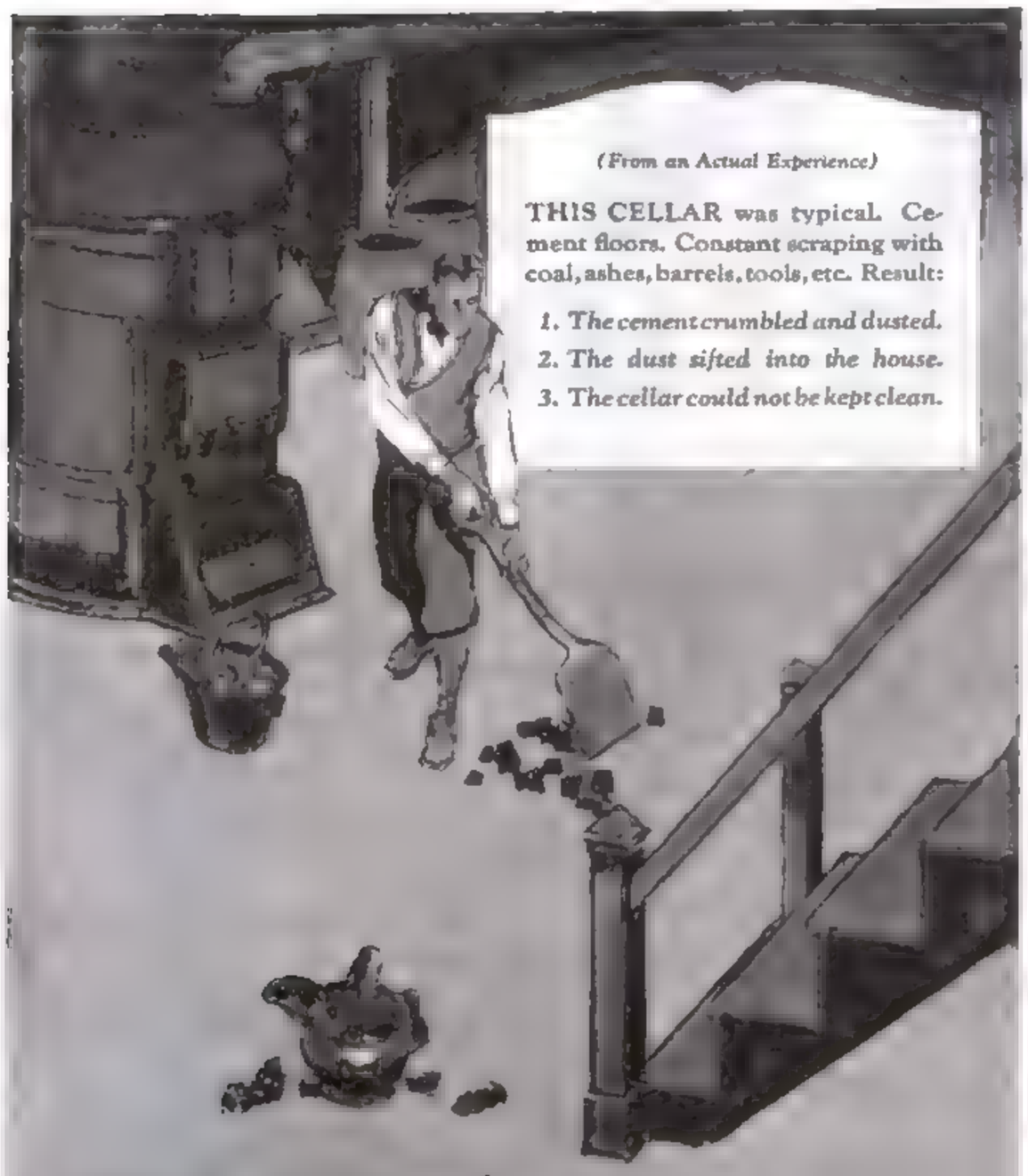
Waterbury, Conn. — The Boston Furniture Co.
Webster, Mass. — Webster Furniture Co.
West Allis, Wis. — [illegible]
Wichita, Kan. — Gross Big Furniture House
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichert Furniture Co.
White Haven, Pa., C. A. S. Furniture Co.
Williamsport, Pa. — [illegible]
Williamstown, Mass. — [illegible]
Willimantic, Conn., The H. C. Murray Co.
Wilmington, N. C. — Sutton Council Furniture Co.
Wilson, N. C. — Gilmer's Inc.
Winchester, Ky. — Rose Grass Furniture Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C. — [illegible]
York, Pa. — York Supply Co.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(Continued from Page 106)

automobile which awaited them and whirl off in a different direction. Once away, it was almost impossible to pick up the scent, for scarcely a day passed that the royal party did not visit a new haunt.

Any dependence upon those about his highness was risky. They would give us the wrong lead whenever possible. Of course, we realized they were acting under instructions, but we did resent the confidential way they would tell us a long, unfounded story of the Prince's activities and all the time pretend they were helping us out. We managed to get even with some of them by omitting in the stories their names or the names of their wives. Such neglect was more than their vanity could bear, and they would resort to various subterfuges to regain our favor. But for the most part we had no recourse but to rail at such betrayal among ourselves.

The social ambitions of some important personages in the newspaper offices also proved to be a snag to many on the job. One writer was so harassed by don'ts from his office that he was ready to quit after a few days. A list was given the reporter, including, "Don't use scandal," "Don't use gossip," "Don't report his private appearances." The latter was ambiguous, since on the trip the Prince was here as a private citizen and any of his appearances might be looked upon as private. Another reporter was unceremoniously relieved when he wrote in his account that the Prince preferred blondes to brunettes.

A Canny Briton's Coup

One reporter on the story—papers all over this country and Canada were represented—had a marked advantage over the rest of us, for his knowledge of English customs and his accent, which he thickened up at will, smoothed the way for him effectually. His English clothes, his foreign manners and his war decorations and army discharge button carried him through many a tight place. The Americans for a time believed him to be a member of the royal party, and so much at ease did he appear, the members of the party thought he must be from the embassy in Washington. He kept a safe distance between himself and anyone who might know him, but that was not difficult with a crowd always in the wake of the Prince. When they gathered for the hunt he appeared on a mount, slipped in with the sixty-five that followed the royal huntsman and took the jumps with the rest of them.

He swapped stories of the war or the colonies with the detectives or grooms, and some subsidizing on the part of all of us further simplified things. This reporter now proudly displays the first ball that the Prince hit a goal with in this country and also one of his mallets—the fruits of his diplomacy.

At the great party given by Clarence H. Mackay at his country place at Roslyn, Long Island, the first big function for his royal highness, the society reporters were more fortunate than the rest of us, for they received regular invitations and were somewhat lofty toward those of us who clustered on the outside. There seems to be a difference of opinion in our quarter as to the number of uninvited guests that were at the Mackays'. But one society editor, who knows the society figures well, and who has steadfastly maintained that no outsiders got through the gates of the estate, would be surprised if he knew that he was given a lift back to town by an uninvited guest whose only claim to being there was curiosity.

"Such a nice young chap, friend of the Mackay boy," he said

It was a good story that night and easily got him through the gate with the great numbers that arrived about 12 30 o'clock.

Our British associate, too, made this party, although he had not received one of the heavy engraved invitations bidding him come. He knew he would have to make a grand entrance, for we had been assured that an army of police, private detectives and faithful servants would guard against intruders. Eight hundred had been invited; some had been asked to bring their parties and a few last-minute oral invitations had been extended—in all about a thousand. It would be impossible to sneak in. A bigger game would have to be played. So he rented a limousine and chauffeur, dressed himself in his English dinner clothes, and with a woman reporter who would grace any gathering he started forth. Of course, they were halted at the lodge in the long line of cars.

Just as the guard approached the car B called out to an attendant standing by, "I say, old chap, could you give a fellow a match? There's a good fellow." And the guard fell away, for his instructions were to give the English guests every consideration.

The Mackay party was pretentious beyond belief. Seldom has there been so lavish an expenditure for a private entertainment. The cost of the affair was estimated by one who certainly should know at between one hundred and ten thousand and one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. But all the grandeur there could not hold the attention of the Prince for long. He left around two o'clock.

Early in his stay the royal visitor displayed a tendency to have about him the people he particularly desired. It was plain that for once he meant to satisfy his love of fun if possible. The planning of parties was a simple matter. He soon knew where the best time was to be had and a telephone call to some vivacious hostess that his highness would like to come to her house and meet a few of her friends that evening was all that was necessary. Other hostesses would turn in and help the favored one. Orchestras and collations would be dispatched from New York.

Dancing is only rivaled by polo, so far as the diversions of the Prince are concerned, and at parties for him it became the rule to have continuous music, usually What'll I Do?—his favorite tune. Except for occasional strolls, he was on the floor most of the evening. Sometimes a stroll meant a change of partners and sometimes it didn't. His style of dancing, though, is strange to this country. It is typically English and some of his fair dancing mates say it is not so satisfactory as the good old American way. But anyway, he is ardent and genial and all his companions like him immensely.

Even when he was trying desperately to evade the newspaper men he was amiable and friendly. On one of the days he came to New York to see the sights he was far more interested in shaking us off than in anything else. After all efforts on the part of his aides had failed he undertook the matter himself. Some of the reporters had fallen by the wayside, but two of us managed to stick in spite of frequent dodgings of the party. Once, in Park Avenue, they had switched from one automobile to another, but we simply turned our taxi around and hurried on behind them.

Hide and Seek

When they arrived at a house uptown for dinner the Prince came over to us, shook hands cordially and explained that he understood our predicament, but that he wanted to have just one evening free. He declared the reporters had kept him from going to a play three times already and that he was doing nothing eventful that evening.

Then he said, "And now won't you leave us alone?"

His optimism was disarming, but we told him we had no alternative. Orders from the city editor had been given us, but we assured him we would follow as unobtrusively as possible. Failing with arguments, they tried to break us down and I remained in the house long after theater time. After a while I really got a little uneasy for fear he might have slipped out by another door. The party appeared eventually, however, and one of his aides greeted us in no polite language. I told him that most assuredly I was not there from choice and that he had better telephone the owner of my paper, who was responsible for my presence. Naturally nothing came of that and I followed on.

His most successful game of hide and seek was played the first day he spent sightseeing in New York, when he set out to see something of the more serious side of the town. At his headquarters it was announced that he would play polo. Watching his polo had then ceased to be interesting to the correspondents, so they welcomed a few quiet hours. Once out of sight, however, and safely away from possible pursuers, a fresh automobile relief picked up the party and carried them into town.

Unwarned by the reporters stationed at Syosset, the city editors had no clew as to his whereabouts and several hours were spent in frantic scurrying for the Prince. Reporters were sent in all directions in response to mysterious telephone calls. It was during that short period of freedom

that his highness lent his patronage to a Fifth Avenue shop as a mark of favor to a young couple he had recently met. It was arranged that he should visit the shop one evening under cover of darkness to avoid the crowd, and the staff at the store was instructed to return after dinner for the event. But at the last moment the Prince thought better of the plan and included it in his first sight-seeing program.

Once, though, the Prince evaded us with embarrassing results to himself. It was at the opening polo game at Meadowbrook. His highness was a far more powerful magnet in attracting the crowds than even the much heralded international match itself. They came from far and near and it was estimated that three-quarters were there primarily because of interest in the visitor.

Whether he realized the importance of the part he would play in the affair and meant to make the most of it, or whether he really believed he could slip in unnoticed, we shall never know. The latter idea seemed to us reporters too absurd for credence, but anyway that was what he tried to do. And he got away with it beautifully until he encountered a fence and his confusion and the bewilderment of his aides resulted in his capture.

His automobiles made their way to the grand stand as a lure for the crowd while he and three or four others walked leisurely from the direction of the station.

A Great Moment

Even the police seemed to be in ignorance of the trick, for when the group reached the near corner of the field there was no way to get through to the front of the grand stand and no one was at hand to guide them. Only a moment did they hesitate, but that moment was enough. The word spread like wildfire. Never before have I seen a crowd gather so quickly. Reporters, photographers and policemen actually seemed to come out of the earth, and close behind them were the curious. Cameras and motion-picture machines clicked frantically, friendly ones yelled at him good-naturedly, and one fireman even rushed up to shake the royal guest's hand—all pressed toward him as he looked hopelessly from side to side.

His agitation was pathetic and never has his blush been so noticeable. As he stood there trapped—his friends were quite as confused as he was—one photographer who, in setting his camera, had attracted some attention himself, called out, "Why don't you jump the fence?" Then, "Oh, boy, what a picture I'll get! Give me a chance now, boys, give me a chance!"

The Prince was rescued from the hungry mob by an official who brought police reenforcements. Tenacious as reporters are, the photographers outdo us in persistence. A reporter, if he misses anything, can always find someone on the story who will help him out. But a photographer has no such advantage. If he misses his shot he is out of luck. There is nothing to be done about it.

One enterprising writer had an amusing triumph at a stag affair given at one of the country clubs for his highness. He arrived in style, with motor and chauffeur, and was bowed in. But before entering the room where the guests were being presented to the Prince he spotted an official of the club, whom he knew to be a member of the reception committee, and when the attendant turned to him to get his name, the reporter walked boldly to the committeeman with outstretched hand and friendly greeting. A little dazed and uncertain, but assuming that they must have met somewhere, that gentleman led the intruder safely in and the incidents of that occasion were accordingly reported.

None but the reporters would have been any the wiser had not the correspondent betrayed himself as he was leaving the clubhouse. He had given the number of his car to the door man, the same attendant who had admitted him, and as he waited there he was joined by several of us who were impatient for news. Enraged at having been duped by a member of the much-scorned press, the door man bawled out as the car appeared, "Number 167—for the reporter." Yes, the servants took to snobbery with startling ease. They never missed a cue.

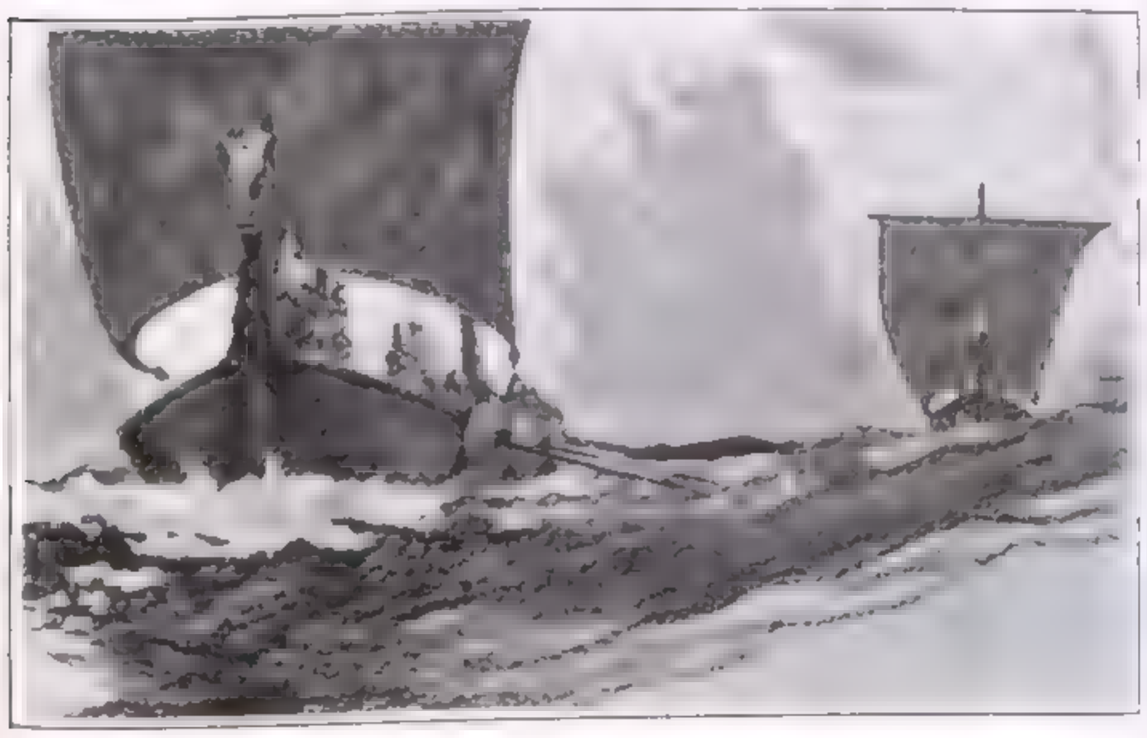
Men's Interest in Fashion

Even acquaintances of the new friends of the Prince appreciated the advantages of his favor and some made capital of little more than a speaking acquaintance with his dancing partner, one who sat at his right at dinner or someone he had asked to meet. A word from his highness, and social success was assured. There are several women to my certain knowledge who have been swamped with invitations and attentions since their names have been, even remotely, connected with the visitor. No doubt such a distinction will be boasted of a good many years.

The Prince's visit, too, revealed men's interest in fashion. Light-gray hats have swept the country since his highness wore nothing else, and it has even been predicted that suspenders will again be popular because the Prince always wears them, and that garters will fall into disuse because they lack his royal approval. It is said that he considers them unnecessary, that socks will stay up all right without them; but after several hours of dancing we have noticed his royal attention centered on his ankles, for on such occasions he has been known to have annoying sock trouble.

Such details, many of them, were slowly and painstakingly ferreted out by the assiduous reporters. The task was not only tedious but expensive. A day's expenditure sometimes reached forty dollars and for a while the daily average reached that figure. The biggest outlay was for automobiles, and then generous sums to butlers, grooms and other attendants and functionaries from time to time brought the amount up rapidly.

But in spite of our vigilance, the accident to the Prince while he was swimming escaped us for a longer time than we would like to admit. It was his habit to take an early morning plunge, sometimes before retiring, and on one occasion when he dived into the shallow end of the pool he struck his head and was unconscious for some time. There is said to have been intense excitement, but we got few of the details of the mishap. Those who knew of the accident kept the secret. However, barring that misadventure, which fortunately proved to be slight, the Prince enjoyed himself and really meant it when he said he had the best time of his life. We even believe he enjoyed the contest of wits, because he is a sportsman.



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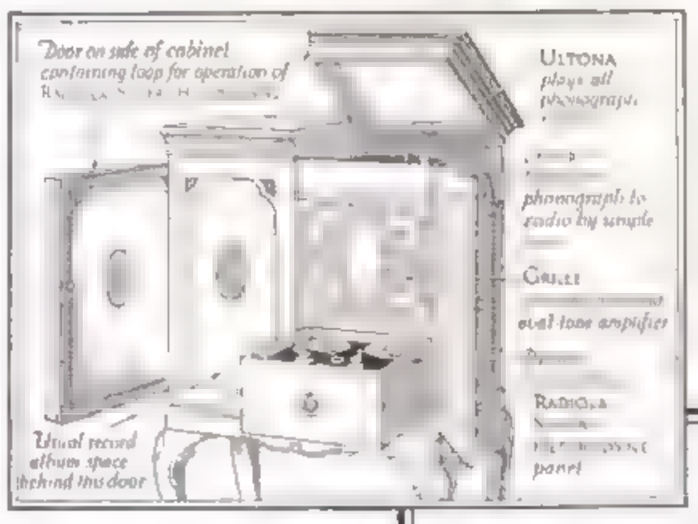

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Keeping Your Car Fit in Cold Weather" without cost or obligation as described in Saturday Evening Post, Nov. 8.
Name
Street
City State
My car is a Model

NEW STUFF

(Continued from Page 11)

Mr. Walter Gilfillan was, in those days, a tall heavy man with a rosy countenance and small blue eyes. He loved to clown and play practical jokes upon the helpless members of his company. In his screen acting he wore a fixed and serious expression and his pictures were successful, or at least profitable enough to justify his continued adherence to the O'Day and Grogan pay roll. He was never above descending to vulgarities when he thought they would add a laugh, and thousands of respectable people refused to look at his comedies.

Shorty Hamp was, as I have indicated, a sort of convenience in the studio, was poorly paid, and consequently was generally lacking in funds. His enthusiasms were remarkable. Suggestions poured from him day by day, as a picture was being made, and, though none of his ideas was usable, he was never discouraged or otherwise than amiable. He regarded each Gil and Shorty comedy as the finest thing yet done by the white race, and himself he thought of as an actor of high abilities and unusual scope.

The scenario writer appointed to help me unravel the plot and put it into scenes and subtitles was as sad and discouraged a soul as ever I met, and though he patiently explained the intricacies of continuity writing and the limitations of the camera, he did so always with a deep air of pessimism, assuring me at odd moments that nothing would ever come of it.

His name was Horace Rascoe and in his youth he had been an actor of lurid melodramas, coming to Hollywood with the birth of the new industry and trying his luck on the screen without success. He then became a scenario writer and his moodiness increased until, when I first knew him, he seemed to take a certain calm joy in being miserable. In the first place, as Horace saw it, life was a dirty trick, California was a bad place to be, and the motion-picture business was the one enterprise in the world wherein everything was all wrong. Mainly, it was the fault of the directors.

"What's the good of your learning to write scripts?" he demanded bitterly. "No director ever shoots a script, even if he thinks it would make a good picture. Anyhow, a director can't tell whether a script is good or bad. All he knows is that he is not going to shoot it."

"You don't like this movie business?" I asked.

"I hate it."

"And you don't like this particular picture we're working on?"

"It's terrible."

"You're going to be a great help to me," I murmured, looking at the black circles under his eyes. "You've got just the light airy manner that ought to be useful in a comedy. Did you ever read my book on China?"

"Part of the first chapter," he admitted.

Mr. Rascoe remained at my side to the bitter end, and finally we finished the script, which weighed about two pounds. They began the actual work of shooting the new comedy on a bright spring morning, and I was fascinated with this part of the job, because I was required to go along with the company and help Mr. Saunders at critical moments.

He needed help, too, because taking comedies was new to him, and from the first he began to worry, losing weight day by day and turning paler and paler as the thing went along. I bought myself a pair of Hollywood pants and a checkered cap and was ready for whatever came.

Our company was complete, with one camera man, one assistant, three property boys, one script girl, one author, one director, two stars, or rather a star and a substar, and many electricians, helpers and mechanics. We were given a couple of touring cars so that we could get about freely, and the grand opera started.

The opening scene in the story of Yellow Gulch, as we carefully outlined it, was a long shot of the Western stage as it slowly climbed the rocky trail, with cactus showing and desolation everywhere. When it came to taking this scene there was a halt and a conference.

"In the first place," Gil said, "this is Scene One in the script, and it's liable to be Scene One in the picture, and we sure don't want to open up on the stagecoach, where the girl is, because, after all, what's she got to do with it?"

"She has a great deal to do with it," I assured him. "She is one of our important characters."

"I know," Gil answered confidently, "but this comedy had better open where it ought to open—right in the sheriff's office. I'm the sheriff and I come in and take a shot at somebody, and the bullet goes up through the ceiling and through the bottom of a bathtub, where there's a bird taking a bath, and the water begins running out. Get me?"

"I don't get you," I said.

Mr. Saunders ventured to remark that this opening, though it had its points, seemed to have no particular bearing upon a dramatic-comedy story wherein a heroic tramp brought a wounded sheriff back to town. As the man who invented the story, I likewise protested.

"You can't do it that way," I said vehemently.

"It's a gag, ain't it?" Gil demanded. "And what makes comedies? Gags, don't they? Am I right? I've made hundreds of these things, and I ought to know. Can you make a comedy without gags?"

Mr. Saunders admitted that gags were essential, but at the moment I had only a faint notion of what they were talking about.

"We can fix this up later on," the star continued. "You two have got to learn this game from the bottom up. You been directing serious dramas, Mr. Saunders, and those things are nothing like what we do in this shop."

"I begin to see that," answered the director.

"What you got to do," Gil continued, instructing us, "is to work in all the gags you can. Get 'em as we go along. Later on, you can sit down in the cutting room and take out what you don't need. When you make comedies you do most of the work in the cutting room. That's where comedies are made—with a scissors."

Mr. Gilfillan slapped me jovially upon the shoulder and laughed.

"Nothing like writing novels, is it, Henry?" he inquired.

I admitted that it was not. When there was a momentary lull I sought Arthur Saunders and questioned him.

"Arthur," I said, leaning against a reflector, "would you mind telling me what a gag is?"

"Oh," he said, "a gag—a gag is anything that's supposed to be funny. Whatever makes an audience laugh is a gag. A man falling downstairs is a mild form of it. Gil's celebrated bathtub scene is a gag. If you make an auto go sideways instead of forward, that's a gag; or if you put a license plate on a horse, or show fifty people leaving a small taxicab, those are gags."

"Thank you," I said. "I am afraid that I wrote this story without thinking of gags."

"Don't worry," said he; "these two comedians will take care of it."

Saunders worked harder and harder, striving for artistic touches, but Gil and Shorty stepped in, put the brakes on our director and eventually ran things to suit themselves. There probably never was a more earnest actor than Mr. Gilfillan, the pie-thrower, or one who took as deep an interest in the job on hand. He toiled early and late, devising scenes, going over the script and planning his beloved gags. When the day's work was ended he sat up half the night biting the end of a pencil and scribbling suggestions for the morrow.

At his own expense he hired a gag man named Van Hoven, who thenceforth went with the company, and who kept throwing off suggestions as an emery wheel tosses sparks. I surveyed the mental gymnastics of this gag man with profound astonishment.

To this day I don't know what a bushelman is, although many of them apply for work in the Sunday papers; and like millions of others, the existence of a trade called gagging was unknown to me prior to the arrival of Mr. Van Hoven.

He was a fat, good-natured man of fifty who constantly rolled brown-paper cigarettes, sat on anything that would hold him and began each sentence with "How'd this do?" Day by day, as the picture grew, he mingled with the actors, strolled through the sets, eyed the various activities and exploded with a suggestion at intervals of from four to seven minutes. Nothing he ever offered had to do with our tale. He cared not for our lovely heroine, or whether she was rescued. To him it was a matter of indifference whether the lowly tramp had a noble soul or was just a bum. What he aimed to do was to gag the picture. They told me that various Hollywood companies hired him by the job, and that his average was six hundred gag suggestions per picture, most of which were without value to anyone.

"What were you before you became a gag man?" I asked him in a moment of uncontrolled curiosity.

"Me?" he smiled. "I come from New York. Used to be train dispatcher in the Subway."

"Is this gag business any good?"

"Is it? Say. I get three hundred a week for this, and you can see how I work."

After that I used to stare at him enviously. I often thought of him as he once was, dispatching trains in the Subway, with the hungry crowds going home from work of an evening, and Van Hoven sitting up in a little railway tower, twiddling levers and making mental pictures of rich men slipping on banana peelings.

We first called the picture The Sheriff of Yellow Gulch, but later changed it to Valor's Bride on orders from the office. Gil said gloomily that this title would never do, especially for a comedy, because it had no box-office value.

This is another mystery of the movies—the elusive box-office title, the magic name which will draw the wandering and uncertain citizen from the sidewalk and plunk his half dollar into the cashier's den. Nobody seems to know precisely what a true box-office title is, yet everybody in the movies is constantly talking about it.

A company will purchase a book called Smith and make it into a picture, changing the name to Flaming Virgins, which, as they look at such things, is a fair box-office title. The flaming young female goes out into the theaters and falls dead, losing seventy-four thousand dollars for the hopeful producer.

Another company buys a play called Flaming Damsels and makes it into a brisk six-reeler, which is subsequently called Smith, and this one goes before the hungry American public and cleans up enough money to freshen the Great Salt Lake. Nobody knows the answer and there probably isn't any.

As we throbbed along into our dramatic masterpiece, Gil and Shorty speeded up

(Continued on Page 115)

From Bauer & Black

Simple first aid helps every mother can use

How to guard against infection—the infection that comes of "trifling" cuts and bruises and often results so seriously. The four simple things to do—be as careful as your doctor in this way

RUNNING and romping, cuts and bruises—almost every day they come in the lives of normal, playing children.

Most seem slight, almost trifling, "too small to give much attention to," many of us are prone to say. Yet each tiny one, according to doctors, is a danger zone of infection.

* * *

No wound is trifling. Wherever the skin is broken, there is danger. In every hospital and dispensary, scores of serious infections are treated yearly, all resulting from the casual treatment of these little wounds.

How much better to be careful in the first place; as careful as your doctor: You must dress the wound with a *sterile* dressing. That means a *germ-free* dressing. A "clean" handkerchief won't do.

Remember that the cleanest of cloths, not having been scientifically sterilized, may harbor infectious germs.

Be as careful as your doctor—the four things to do

1 Apply iodine from an iodine swab or use half-strength tincture of iodine. Do not wash the wound.

NOTE: The strength of iodine in Bauer & Black Iodine Swabs is such as to reduce to minimum any possibility of burning, while this form also insures uniform strength and effectiveness.

2 Apply a dry sterile piece of gauze folded into a convenient pad as soon as iodine has dried.

3 Then wrap this dressing with a sterile gauze bandage and fasten with adhesive plaster.

4 Avoid further irritation or injury. Note additional instructions in Bauer & Black First Aid Book.

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The EDINBROGUE—shown above. A new Selz Six brogue oxford—Glengarry grain—Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels. Ask your Selz dealer to see style B-391. Many other new styles, too.

MANY STYLES

$6 $8.50 $10

(Continued from Page 112)

and worked harder even than Saunders. They frequently used up the lunch hour in diligent toil, taking mere bites of food and rushing away to the cameras.

"What are you boys doing?" I asked, impressed with this devotion to art.

"Shooting gags," Gil answered. "Got to have a lot of them, because you never can tell which are funny and which are not."

When we came to the scenes in the sheriff's office, soon after Shorty, the tramp, is discovered in Yellow Gulch, Gil walked in one morning with a new actress, whom we had never seen before.

"Who's she?" I asked Saunders.

"I dunno," he said.

We put the question to Gil.

"This is Miss Mayo," he responded cheerily. "I had her sent out from the studio."

"What for?"

"Well, we can use her in bits. To start off with, she can play my wife."

"You haven't any wife," I objected. "You don't have any wife till you meet Rheingold, the school-ma'am on the stage-coach, and you marry her in the last scene."

"You don't get me," Gil said with gentle tolerance. "Miss Mayo can be my wife in the beginning, if we want it that way, and if we don't we can cut her out later. It's a good thing to take a comedy two or three ways, and cut afterwards."

I staggered away and tried to figure it out. Saunders assured me that it wasn't really important whether they took the scenes with Gil married to Miss Mayo or not, because there would be plenty of other scenes in the office, wherein no wife would appear, and it would be simple to snip the lady out of the finished product. Cheered up by this news, I went back to the job.

The next surprise was an old-fashioned automobile, which suddenly appeared at our location camp.

"What's that for?" I asked Saunders, and he replied that Gil needed it for a proposed gag. The car was rust-covered and disreputable, and was built so that when it moved, parts fell off. The same afternoon Gil directed that scenes be taken, showing him riding madly in the battered motor car.

"I am afraid you are making a mistake," I said, speaking as the father of the story. "There can be no automobile in this picture, because the scene is in Yellow Gulch and the surrounding mountains, and there isn't a motor car within five hundred miles. Further, at the time of this story the automobile was not invented."

"Mr. Parkman," Gil said, calling me by my formal name, as he did on serious occasions, "you must remember that we are making a short comedy. You are a novelist, but you should know that a flivver is useful in a comedy. We can easily change the date of the story."

"You are supposed to ride a horse."

"I can ride both of them," he said, "and whatever else we need; there's no use sticking to one thing. Variety makes comedies."

After that there came a series of more or less astounding episodes or bits of business that were injected casually into the picture, of which I had no previous information, and which opened my eyes to the strangeness of the profession. It had been my innocent notion that a person selected his story and then presented it in a series of photographed scenes, going along in a logical and consecutive way until he reached the end of the tale.

In this I was mistaken, as in other things. I strolled up to a busy group one morning and found Gil telling Saunders just how he wanted something done. They were taking pictures of dogs. An old man was making a cement sidewalk, carefully smoothing it with his trowel. One small dog ran through a hedge and across the soft cement, leaving footprints. The old man grew annoyed. Many dogs followed, the footprints grew larger and the old man more annoyed.

"Is this part of The Sheriff of Yellow Gulch?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Gil, who, I believe, was beginning to lose his patience. "Is there anything wrong with it?"

"I can't remember the point in the narrative where a dog crosses the sidewalk," I returned. "There was no dog at all, now that I think of it."

"Henry," said Gil, "you did your part when you wrote the story. We don't expect you to do it all. Saunders and Shorty and I are just adding bright bits to help tone it up."

I appealed to Saunders that night at supper.

"I dunno," he said frankly. "This comedy game is new to me and I'm convinced now that I ought to have stayed with the straight dramas. I don't know what Gil is going to do with all this gag stuff, but he ought to know, seeing he's been turning out two-reelers for years."

The interjection of bits continued with what seemed to me endless enthusiasm. They carefully took scenes of the sheriff and his posse, the capture of Shorty Hamp as the lone tramp, along with the stage-coach holdup and the accident wherein the sheriff shot himself. No one could complain that Gil was not trying to be artistic and painstaking, and he worked out each sequence with elaborate exactitude, following our story with scrupulous care. But he never slackened his interest in and his pursuit of the startling bit or the laugh-evoking gag.

When we finished location-camp work and returned to Hollywood, Gil drove his forlorn flivver off a cliff and through the roof of a humble tradesman, where it landed upon the supper table, with the comedian still at the wheel. I found, still later, a group of technical experts excited over the construction of a tin fish about seven feet long with mechanical insides, and learned that the fish was to play a part in our story. There was no place for a tin fish in the tale, and well I knew it.

"What's the fish going to do?" I asked.

"He's just swimming in the ocean," Shorty Hamp explained, "and Gil is swimming beside him. It gives Gil a chance for a subtitle, which I made up."

"Which you made up?"

"Sure. Gil has this title, which he says to the fish in a close-up: 'Get out of my way and let somebody swim that can swim.'"

"That's a gag, isn't it," I said, "and supposed to be funny?"

"Yeh, and ain't it a pip?"

"In this way," I went on, "we direct our efforts toward making motion pictures finer and better, striving always for artistic results and true portraits of life."

"You bet your life," Shorty agreed. He was to be almost hanged that afternoon, by the outraged citizens of Yellow Gulch, but he should have been hanged when he was ten years old.

"How long is this picture supposed to be?" I inquired of Mr. Saunders, after we had been hard at work for four weeks.

"Two reels."

"Well, they've got enough already," I said, "for a solid evening's entertainment. What are they going to do with all this film?"

"Trim it down," he grinned. "Don't ask me any questions. I'm only the director of this comedy."

And in spite of the fact that the thing was far over footage, Gil and Shorty continued to shoot gags. I came suddenly into the lot one afternoon and found Shorty riding a motorcycle along what was apparently the cornice of a ten-story office building, and Gil in a motor car which was being suspended from an airplane. The next day they took scenes on the lawn of an expensive city home, where there was a fountain and a pond of lilies.

Shorty struck the water head first just ahead of Gil.

Down in my heart I knew it would be difficult to work that particular gag into our drama of Yellow Gulch, because there was no home in the story capable of supporting a marble fountain and a lily pond. I comforted myself with the reflection that in making short comedies you always took a great many more scenes than you needed, tossing them aside later on.

In the fifth week Gil drew a long breath and ceased firing, by which time I figured that we had fifteen thousand feet of brisk action, that would have to come down to fifteen hundred, not counting titles.

A dozen of us went into the projection room and surveyed the picture in its rough form, and I have never seen anything rougher. It could have been run backwards without destroying the plot. Gil sat beside me and declared that all was well and that a picture invariably looked like this in its first crude form.

"This is your first, Henry," he said. "You've got to pick up the business like any other, and when you see what we can do to this in the cutting room, you'll be surprised."

It was then that I came down with an obscure California ailment, which they said was a form of nervous breakdown, and which seizes all authors about their sixth week in Hollywood. For a number of days I took pills, had a doctor and remained away from the studio, and in my absence Gil and Shorty, assisted by their capable staff, cut The Sheriff of Yellow Gulch.

I now regret that illness, because I wished to sit in with the experts and watch them cut. As Gil said, a picture is really made in the cutting room. When I was on my feet again they notified me by telephone that the comedy had been reduced to the proper footage, and that there would be a preview at one of the local theaters. I invited three other authors from Chicago, and one evening at eight o'clock we repaired to the Grand Bijou Theater in Glendale, which is a suburb of Hollywood.

When the performance began I noticed, first of all, that the picture was not called either The Sheriff of Yellow Gulch or Valor's Bride. Gil was right again. They had named it Up and Doing, with the famous Gil and the less famous Shorty. A moment later the author's name went hurriedly by. It was in small letters, but if you knew me and knew I was coming, you could get it. Then began the two-reel comedy, and I saw for the first time the miracles that can be accomplished by a skillful cutter.

I leaned back in my seat and prepared to enjoy myself. The picture began in the sheriff's office, with Gil playing that official, wearing cowhide boots and a large gun. He had a pretty wife, the Miss Mayo previously mentioned. Shorty Hamp presently entered the scene, beheld the young wife, flirted with her, kissed her finally, and was caught in the act. Gil thereupon chased Shorty out of the shop, shooting at him with the gun, and the remainder of the photoplay consisted of Gil chasing Shorty Hamp down alleys, over roofs, into humble homes, along the seas and the sand dunes, using trolley cars, motorcycles, galloping horses, ostriches and other means of locomotion. When he finally caught Shorty and kicked him out of the scene the motion picture ended and the audience smilingly went home.

I looked about me in a sort of daze. Mr. Saunders was not in the theater, having been dismissed by O'Day and Grogan the morning after the picture was finished. I presently stumbled up the aisle and out of the theater, bumping against contented tradesmen and their wives and children. In the lobby I observed Messrs. O'Day and Grogan. They were looking extremely cheerful and were congratulating Gil, who was dressed in a handsome polo coat and was leaning casually against a lobby pillar, where nobody could see him except everybody leaving the theater. Gil was beaming upon one and all, like a man who has done his part to lighten the load of the human race, and knows it. I attempted to slink into the darkness.

"There you are," said Mr. Grogan, seizing me by the arm. "That's what I meant young man. This picture is the kind we need in our business and don't you forget it. This little thing will gross anywhere from forty thousand up, and it proves we were right when we decided to start with a good logical story, get a capable director and fill the action with little artistic touches."

Gil walked over and shook me warmly by the hand.

"Henry," he said, "I told you this would work out well. You can see for yourself what I meant when I said it was up to the cutting department. This picture will do you a lot of good, Henry."

"Another thing," said Mr. O'Day in a lower tone, "you did your work so well, Mr. Parkman, that we're going to boost you a bit, though it says nothing about it in your present contract."

I looked at him, my lower jaw hanging, unable to ask how much.

"When you write your next story," he continued benevolently, "you can work in Saunders' office, because he isn't with us any more, and it's a mighty nice office."

"Thanks," I said.

The movie producers and the star were then surrounded by acquaintances who congratulated them upon the artistic success of the new opus. I moved on down the street with my friends, and we spent the rest of the evening at the wake of an author from Great Neck, Long Island, who had shot himself a few days before in a moment of mental tumult, and whose funeral expenses were being defrayed by one of the largest motion-picture producing firms in Hollywood.

Twintex Shur-on

Pat. Dec. 25, 1923

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HAVE they ever broken at the end piece, causing you annoyance and expense? Has the end piece loosened so that your glasses "wobbled" on your face? Probably—most spectacles have been weakest at this vital point. But not the new Twintex Shur-on! Its patented double-brace, double-grip joint means double strength where strength is most necessary. It spells for you freedom from repair bills. And it means that your glasses, once properly adjusted, will stay adjusted. Bid good-bye to spectacle trouble! Get the new Twintex Shur-on at your optical specialist's. He has this newest, strongest frame in several styles.

Send for an authoritative booklet, "Style in Glasses."

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ACHILLES ALWAYS HAS HIS HEEL

Continued from Page 23

her with secret pride. Also she could bake raspberry pies that melted in your mouth, and her hair was naturally curly. No two people who had brought Bella into the world, and steered her safely through measles and scarlet fever, and given her music lessons, and a diamond ring on her eighteenth birthday, and four college years, could say that their lives had been entirely wasted

As Bella grew older, so did her parents. The youthful surliness of her father partly spent itself and became more of what seemed mere taciturnity; and for his property holdings and consequent standing in the community, he got the rewards usual in an American township. He became director in two county banks, heavy stockholder in interurban and canning-factory ventures, member of the school board, and so forth. Dignity, like spirituality, grows upon what it feeds upon. Steve sat at directors' meetings and discussed loans to smaller fruit raisers; he sat at meetings of the school board and voted whether the intermediate textbooks could be improved or not; and he gained a species of impersonal judgment.

His hired help did not like him. For a dollar, he exacted a dollar's worth of work. On the other hand, he paid weekly, and never dillydallied at paying time. Nor did he hire more men than he needed, with resulting disastrous lay-off, like old Ernest Alston, down the state road, whose promises and credit were like the wind, blowing where they listeth.

Esther, too, gained position. Like Steve, she had her associates and obligations outside home. She was vice president of the Neighborhood Culture Club; she had charge of considerable church work; she was an active member of the W. C. T. U. When Bella was twelve years old, Esther accompanied Steve to the state Republican convention, in a new blue silk dress and a fancy straw hat with metal egrets; and she enjoyed her three days' stay at the great red brick hotel where delegates and tobacco smoke were thickly important. And with Steve she was moved to parental wrath when, returning home, it was found that Bella had broken the wide parlor window with a croquet ball.

In short, the lives of husband and wife had grown appreciably together, so that they were one. Perhaps not absolutely one, but joined with a conspicuous seam like two stones welded together by centuries and by sand in which they have long lain and which has been freakishly subject to earth's heat, so that it has effected a rough molten jointure which testifies that once the two were not one—well, to all purpose, they were one. It is true that an obvious joining is an eye-catcher. It obtrudes. But sometimes that is no great matter.

It was true that Esther's worn, wiry face was more passionless than some of her women friends' faces. But that might have turned out to be no great matter. She had enjoyment in life.

At first she did not pay particular attention to the picture of Stan Gray, a college acquaintance, which appeared on Bella's chiffonier one Christmas vacation. He was light-haired, good-looking, with smiling mouth. It was not the first picture of a young man that Bella had framed in tooled leather.

But the next summer, when he followed Bella home, she knew that he reminded her of someone. Later she thought that the resemblance was accidental. His light-gray suit and his laugh and his pleasant manner made her think of old days, of Harry Vardaman. But her mind was not greatly stirred until she learned, from her gray-haired brother, Henry Hape, of the next township, that he was in fact a distant connection of the Vardaman family who used to live thereabouts. Pretty distant to be sure. But the family look was there; even as it was between Steve and young Olly, who came from half a township away to pick his kinsman's fruit every year.

Bella explained—this, the next summer, with volubility—that Stan was an orphan who had had enough patrimony to put himself through college, with some fifteen hundred dollars to spare for buying land. He had taken the agricultural course; he liked land.

It might have been the brilliancy of her daughter's eyes, the dreaminess that lay in the brilliancy. One evening as Stan stepped down the zinnia-bordered path from the graveled roadway to the side porch where Esther was darning—Bella was upstairs primping—the older woman knew a strange clutch of heart. So Harry had once walked toward a smaller porch where she sat, with the same smiling face, the same swish of stick at the grass.

Esther was at first conscious of a great delight for Bella—for Bella. What a happy girl she would be! It was not until some hours afterward that Esther realized that parallel to this thought, all unseen, like an underground river beneath a great lake, ran the consciousness that this girl's happiness might compensate for another girl's unhappiness.

The door of the sitting room opening to the side porch was glass for three-fourths of its width. Reflected in this door, she saw Bella come flying down the stairs that led, with a polished balustrade, down one wall of the room. At the foot of the stairs the girl paused an instant. In the glass of the door there was the quick blur of her upraised hands, as if she joyously pressed them to her too warm pink cheeks.

The cheeks were still too pink when Bella came out on the porch. Her eyes were gay and dilated. Her plump white throat, exposed by the low V of her thin house dress, rose and fell. Esther remembered—strange how memory can dart over years—how one evening she feared that her brother Henry might look at her throat when she came in the house from outdoors. Strange! Henry had now forgotten that his sister ever strayed out of doors with anyone but Steve Applebone.

Stan was staying in town; at the old white-and-green-shuttered boarding house run by the Perkman sisters. Esther urged Bella to invite him —

"Not!" cried Bella, smiling. "I'm not grabbing him before he makes up his mind. Just you let him board right on in town."

Esther reflected. Some of Steve's strength in Bella. And Stan stayed on in town, for all that he was a single-minded young man with a future to carve. The future waited on Bella.

He came out to see Bella, afternoons, evenings. He looked around the countryside for a settling place. Bella, to her mother, laughed at this looking about. With fifteen hundred dollars! Good land brought money thereabouts in this generation. But it was a light laugh. Wasn't she her father's only child, and didn't any fruit grower relish an able-bodied male relative as a bee relishes sumac in bloom? Even Olly—Steve had more than once said that he was glad Olly was related to him, since he had a knack of handling pickers and, because he came from a poorer branch of the Applebone line, was glad to have yearly charge of the extensive orchards.

There was one afternoon when Esther and Bella and Stan almost discussed the future; a languid afternoon when the sun beat down goldenly and there was an agreeable summer lassitude in the air. On the porch were iced lemonade and caraway-seed cookies. Up the graveled roadway leading from the barn came presently several barrel-loaded trucks. The late cherries were being harvested. It was only a meager showing of barrels to what would load down the autumn trucks. But the odor of the fruit came pleasantly to the porch.

Esther sniffed it with unconscious content. She knew that she was a little excited with her unwonted content of mind. The young man stared after the trucks with the unconscious envy of the landless man, who likes land, for the owner of acres. He had been telling the two women about his childhood in the East where soil was poor.

He stayed for supper. Bella had the imperiousness of any American daughter at home and in love. She did not care whether her family wished company or not. They could invite him, or suffer her acute displeasure. And any American family will tell you, if you do not know—although who between the poles does not know?—that the displeasure of a pretty daughter is nothing to be lightly incurred.

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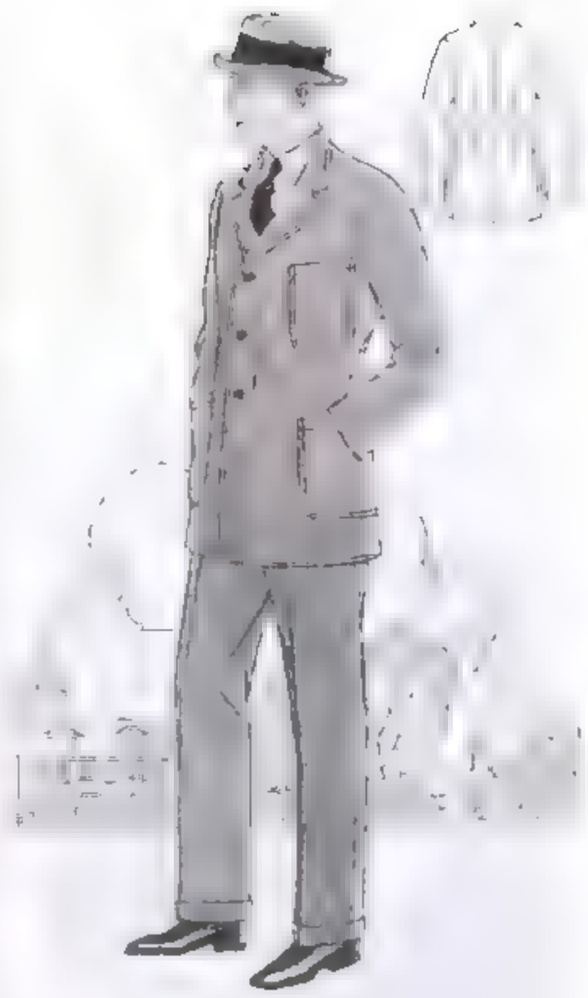

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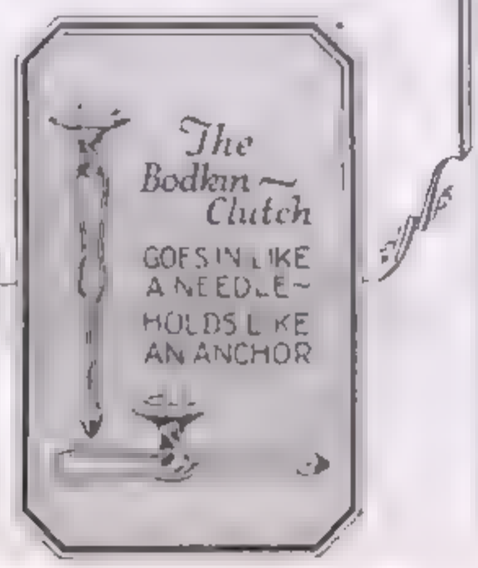

Toward six o'clock, Esther hastened inside to oversee cold sliced veal, peas stewed in cream, new potatoes, cold cherry tarts, green-apple sauce and iced coffee. Olly Epplebone stayed for supper too. It was that night that, for the first conscious time, Esther noticed how much he resembled her husband.

The moon was yellow after supper. Bella and Stan sat out on the porch. Their laughter came indoors, inconsequent, rippling. Olly and Steve rode to town; something about the cherry shipment. Steve paid no particular attention to Bella's last beau. He was always rather grumpy of soul when the small summer fruit was being harvested. The scattered cherry acres and summer apples were secondary crops, always uncertain both as to market and price. He grudged the time and the labor spent on them. His peach crop—not clingstones—was his first secret gloating pride, the winter apples his second.

The side porch was screened. The front stoop was not. Esther sat out in front and unheedingly brushed away mosquitoes. She would not intrude on the young pair. Even when Steve came home, she remained outside. She had an overwhelming disinclination to go inside.

She wondered a little at this sudden whimsey. Steve was an integral part of her life. He had been that for a long time. She did not like to know that he was ill or worried. But tonight, for some reason, the thought of his longish, heavy face with its protuberant jaws was something to be avoided.

Bella's laugh came around the corner of the house like an absurd bar of song; an irrepressible, gay bar. Stan's voice came in a lower, deeper note. It was an attractive tenor voice. Strange, it touched old chords. Esther listened hungrily to it. She had forgotten Bella. Strange, how after many years a memory of a voice could trouble a little old dried-up woman until her wiry cheeks burned flamelike and her heart was troubled.

She went within doors presently; upstairs to bed, where Steve lay. He grunted irritably because she woke him. She undressed in the moonlight, fixing her clothes in their usual neatness, and lay beside him.

When a woman is past forty, by her clothes laid aside for the night you may read her life and her hopes. Esther's dress and black shoes and her serviceable black stockings, neatly ranged, told their story.

She heard the young man depart. His flivver—a hired one—chugged out the graveled way to the public road. He called back, "See you tomorrow, Bell o' my heart!" Bella came up to her room, which was down the hall. On the braided rug her white canvas pumps soon thudded softly. She yawned. The sound of her plump youthful jaws came to the tense older ears as it would not have come to less attentive hearing. She poured cool water in her bowl and splashed her neck and shoulders. Bella was too cleanly to sleep with facial or talc powder on her flesh. There came the slow sound of hairbrush too. A girl in love does not neglect her nightly hundred. Esther remembered ah, she remembered that old black-backed brush which was shared among herself and her sisters Maggie and Dimmy.

Esther Epplebone ceased to listen to Bella. She remembered one night that Harry Vardaman's buggy wheels crunched swiftly down the sandy road. There were no smooth state roads in those days.

A killdeer sounded now—faint, plaintive. Esther remembered that a killdeer sounded that night, receding faintly past yard, past orchard.

Esther slept unevenly, and she was a little confused in the morning when she woke. She stared at her small, prim, faded face in the glass, while she made her plain toilet. Had she dreamed that she was not faded or fifty-four?

Steve was not at home that day. He and Olly were rounding up fruit pickers for the big month to come. Esther, for some reason, was glad that he was gone. She was anxious to talk to Bella, to listen to what the girl had to say about Stan Gray. Bella was not a reticent daughter, and she could count on the kindliness of her mother's ear.

Toward noon Bella looked very curiously at the bright spot of fire that showed in each of Esther's cheeks.

"Touch of heat?" she asked in concern, breaking off in her garrulity.

Esther put up an uncertain hand to her flushed skin.

"Why, no; it doesn't seem specially warm today."

She looked vaguely—oh, this was strange!—at the girl's cheeks, as if they, not her own, had been under discussion.

There were two pleasant weeks. Esther knew afterward that somehow her own identity had been fused in her mind with Bella's. She found her elderly self waiting expectantly for Stan Gray; she caught herself coloring when he was at hand; and the young man was another than himself; present time had become freakishly mixed with what was long departed time.

She did not pay much attention to Steve this curious interval. It was hardly likely that he recalled—if, indeed, he had even known that she had reason or excuse to remember the Vardamans, long gone from that part of the world. She fancied that once or twice Steve looked at her oddly, with unusual surliness, when with Bella she waited happily in sitting room or on the porch—listening for flivver wheels.

She noticed indifferently that Olly Epplebone was staying often for supper; as if invited. Usually he went home, three miles north, no matter how late the day's work in the orchards. He was a muscular, overgrown young fellow. Esther had often suspected that Olly never liked to stay for supper because of the chores that on any farm are multiple with sunset. For a dollar, Olly gave a dollar's worth of work.

It was not until Stan Gray came that Esther noticed, with a suddenly sharp eye, how strong was the family resemblance between Olly and Steve, his elderly cousin thrice removed.

And then—this must have been along the very first of July—for all her abstraction, she sensed something alien and uncommonly sullen in the occasional furtive side glance which her husband gave her at mealtime or bedtime.

As if Steve felt her uneasy speculation, one humid night when the tree toads sang exasperatingly, he disclosed his mind. He didn't like this young whippersnapper whom Bella had brought home from college like a monkey on a string. He didn't want him for a son-in-law. He did not intend to have him for a son-in-law. He preferred his relative Olly, who for five years now had managed peach and apple pickers to Epplebone profit and reputation.

Bella and Stan were away, riding, or at a band concert in town. Esther was dismayed at the disclosure; although afterward she realized that, curiously enough, she had not been much surprised. There had been for days a subconscious warning, or a fear. She rocked a while in perturbed silence on the porch. Then she essayed to change his mind. But she essayed inadequately. It was unchangeable. That became clear as the summer days passed.

Bella, at first astonished, was shocked and then intensely offended. As reply, she reported within two days to her mother that she had flung herself at Stan and set their wedding day for August the first. Esther persuaded her to change it to mid-September at least. He might weaken. Bella consented without too much argument. She had the optimism of youth, of course. It was positively absurd that her father should continue to be so cruel and so silly. And Bella fed her optimism and worked off some of her youthful temper on her trousseau.

But Esther, as time went on, had a sense of beating with bare hands at a stone wall. The husband and father sat in sullen silence or strode off, and disdained to weaken. Esther marshaled her arguments in a confusion of soul that nevertheless took on passion and firmness as the days became weeks. She explained carefully that Stan had only fifteen hundred dollars. That was not much money now, with good land all over the earth shrinking, not generation by generation, but year by year, so fast did the population march. But it was a good deal for a young man to have hung onto.

The young pair were land people. Bella often declared that she could never live in a town.

It was true that they were a young and healthy pair. They probably would not starve. But if they bought a farm on time, what could they look forward to except years of intense struggle? And if children came fast, or sickness came to parents or children —— Oh, there was no need, seeing that Steve was so well-to-do, that Bella should have to meet life like less fortunate girls. Now was there? Esther wrung her thin wiry hands, homely knuckled from the years. She was pleading for a daughter's rights, that was all. Bella was—she brought it out finally in clumsy, inadequate phrasing Bella was a girl of good character. Given a chance, seeing she had a decent young fellow for husband, she could raise good children, add to the world's good. Why should two worthy young folks be made to struggle because of a man's—a man's ——

"Meanness?" Steve said, with an ugly smile that drew his heavy, protuberant lips back from his teeth. "Oh, I get what you're aiming at, all right! But that don't faze me. I've got my reasons for what I'm doing. I'm doing nothing but keeping my own property. And I don't care for further argument."

"It isn't fair! Bella's a good girl. What if you'd had a daughter like Aggie Whoyle?"

She mentioned a neighbor's girl who was in a scandal involving seven or eight men.

"I'd take a rawhide to her," he rejoined grimly. "You're saying nothing more than that Bella's ordinarily decent, like the average woman. And I figure Olly'd make her a more decent husband than that mongrel."

"He—he's not a mongrel."

"You seem to be in love with him yourself, more or less." Again there was the ugly smile. "I've noticed you acting sort of silly the minute he hove in sight."

Esther Epplebone blushed. It was not a pretty sight. On a faded wiry cheek, a blush is not that. It is a sign of a flame that has no warrant for being. Esther left the room soon; out of Steve's sight, her limbs trembled as if she had been caught unclothed by a stranger and jeered at mercilessly. She did not repeat this imputation of Steve's to Bella. But the first time that she was in town she drew all of her own savings from the bank for wedding clothes for Bella.

Bella was practical. She saw no reason for going chemiseless and shoeless to a man when she could stock her wardrobe for a few years. Youthful optimism may have reasoned that a parent would get over a temporary aberration of mind. But the evening when a yellow breadth of satin, which she or Esther or Maidy had neglected to pick up when clearing away the afternoon's disorder, was ill-naturedly trampled by Steve as he passed through the room, Bella frightenedly put away all optimism.

"It'll cost me two dollars for a new breadth, pa," she tried to say lightly, holding extended the mark of stable grime.

He did not answer with equal lightness.

"Don't know as you'll have much need for satin dresses the way you'll likely live," he grunted in contempt, and strode out to the kitchen.

Olly Epplebone, replete with his supper, grinned. He tried to suppress his grin, but it peeped. Bella saw, and grew white with temper.

"I'd rather go without satin with one man than wear it by the yards for another," she flung after her father.

Her cousin Olly's grin departed. So did he.

Bella announced the next day, for the whole house to hear, that her wedding might be a notable event in the township. Twenty or more of Stan's college mates were coming in a crowd. Letter and telegram had announced them.

Esther furtively watched for the effect of this announcement on Steve. Last year Bessie Alston's wedding, down the state road, had been a big affair. Bessie's college friends had come in force, filling the rambling Alston house and even calling for cots in the big barn. But Steve's heavy face gave no indication that he could be pricked by paternal pride or emulation.

"It's going to be rather humiliating to have to house them at the Perkman boarding house," tearfully admitted Bella later to her mother in privacy. "But I don't care—I don't! I couldn't bring myself to tell Stan to send them word to stay away."

Steve went to the city for a week, taking Olly. There had to be the yearly spar with the commission men, in spite of contracts signed months before. The week eased for the two women the month's strain. When he returned, August was gliding into September, like one yellow bowl set inside another.

In spite of Esther's half-hearted pleadings, Bella refused to postpone her wedding again in the hope of more time proving a factor in Steve's relenting. She told her mother she had a little pride and Stan had a lot. Stan said he'd loafed around long enough courting her, and he expected either

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 118

to rent or buy on time a place, in that end of the state or elsewhere, before the first of October and get ready for spring and for life. He could get the Peterman twenty for one thousand down, mortgage at seven per cent.

"We're doing everything as secretly as possible," said Bella moodily, stitching pillowcases. "I—I don't want the whole county talking about pa—for your sake at least. I'll get all my clothes together and ride down that Wednesday afternoon. Stan'll get the preacher and it'll be considered an elopement, and that's all."

Esther smoothed the pillowcases one by one and arranged them in a neat bridal heap. Her rather dried lips had pursed bitterly. The Peterman twenty was worked-out land. The house was poor, the cellar was tiny. Esther had gone down into that cellar once when a Peterman daughter-in-law was ailing, with four unwashed children claiming neighbors' sympathy. Her capable Bella!

She dropped the pillow slips abruptly and went up to her room and sat there bitterly by herself until suppertime. She went down then with a surging, stormlike dislike for Stephen Epplebone in her usually meek heart. It was a dislike that wiped out all the little claims and ties of the years between them, all the small pleasantnesses that had marked their dual life. It was devastating—this rush of hate.

She had made up her mind that day. The orchards and the acres of her husband irked her. What Bella could not share, she would not. Her daughter's fortune would be hers.

The week sped under this resolution, kept carefully to herself. The peaches grew yellow, grew red. They were sweetening and blushing for basket and crate. For perhaps the first time in thirty years, Esther paid little attention to their progress or beauty. They were Stephen's peaches. From scraps of talk between him and Olly concerning the annual round-up of experienced pickers, she calculated that she and Bella would be gone by first picking day. Well, that would not matter to anyone. The hired girls could cook for the men as well as if she were at home to oversee.

She gathered her clothes and other little belongings together. She packed suitcases and an old trunk. Her faded mouth was tight and silent. The house, to her at least, took on a strange and hostile look. She was losing ties with what had been bound to her with the steel of long association. The loosened steel seemed to make a clangor that hurt her ears, so that she was moved almost to clap her hands over them and get peace.

And finally, on the day that Bella somewhat disconsolately rode to town, not to return, Esther communicated her own resolution to Steve.

It was noon. The orchards were stirring. The leaves moved in the wind. Men were setting ladders and long tiers of baskets in position for imminent activity. The Epplebone trucks were massed by the barns, like ammunition wagons for an army.

On the side porch, beyond hearing of the kitchen, Steve listened to her grimly. He warned her.

"Make your bed. Lie in it. Remember, you make it."

"I'll not forget," she assured him in quavering voice of anger.

"Make no mistake. I'll be laughed at. So will you, for that matter. I've not lived all my life sensible to be made a laughing-stock by you or anyone else, Esther Epplebone! If you go, stay! You'll find no welcome here again the rest of your life."

"I'll not return, welcome or none," she quavered.

"I'll not support you." The heavy ugliness of his face was intensified.

"I'll not ask, though I could—I could go to law. But there'll be no law asked."

"You couldn't go to law. I'd say you had a good home. Of your own accord you left. Besides ——"

There was an ugly triumph in his pause. She understood. Two judges of the county owed him money. Another had asked his help at next election.

"Oh, I could get justice, I guess," she said unevenly. "I guess you don't own judges. But there'll be no need. I don't require much in life. A bed, and a chair to sit in, and what I eat. Bella and him may not prosper much, but they have enough for what I need, at my age. And if Bella has children, she'll be glad of me to tend 'em, so's she and Stan won't be tied down like some young folks. Wherever there's children to be rocked and physicked and watched, an old woman has a welcome enough place."

It was a long, passionate speech. Its close left Esther breathless and angry.

"I'll not worry over your being a burden to Bella," sneered her husband. "Be what you like." He turned to go.

"I guess you noticed," she said wearily, "that Bella rode to town in his car, but ——"

"When a man's busy in a field he don't notice all that's going on at the house," he threw shortly over his shoulder, going on, so that she had to hurry after him.

"But not to make too much talk, I'd like one of the men to take me in—and my trunks."

He nodded, not looking around

There was no beauty in her faded, sorrowful face as she turned upstairs. Her husband's had been repellent with sullen rage. She covered her eyes to shut out what was not before her sight. Rather blindly, she fussed about her packed trunk.

The scent of ripening fruit came through the open windows. September haze holds this scent, as a vase holds flowers. Absently, Esther thought to herself that the peaches were in prime condition. In thirty years, this would be the first time that she had missed the picking. Even before it was a fact, she began to feel an overpowering nostalgia for the tump-tump of rolled baskets, the cheesecloth-covered crates, the anxiety over whether the picking had been exactly timed. Every year bloomed this worry. Every year, when the crop was good, came the weary but contented sense of triumph when the last branch had been picked bare, the last bit of round beautiful fruit flesh marketed, the last picker paid off.

Steve would have it all to himself this year. Let him. He had been a good husband, did he say? Let him remember that she had been a good wife. This ending of a long partnership was not her choice.

When she came downstairs he was not in sight. She stood uncertainly on the back porch. Maidy was watching her slyly, she knew. She could not help that. But surely Steve was not too angered to concede that her departure must be made with some sort of dignity.

He was not, it proved. He came now from the barn. Over his red-tanned face and neck, the heat of the day had laid a grimy beading of sweat. There was no weakening in his voice; instead, a hardening.

He said, without emotion, "I told Ivan you're driving into town. He'll take you. But the trucks ain't unloaded from the basket factory. Your trunk'll have to wait till after supper."

"That's suitable. I'll get on my hat."

They looked straight at each other with bitter hate. Then she went to her room for her hat.

In silence she got in behind Ivan, one of the added hands of the year. She forced a small smile as he reached back to close the door after her. She was both relieved and a little hurt when the young fellow, a Russian not many years in this country, turned his stolid face from her and cared no more for talk on the way than did she herself.

Of course he knew that this was no mere idle ride into town. Help have keen ears. But she had poulticed a felon for Ivan not many months back. Still, if he did not care to jeopardize his standing with Steve—oh, well, what did it matter? What is a pin prick after life has rained hammer blows upon you?

She forgot Ivan as they passed the Alston orchards, sibilant countless green rows so like the Epplebone; and in spite of all her will, the tears rose, trailed weakly down her wiry cheeks. Ah, Steve was hard! Could he not think it was root-tearing for an old woman to leave her home, her niche?

Tears are a noiseless fluid, if throat is silent too. But the working of even an old throat betrays itself. Ivan jerked a towhead around.

"Oh, Mis' Eepplebun! Mis' ——"

Esther shook her head. She could not talk. She preferred him not to talk. He hesitated while a mile, two miles, were flvvered away. And by that time the outlying cottages of town were at hand; and Ivan hesitated no longer, but in a guttural sentence caused Esther to forget her own troubles and to sit up straight and horrified. Whereat Ivan stolidly beamed at her and continued.

His English was not good. But it served. Ivan had the facts. There would be no peach triumph or profit for Steve Epplebone this year. Day after tomorrow, at picking hour, his pickers in a body would make their way to other orchards, to other employers. Olly was the leader. He had the vengeful soul that took a love disappointment with malevolence. Not sharing the Epplebone fortunes, he would impair them. Most of the men thought Steve would be served right. As a bunch, they had a sense of humor.

Gutturally, Ivan closed his tale with a beseeching command to Mis' Eepplebun not to betray his betrayal. Olly would hurt him. She promised slowly. But having made that promise

Out of the car, standing on the corner of the tree-shaded street where Stan and Bella waited for a preacher, Esther thought how she could best keep that promise and still break it. That peach crop unpicked, fruit rotting on the trees—why, that would be a crime! It was not fair to do this to a man! A year's waiting brought to naught! Why, it would break Steve's spirit!

When a woman has made peach marmalade for thirty years, never a September skipped even for sickness, she is aghast at spoilage of fruit. She is likewise a capable woman, when she is not too much preoccupied. Esther stood on the corner and watched Ivan turn down toward a garage. Probably he would be in town an hour attending to errands for Steve. Well, she would not betray him. But, on the other hand, she could not reasonably ask him to drive her right back home.

She could not hire a car from the garage, either, without Ivan seeing her, and possibly hastening to warn Olly and gain immunity for himself. She could ask Stan better not, though. This must be between her and Steve. Her face lighted when she saw one of the Alston trucks heading down the main street, homeward bound. She ran after it and made the neighborly request of a ride. The driver, a stolid Bohemian, granted it naturally, without curiosity.

Past the Alston place, a tourist picked her up for the two additional miles. She hastened into the house, finding it darkened and orderly as she had left it. Steve was not in it. She went out to the barns hurriedly. The sweat lay in big drops on her face and she felt a dampness down her spine under her clothing.

One of the men in the first barn told her that Steve was out in an orchard, examining fruit. He did not know which orchard.

She made her anxious way under interminable trees, or so it seemed. Under the heavy branches, scented and drooping, the air was close; but if one got out in the center, between the trees, the sun had you with unbearable force.

The summer apple trees were left behind by her. Forty acres of Elbertas were covered in vain. She had to walk to the farthest corner of Epplebone land before she came upon him, walking up and down the rows where pink and yellow fruit showed coquettishly, coming out of its green camouflage of the previous month.

The fruit was in wonderful condition. Sun and rain had alternated properly all summer. It would be a shame! She walked with swift stumbling steps at the realization.

Steve stared grimly at her as she neared him. She read his thought. It was that she had come humbly back. But that did not matter. Her news swamped pettier matters. She told him with hasty, anxious voice what she had learned, not how she had learned it.

At first he did not believe her. Another woman, for all her years of wifehood, might have let him go ahead to disaster for the contemptuous disbelief of his attitude.

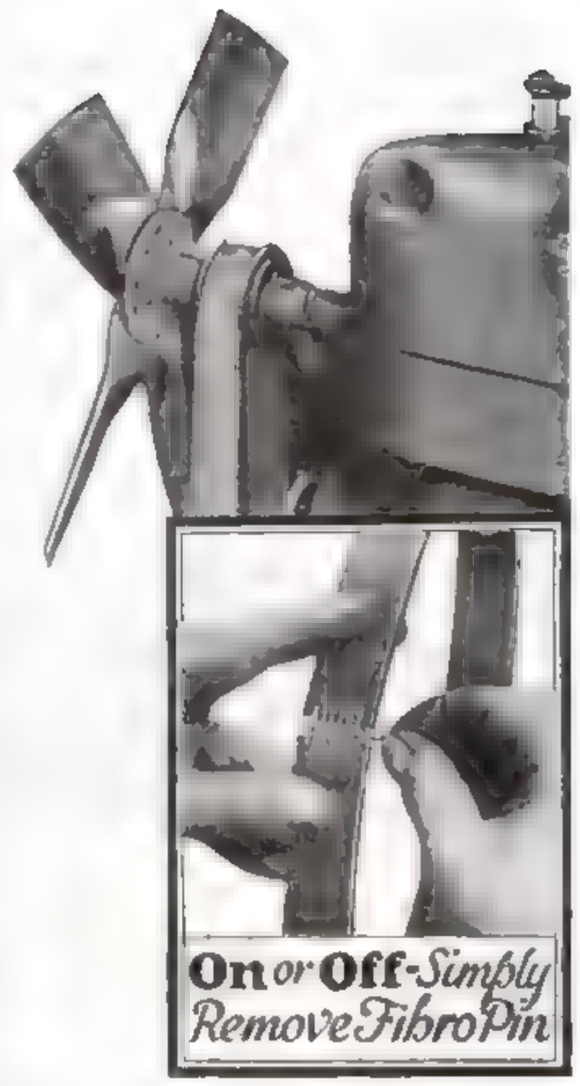
"You better believe me, Steve," warned Esther with spirit. "Olly's got a real mean disposition, I guess. He seems to have had this planned for a good while back."

"I guess he ain't got any call to harm me. I didn't do anything to him." Steve Epplebone shrugged and sneered.

"Maybe he hasn't cool enough blood to remember that," she said. "He must have got real bad worked up about not getting Bella. Anyhow, the peaches ——"

She turned anxious, desperate eyes upon them. There was that in her manner that relegated personalities to the background and brought forward the prime importance of the fruit itself—the fruit that, not having hands, could not care for itself, but must depend on human attention.

Steve stared at her heavily. Esther was not the woman to tell a lie. He must have put the spotlight of abrupt alarm on the



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past weeks and found evidence that constrained him to credence. His face became very dark, like an ugly pond in shadow.

"Once I saw him turn and grin at those Burminski brothers ——"

There was a menace in the mutter to himself. Steve had a thick throat.

"What'll you do, Steve?" she quavered. "Why ——"

He cogitated heavily. Against his will, fright gathered in his lumpish browned face as he turned his stare to the trees about.

"You'll have to telegraph into the cities for more hands," she said uncertainly.

"Green hands!" The exclamation was accompanied with a curse.

Esther's hands clasped and unclasped in assenting perturbation. Green hands were better than none, but not much better. And at this late day one could rake the countryside with a fine-tooth comb and find no skilled workers that were not hired, most of them bound by contract.

She followed his sullen look at an apple orchard half a mile to the left. If it were the apples—well, a grower had a chance with the firmer fruit. One could lose days, even a week or so, and find apples still choice for market. But peaches—the frailer sisterhood! Well, they were like all softer-fleshed things. They welcomed the passion of the sun, and were periled by it before a helping hand could be turned. They were rotted by the light for which they rosied. Three days' delay—a week! Fruit would hang unsalable on the branches, a mush, a ghastly wastage. In the sudden agonized breath drawn by Steve Applebone was exposed all a man's pride and fright. He clenched a hard brown fist.

"I'll fix him if he's actually planned ——"

"That won't get the peaches to market," said Esther wearily. "I wonder—of course I'll pick. But I ain't a very fast worker."

"Oh, you!" Steve uttered a curse. Not at her—at the situation. "Why, I've got two hands too! I expect we'd have as many as four hundred baskets sitting between us at the end of a week."

His throat was contorted in actual physical pain. He had estimated his peach crop at twelve thousand bushels, no less.

Esther plucked hopelessly at a green twig that hung low from the nearest tree and, wind-stirred, seemed to nozzle her hand like a dog. The two, man and woman, drew closer together where they stood. To both, it seemed something in the nature of a wrong to a power beyond themselves that good harvest should come to naught.

It was not the money question alone. Esther did her husband justice. Ignorantly enough, he did himself a certain rough justice. He had enough money to keep himself from want or discomfort all the rest of his days, no matter if his peaches rotted where they grew for many a year.

But it is not meet that food should rot, in a world whose main concern is food. Esther began to cry weakly. The day had been hard. She was tired; the sweat streaked her wiry face and mingled with the dust of her trip to town and back again; and her hair was disarrayed over her ears. She had put up a hand to straighten back one annoying wisp, when a thought came and her faded eyes began to burn.

"Pa!"

"What?" he grunted impatiently.

"Those boys that are coming to Bella's wedding! Twenty, anyway! I've just remembered that on a corner of Main Street I saw four that must have been some of them. I—I believe they'd do it for a man in a tight place!"

His face sagged in a way that betrayed that he had been tempted into hope by her exclamation. "I can get plenty of green pickers hereabouts," he sneered.

"They're not green ones!" almost sang Esther. "I just this minute recollected that I'd heard Bella say once that they'd mostly worked their way through school, picking fruit and such. Oh, pa, don't think about Bella, but let's try this chance!" And at sight of his face, "Oh, pa, it wouldn't be any of Bella's doings! And she wouldn't try to make a bargain. She'd just think about the fruit itself all going to waste."

He started to walk away from her, toward the house. His back was uncompromising. Esther ran after him, and caught his arm. "Pa!"

As if against his will, he halted.

"I'm not anxious to be beholden to Bella—or him." He would have walked on.

"Pa, think of the peaches! Think, pa!"

Almost, he strode on grimly. Almost —— Oh, it was a hard thing for a man to do. It cut pride; it cut self-respect.

"'Bout as soon see the fruit go to waste!"

"Pa, it wouldn't be fair to the peaches themselves!"

Oh, his feet dragged! He looked at the trees all around him. He put a crushing hand on a near pink peach and flung it to the ground. It was an overt act for a peach grower. Perhaps the loaded branches spoke audibly to him as heavily he looked at them. They swayed in the warm wind and made sound, for all their muteness.

A long minute, and the muscular working of a man's face; the sag of his shoulders; protuberant lips that drew back and then went slack.

And at last he said bitterly: "I ain't where I can help myself. If—if those fellows have ever picked, and if they'll come ——"

"They'll come, if I have to get down on my knees to Stan. But I won't." She started on a little excited run houseward. "And you can laugh at Olly, pa." For he had hurried to keep pace with her.

"I won't laugh at him," he promised grimly. "I'll take a horsewhip to him."

"Now, pa, you'll do nothing of the sort," she urged sensibly. "You'd get arrested, or he'd sue you for damages." Steve sucked a lip over this. But Esther had swayed a little. "I declare, pa, I feel a little bit faint. I've been on the go all day."

Over a hard face came concern. He extended an arm awkwardly.

"Better lean on me, Esther." And then, as if an inexpressible bitterness had long wished outlet, he said without looking at her, "Though I s'pose you'd like it better if 'twas the arm of the young fellow you used to go around with years back."

So he had guessed. She had not been sure until now. She felt the red blood trying to show in her face, but she would not allow it to have its way. And no time now to be feeling faint. She pulled herself briskly together. Well, she had often done the same at the end of a long day of jelly-making, with a last kettle of rich juice that could not wait until another day, but must be forthwith attended to whether or no arms and head excruciatingly ache.

"Why, pa!" said Esther innocently, as if much amazed. "I don't remember ever going around with any young fellow but you."

A lie? Well, a brave little lie; and perhaps a worthy lie. Steve Applebone looked at her, nonplused. "Why, then ——"

And having stammered so much, he chose to say no more.

They came—the self-invited wedding guests. And they telegraphed for others. They came with whoops and pleasure, straw hats and blue-serge coats, blue serge being a necessitous young man's stand-by; they came in trucks and in Stan's flivver; they shed their serge suits for the overalls furnished by their employer only too gladly. They sailed out to orchards like mallards winging north after dull southern days.

They picked efficiently. In previous years they had won theme paper, dormitory beds and boarding-house hash by means of such labor. They were earnest young men, too, most of them, and regarded a basket of spoiled fruit as a cog that would have moved the world in some slight degree back toward savagery. They had the ideality of all brand-new alumni.

The filled baskets grew, multiplied marvelously, stood in rows, in countless rows, heaped trucks, heaped depot platforms and iced cars and on canning-factory floors. The trees, row by row, were denuded. Did they make a satisfied, beginning-to-be-somnolent sound, those compactly shaped trees, as another winter's rest invited them?

Stan Gray was an efficient picker. He was careful enough not to hang near Steve. He asked no prominence among his associates in the harvesting. But long before the last orchard stood stripped, Steve yielded, although somewhat awkwardly.

"There ain't no real strong reason for you and Bella setting up for yourselves elsewhere—unless you'd prefer."

His enunciation was thick and shamed. But his gesture of browned hand toward his surrounding orchards was significant.

"I might as well be honest," said Stan. "I'd prefer to live on my own land, if it was only a parcel. But Bella—well, I'd like her to be comfortable. She can say."

"Women? Shucks!" Steve's grunt was accompanied by a constrained grin. "They're always willing to do the saying. But—but a man can't live alone. And Esther and I"—the sigh was resigned—"be getting pretty old for all this land."

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WINNIE AND THE SHARK

(Continued from Page 19)

handle of the half-open door to observe, with a marked rural accent:

"Very well, so be it, sir. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to ye for giving me the chance of being one o' the first in the field for the profits coming from these shares, and jest as soon as I can lay hands on the price of another thousand or two you can depend on it, mister, that I shall be up here pretty quick after 'em. Thank-ee; good morning, mister, and much obliged."

He closed the door and came into the outer office. He was a tall, well-built but rather slightly stooping man, well on in years, grizzled, clean-shaven save for a short, stiff, antique-style fringe of whisker under his chin. Obviously a countryman, and an old-fashioned one at that. He paused in the little office to take out an old leather wallet and carefully count a few notes remaining in it, first taking a glance at Winnie.

At his first appearance, Blue-Eyes had been conscious of a sudden quick surge of pity and sympathy for him—this old countryman, probably an agriculturist, who seemed to have blundered, seeking a little easy profit, into the very jaws of such a genuine true-blue shark as Fitzmore; but after another glance she changed her mind.

Winnie could recognize a fool as quickly as anyone, and one at the other end of the mental scale—the less densely populated end—rather more quickly than most. And one fleeting glance at the thin, leathery, tight-lipped, strong-jawed face of the old countryman, and his cold, clear, pale-gray eyes, advised her that this old gentleman was far from being a fool. He was one who could take good care of himself and drive a bitter bargain with any man—on his native heath. Winnie knew the type—hard, even avaricious—and she realized at once that it must be greed rather than ignorance inspiring this man's plunge in Devon Dead Mine shares. He was getting, he thought, something for next to nothing, and the keen man is much more frequently a victim to that ever-green dream than a stupid man.

Then Winnie passed into the office, in her turn, and so met Mr. Morton Fitzmore. He was well dressed, unusually well dressed, in a quiet tasteful way, and quite unexpectedly good-looking. He must have been forty-five, but his hair was thick, his teeth perfect and his face still unwrinkled. He looked rather like a serious-minded barrister or medical man—lean, clean-shaven, thoughtful.

His eyes were steady and frank and his smile was pleasant. He greeted Winnie politely, brightening a little as he realized the loveliness of this unexpected visitor. The little one gave him plenty of time to absorb her. She was smiling, half shyly, when she spoke.

"I think I ought to say at once that I don't know anything at all about shares," she explained. "But I have had a—a tip to buy some shares in the Devon Lead Mines Company, and they said—someone at a dance: I forget which one—that I should apply to you, Mr. Fitzmorland——"

"Fitzmore, Miss ——" He glanced at the card she had sent in. "Miss O'Wynn."

"So, as I have a little money I would like to have a small speculation with, please, I have called to see if you would care to sell me a few of those shares."

He caught instantly the faint far tremor of nervousness in the exquisite voice, for he was a very quick man, quicker even than George H. Jay, and Winnie knew that she need not trouble to make the tremor too marked.

"Some shares, Miss O'Wynn? Ah, quite so."

He smiled, but in an absent-minded way, as though thinking figures while he spoke.

"I am not sure, offhand, whether I have many left for disposal. A gentleman has just taken a very large block. And I must be careful not to part with too many of my possible stepping-stones to wealth." His smile was very indulgent. "That is what I call them, Miss O'Wynn—stepping-stones to wealth—for just as soon as we get the mine producing they will be very valuable shares, you understand."

He consulted a small book.

"Still, one must guard against greed—selfishness—even in business, if one wants to be happy. Money isn't everything, after all, Miss O'Wynn. . . . Let me see, now. Do you mind saying how much you wish to speculate?"

But for all his cleverness, the expectancy in his eyes was insufficiently veiled as he looked up. He had noted that the dainty simplicity of Winnie's apparel, her hat and shoes was the expensive kind of simplicity.

"I wish to begin in quite a small way, please. How many pound shares could you let me have for five pounds?"

The expectancy disappeared and Mr. Fitzmore's laugh was a little harder, his eye rather bolder and his voice more familiar as he answered:

"Oh, I see. I thought for a moment that you wanted to come in rather heavily. Well, now, you shall have ten shares for five pounds."

"Oh, thank you so much, dear Mr. Fitzmore." She was eagerly grateful. "I was so nervous. You see, I thought that perhaps you would disdain such a small amount of business to start my speculations with."

She had flushed faintly with pretty excitement, and a new interest lit in dear Mr. Fitzmore's eyes as it occurred to him that she would make a delightful vis-à-vis at lunch. He voiced that pleasing notion forthwith as she selected five pound notes from a little morocco leather case.

"Well, you know, one doesn't usually deal in less than blocks of a hundred shares; but also let me say that one does not often receive so charming a visitor in a dreary old City office. So I made an exception in your favor, my dear Miss O'Wynn."

He laughed, apparently infectiously, for Winnie laughed, too, as she handed over the five pounds.

"That was so nice of you."

"Now I know you think that, Miss O'Wynn, I am encouraged to ask you to take pity on a dull City man and brighten his luncheon hour."

She looked at him, her big eyes dancing.

"You mean you would like me to lunch with you? I should love that. I have never lunched in the City side of London in my life. You have real turtle soup and things, don't you?"

He smiled again. It was rarely indeed that such a dainty little lady as this lunched with him—having just handed him considerably more than the cost of the lunch in return for a little paper. He scribbled a receipt.

"Splendid," he said. "Yes, you shall have turtle soup if you like; but I don't think you will care much for it. Take care of that—it's your receipt—and your certificate will come along in due course. I know a quiet little place that you will think perfectly charming."

For that matter, everything was charming to Mr. Fitzmore that day. He afforded them a bottle of champagne at lunch, though on account of an unfortunate misunderstanding he had to drink it all himself, poor fellow, Winnie preferring a little water.

It was quite a nice lunch and Mr. Fitzmore enjoyed it very much. He perceived that he was envied by other dull City men, and that was a situation sufficiently rare to exhilarate him. Being thus stimulated by the juice of the grape, and exalted by the envy of better men, he found Winnie a little heady. He was normally much too adroit a crook to give away anything of much use to Blue-Eyes, so demurely facing him across the cutlery and plate, unless a considerable portion of his taste and fancy was of any value. Certainly, he made it wholly clear to her that she had taken his fancy, as one might say; and this being so, he was maybe a little less adroit than usual.

They chatted gayly, and when presently he put Winnie in a taxi she went all the way from the Mansion House to the Old Bailey lost in a dreamy admiration at the way she had handled him. But the justifiable little rush of self-esteem passed quite quickly, and long before she had reached home the child had sorted and classified the information concerning Fitzmore she had gleaned—and the information concerning herself which she had naïvely permitted him to glean.

Thus, among other things, Winnie knew that Mr. Fitzmore was a bachelor, with a bachelor flat in Maida Vale; that things, on the whole, were quiet in the City, but that he anticipated shortly making a little fortune, in the spending of which, he had hinted delicately, he hoped Winnie might

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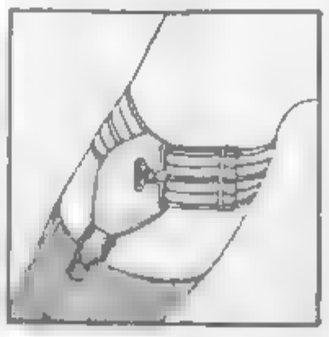

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be prevailed upon to assist; and a number of similar small confidences all characteristic of the well and truly vamped.

There were, moreover, a few odds and ends, scraps, maybe useful, maybe not. For example, Winnie had learned that the name of the old countryman with the glance like an east wind was Middleton, and that he was a denizen of a Dorset village, Puddleford; that among his correspondents Mr. Fitzmore numbered at least one who used quite an imposing crest on the back of his or her envelopes, a big crest embossed in blue ink depicting a big bundle of rods bound round an ax—a thing that oddly reminded Winnie of pictures of Rome. She had observed that the post mark of this letter was Millchester; and she had decided, at first glance, when the letter had slipped out of Mr. Fitzmore's wallet while he was preparing to pay the waiter, that probably someone at Millchester was shortly going to be minus some good money but plus a few stepping-stones to wealth. She knew that that Mr. Fitzmore had possessed himself of a curiously ill-founded notion that one day shortly he was to have the joy of entertaining Winnie at tea in his flat.

Quite a lot of odds and ends like that she had gathered, while in some extraordinary way Mr. Fitzmore had gone back to his office believing that Winnie was the only child of wealthy but old-fashioned parents, who denied her nothing in the world but hard ready money—a commodity of which they had found it so excessively difficult to get a sufficiency that once they had achieved it they lost the knack of lightly separating themselves from it. Consequently, being a popular member of one of the younger bridge sets, Winnie was anxious secretly to speculate somewhat in order to arrange for a steady inflow of cash wherewith to pay her bridge losses.

It was odd that he should have gleaned so quaint a notion of Winnie, for certainly Blue-Eyes had not definitely told him anything of the sort. He must have forced that story bit by bit on himself, just as a conjuror forces a card upon a victim of his sleights. Perhaps Winnie helped him achieve this self-delusion, for she was at all times a very helpful little lady.

Her first action on reaching her cozy little flat was rather unexpected. It was the production of a short note to Mr. George H. Jay, her old agent—at that moment agenting with considerable unsuccess on her behalf—in the matter of tracking down the very elusive details concerning the education of Mr. Fitzmore's family. She wrote:

"*Dear Mr. Jay:* It would be so kind of you to do something for me. I have decided to have a rather dangerous but exciting little speculation. Will you try to buy for me five hundred pounds' worth of shares in the Devon Lead Mines, please? Mr. Fitzmore sold me a few for ten shillings each today. But I don't understand buying shares very well and I am afraid I did not make a very good bargain. I am sure that you will be able to do ever so much better for me. Ever your sincere client,

"WINIFRED CONSTANCE O'WYNN."

"P. S. If you could get the shares for two shillings each, that would be very nice and it would be five thousand shares."

Then she told her maid Thirza that she did not want to be at home to anybody for ever so long, slipped into one of those dainty pink kimonos in which she always thought so very clearly, put a box of chocolates in a place where they could quite conveniently be reached, and settling down within easy looking distance of a mirror, began to think, murmuring occasionally to Best-Beloved, smiling upon her from the looking-glass.

III

THE movements of gentle Mr. Jay upon receipt of Winnie's little note next morning were peculiar. He tilted his silk hat far back on his head, scowled at the letter, scratched his chin, gnawed slightly at one of his knuckles, then began to mutter.

"'Buy what she buys, sell what she sells,' says the system. But she's buying what every office boy in the City knows is the rottenest stock in Christendom, and that's broadcasting a library full of wisdom in about four hoots and a squeak. Me buy any of Fitzmore's decomposed duds? Still, if it's good enough for her ——"

He began to stride about his office, muttering quaintly.

"Oh, Jay—oh, George Henry Jay, have some pluck, you half-hearted piker! Use your brains and form your own judgment and act on it, you prize weathercock! These shares are bad and everybody who knows anything has known it for ages. So you won't buy them. But little Miss Winnie is buying them. Why? Never knew her buy wrong before. Let's look, let's think it over."

He continued to stride and mutter.

"She's wiped my eye this way before, more times than I like to think about. How's she done it?" He scowled, thinking hard. "Why, every time she's had information that I haven't had. That's it, Jay. That's how it went with the Jernington land. She knew something about that which I didn't, and she acted on that. And so she knew, too, that perpetual-motion invention wasn't a half-wit's happy dream, but a more or less practical storage battery. Yes, sir, and so it goes. She knows something about Devon Lead Mines that I don't, and Fitzmore don't, and she's willing to spend money on the strength of that knowledge. Why, maybe there's some lead in 'em after all! Maybe the shares are worth some real money!"

Mr. Jay laughed rather sourly at the ludicrous idea that Fitzmore either owned or sold any shares worth real money.

"Nevertheless, I guess I'll take a trip down to this mine and run my eyes over it. No need to say anything to Miss Winnie. Should look like a fool if there's nothing in it. I guess it won't take me long to sum up the thing as soon as I've looked at the place."

He arranged about buying Winnie's shares and forthwith departed. The tunnelings and workings which Fitzmore called a mine were a good half day's run from London and the gentle George H. had no time to waste. He was well on his way by the time Winnie woke to her morning cup of chocolate. She, too, had a busy day before her, but she did not propose to make herself hot and breathless about it. That sort of thing was all right for quick men like Mr. Jay, but Winnie had not a reputation for quickness to keep up, which, of course, was very nice for her. Thus it was a very cool and dainty little lady who presently stepped out of a taxi before the portals of Fasterton House, where she was lunching with May.

That sprightly peeress was delighted to see her, and immensely interested to hear that she had been so moved by the sad story of Mona Lanborough that she had quite made up her mind to try very hard indeed to think of some little plan to help her.

"I am quite sure that your quickest way will be to harpoon that shark Fitzmore with your wonderful eyes, child. They're like stars today, you absurd little thing," said May. "Inadvertent vamping must be ludicrously easy for you, Winnie. Can you make your eyes shine like that just when you wish, or is it just luck? I have to drown mine in all sorts of ridiculous washes, and even then they only look as if they had just come from a tray at the optician's or taxidermist's." And May studied them very attentively in the huge glass before which she was being dressed. "Yes, they are owlish compared with yours, child. And I question very much whether they match."

She laughed gayly, knowing perfectly well that few brighter eyes than hers had ever shot sparks at an errant husband. Winnie laughed with her, but broke off, like one who suddenly remembers something, paused a second, then asked May if she knew anything about crests.

"Crests, child! No, indeed! Though, I know, of course, that the Fasterton crest is a dreadfully badly drawn dragon with a spear in its mouth and looking as if its leg is caught in a trap and its tail is on fire. It is entitled Semper Fidelis, and I suspect the designer meant it to represent a faithful water spaniel fetching its master's walking stick, but was suffering from the effects of an overdose of mead, which was obviously the popular beverage in the days when the crest was designed."

But she curbed her high spirits as she saw the look of disappointment with which Winnie momentarily dimmed her bright eyes.

"Oh, is it serious, child? Forgive your poor, garrulous May. I don't understand crests a bit, but Barlow does. I believe he knows of a book in the library about them—the genuine ones, as used by the gentry and nobility—that's you and me, for example. And I'm sure Barlow has at least a bookful of private information about

(Continued on Page 129)

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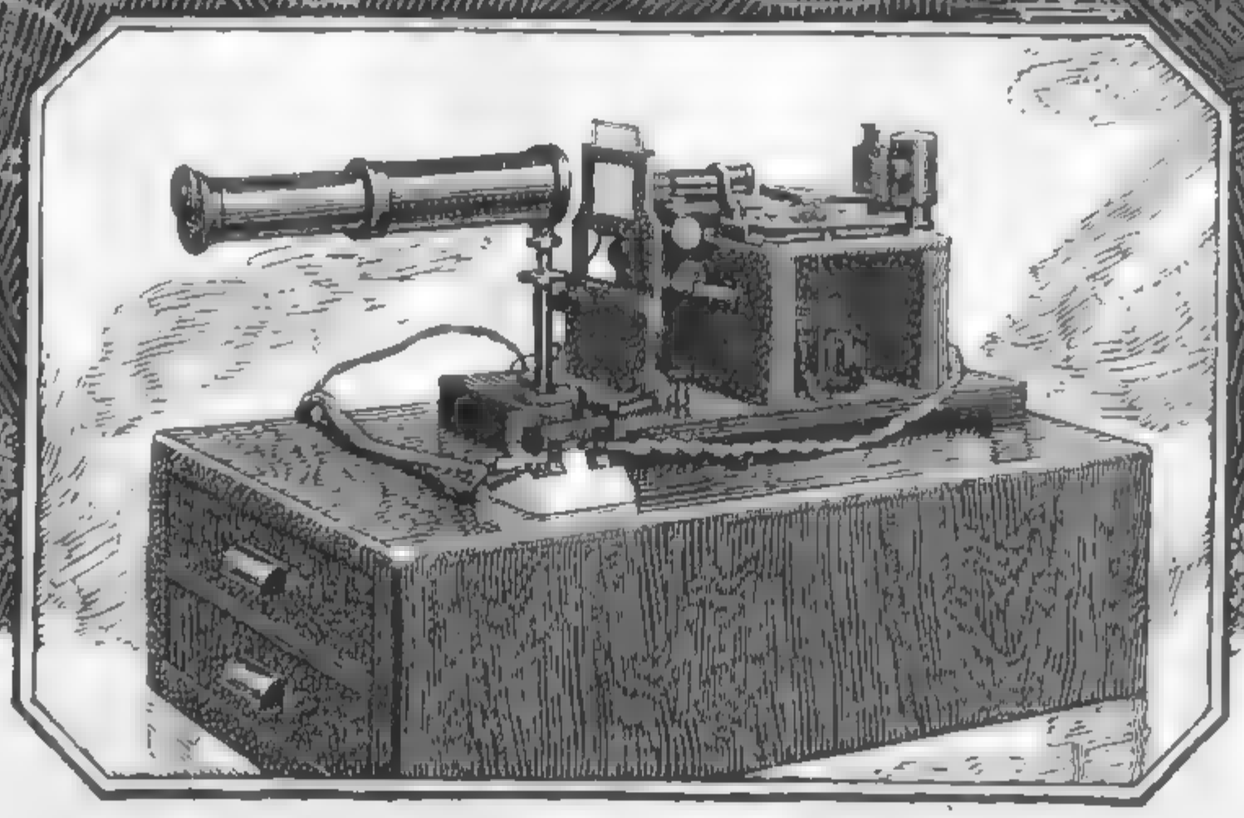

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NO one knows the infinite number of the stars. Surely it would seem that with so many provided by nature there would be no need for man to make still others for himself.

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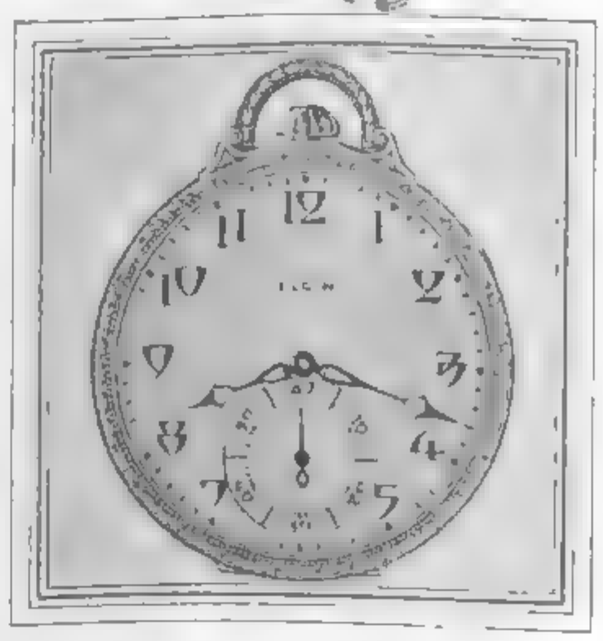

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(Continued from Page 126)

the crests used by the ignobility—that's the others."

Winnie smiled again.

"Then do you mind, May darling, if I go down to the library and look for—for what I am seeking until you are dressed?"

"Of course not. Consult Barlow, child. Don't bore yourself with that wretched book."

And Winnie did exactly that. Barlow, the Fasterton butler, was an old friend of hers, and he possessed a dizzy accumulation of social lore. He was a little puzzled about the crest concerning which Winnie promptly consulted. He said that the ax bound with rods should not comprise the whole picture; there should be the half of a human leg in an attitude of hurrying above it, and the observation, Dum Spiro, Spero, tagged on to it—when it would naturally be the crest of the D'Arcy Fyffes. Or again, quoth Barlow, if there was a mailed fist, in a posture of punching, at the sharp end of the ax, and a kind of fish wearing a spiked crown at the handle end, with the comment, Frangas, Non Flectes, written below, it would be the crest of MacMullet, of MacMullet, the head of the MacMullet clan. Or, he patiently explained, if the fish was an ordinary bog snipe instead of a fish, and it held a sort of bottle-shaped thing in its beak, then the crest would be that of the Mr. Michael O'Mullet, of Kilkow, an Irish branch of the MacMullets.

He was keeping on in that fashion, being indeed an authority on crests, and proud of it, when May Fasterton floated in. Winnie explained that it was just a plain ax with plain rods and went off to lunch.

"Try to find it while we're lunching, Barlow," advised May.

And Barlow did. He brought the coffee himself and the information that the crest was, to the best of his belief, the property of the Rev. Albert Chinn Moffett, M.A., of Millchester, Hertfordshire.

"Oh, thank you, Barlow," said Winnie.

May eyed her guest.

"Does that convey anything at all to you, child?" she asked. "Or is it just meaningless?"

Winnie's eyes were brighter than ever.

"Truly I don't know, but I—I hope so; only I couldn't possibly say until I have been down to Millchester." May nodded. "I think I would like to go to Millchester this afternoon and see the Reverend Mr. Moffett," cooed Winnie presently. "Would you mind lending me your big car and Fleury—in his best livery—to drive, May darling?"

"Ah, so you are going to vamp the reverend gentleman, are you?" laughed May.

"Oh, no!" Winnie was shocked. "But I did want to—to make a little impression on him," she added.

May stared.

"Oh, you'll do that, child," she prophesied dryly. "Reverends are quite human. They should be, engaged as they so often are in marrying, christening and burying—seeing the thing through, as one says. Of course, take the car. If I hadn't to put in an appearance at Margot Elstreth's garden party this afternoon I would come and help you make an impression. Not that you need help. But if you are back in time, Winnie, come and dine here and tell me all about it."

But evidently the little golden-haired one was not back in time, for Lady May saw no more of her that day or the next. Perhaps it had taken her longer to make the so mysteriously desired impression upon the Reverend Albert than she—or May—expected, though when she called on gentle Mr. Jay early next morning, in response to a really urgent telephone call, no sign of disappointment was apparent on her perfect face or in her wonderful eyes. Mr. Jay proved to be in unusually good form and high spirits. He was a little sunburned, Winnie observed, and in almost his first sentence explained why.

"I was sorry to bother you so early in the morning, my dear Miss Winnie," he began robustly. "But as, to tell the truth, I've got a morsel of bad news—nothing terrible, nuh,nuh, but maybe a little irritating—I thought it my plain duty to get it to you before possibly you—er—did anything to make it worse."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Oh, please, that sounds rather ominous, dear Mr. Jay," she began anxiously, but the breezy one reassured her.

"Nuh, nuh, it's not desperate. It's just that I fear—I very much fear—that you will lose your money over those Devon Lead shares. I got them for you—five thousand for five hundred pounds—two shillings each. That will tell you what Fitzmore thinks of them. Miss Winnie, that deal worried me; I'll say frankly it worried me into doing an unusual thing. I just hate to see you—you of all folk—backing the wrong horse, so while I implicitly followed your instructions, as is my duty, and bought the block you wrote for—hating my job, Miss Winnie, I'll say that, for these shares and this man are notorious—I took steps to procure particulars to prevent you plunging any deeper."

"Took steps?" Winnie's echo was faint.

"Yes, Miss Winnie. I went down into Devonshire and took a look at this so-called mine myself—yesterday."

Mr. Jay paused impressively and his eyes were very glassy.

"Went down!" The sweet echo was fainter still

"I'm sorry, very sorry to say the mine's nothing—a few holes in the ground, some heaps of weed-grown rubbish and a few parallel streaks of red rust which once were truck lines. You see, Miss Winnie, my business is largely stock finance, in a way, and I know that business from A to capital Zed. I ought to. The mine never was much. It was a small flotation—fifty thousand capital—and it ended badly, when Fitzmore bought the whole of the shares for next to nothing. I made a whole lot of discreet inquiries locally. Everybody laughed and warned me off—except one, a hard-looking old countryman I found wandering around the deserted and ruined works with a friend, two old cronies. I got into conversation and this old chap was the only one who didn't laugh. But he did worse than that. He said he knew of worse mines, and tried to sell me a hundred shares in it, ha-ha! Some he'd been stuck with years ago, I fancy, Miss Winnie. He tried hard—Middleton his name was, and he must have thought mine was Peter Simple, I guess." The gentle Mr. Jay laughed quite heartily at the naïve attempt of Mr. Middleton to unload a few shares on him, a tolerably competent little unloader himself. "Naturally, I declined and came back to town."

He paused, surveying Winnie not without a very natural complacency.

"So, if you'll allow your old agent to venture a word of advice, Miss Winnie, I'd suggest standing clear of that particular wildcat," he added.

Winnie sighed deeply.

"Thank you ever so much, dear Mr. Jay, for taking such a lot of trouble," she said. But her voice was that of one abstracted and her glorious eyes were a little absent.

Her rapid wits were repainting before her mind's eyes a portrait of Mr. Middleton. It was oddly interesting to hear of this old gentleman being seen prowling about the deserted mine. Why was he prowling there? True, he lived on the boundary line of Dorset and Devon, quite near the mine. Did that mean that he knew something?

Winnie had bought her five hundred pounds' worth of shares solely because her ever-reliable instinct and much careful thought had told her that this bleak-featured old gentleman was decidedly not one of the victim type. That had been her sole reason. She knew countryside types better than City types and she had measured old Mr. Middleton pretty closely. She knew that what money he possessed he had made only after a stern struggle for it, and one glance at those bleak hard gray eyes, the tight clean-shaven lips, had convinced her that Mr. Middleton was not in the least likely to throw hard-won money at Fitzmore for nothing. Neither greed nor ignorance was liable to inspire his actions. What old gentlemen of Mr. Middleton's type, style and form went for was usually chilled-steel certainties. She asked cheerful Mr. Jay a quiet question.

"Would you tell me again how many shares the old countryman offered to sell you, please, dear Mr. Jay, and, if you remember, exactly what he said about them?"

"Certainly, Miss Winnie; certainly I will."

He leaned back in his chair quite complacent and all easy, pressing the tips of his fingers together as he beamed upon her.

"He looked me up and down with a rather gimlety glance—a hard-looking old boy, and if it had been a matter of a few heifers we were dealing with I guess I would have watched him pretty close. But shares—why, my father invented shares, so to put it, ha-ha! I mean I understand

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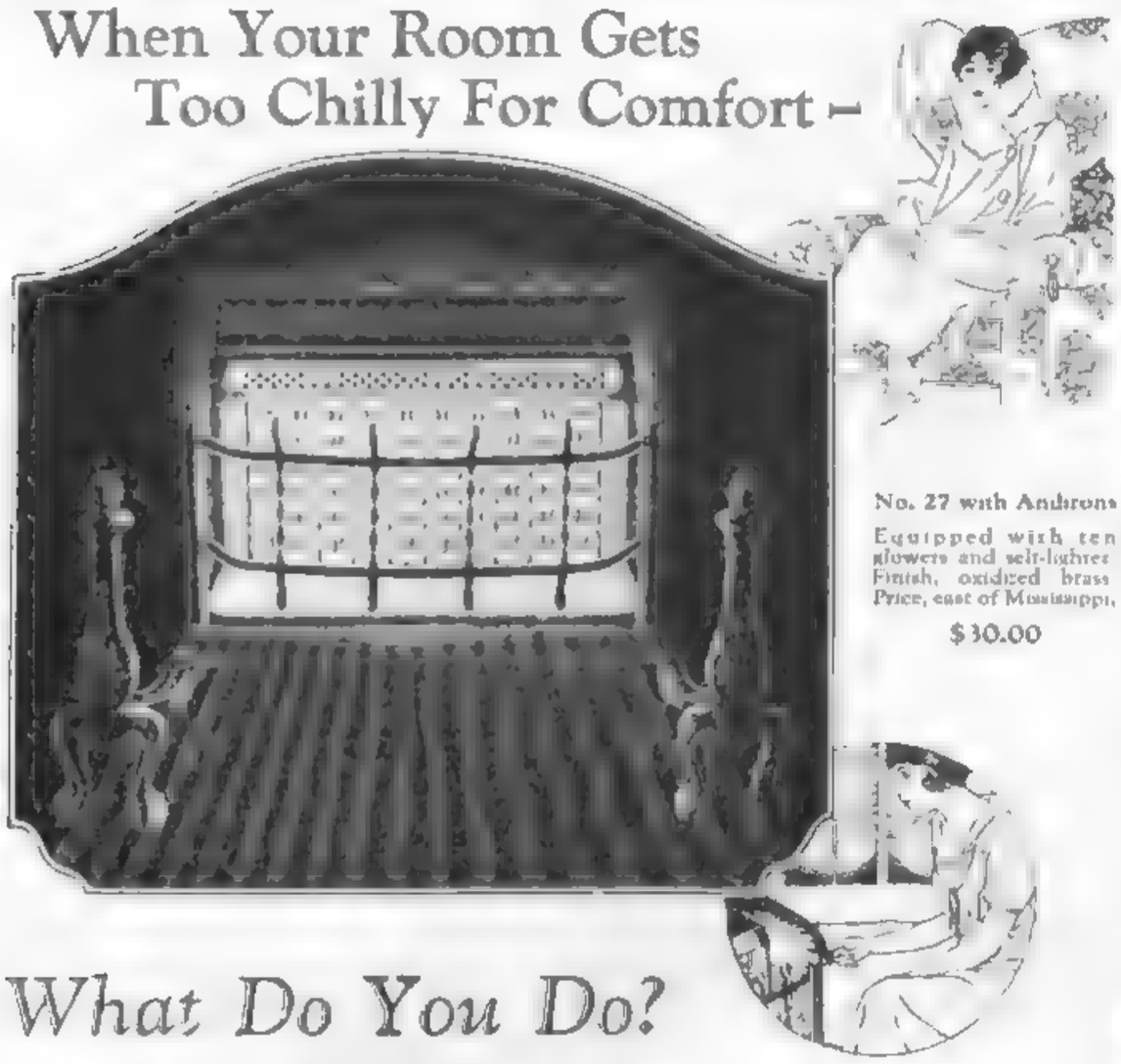

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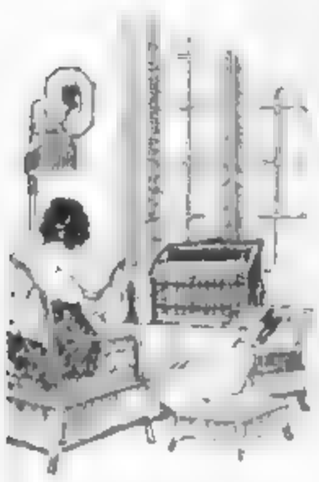

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shares, Miss Winnie. I would not be fit to have the privilege of acting as your agent if I didn't."

Winnie cooed polite demur and George H. continued.

"Then the old chap said, 'Maybe you're sort of interested in this lead mine, mister?'

"'No, not much interested,' I said. 'Not so much as I should be if there was any lead in it.' He pondered that and nodded.

"'Well, mister, I'll own there's been no lead to speak of dug out of it,' he told me. 'But maybe they didn't get far enough down to find it.'

"'D'you believe there's any in it?' I asked.

"'I don't know. I reckon there's worse mines. And you might do worse than buy yourself a few shares in it, mister,' he said with a hungry light in his gray old eye.

"'And where should I buy any shares?' I asked, kind of simple, Miss Winnie and the transparent old schemer fairly bit at that.

"'Why, why, mister, I'll sell you a hundred. I happen to have just a hundred left. I'm getting on in years and this share owning ain't quite in my line, so I'll let you have my hundred cheap. Pay me two shillings apiece and you shall have 'em—and you might make a fortune yet. They cost more than that. I wouldn't swear there wasn't any lead in the mine, would you, Henry?'

"'No, I would not, Jabez,' said Henry, the other old joker."

Mr. Jay shrugged indulgently.

"They were a comic pair of rustic would-be sharks as you see, Miss Winnie."

Winnie's pretty lips parted in a tiny smile.

"Oh, I see what you mean, dear Mr. Jay. The shares are worthless and the old gentleman tried to sell them to you."

George H. nodded joyfully.

"That's it, Miss Winnie. I just told the old brigand that I wouldn't take advantage of his generous nature and came away."

Winnie said nothing for a moment. Then she asked one more little question, her big eyes serious.

"Please, you are quite sure he said he only had a hundred shares, Mr. Jay?"

"Quite. I——"

Mr. Jay broke off suddenly his smile gone. He abandoned his leaning attitude of complacence and his glassy eyes seemed to enlarge a little. He was like a man who has suddenly waked up from a pleasant and dreamful nap. But Winnie seemed not to observe this sudden change, for, smiling faintly, she reached for the telephone on Mr. Jay's desk.

"May I, please, dear Mr. Jay?" she sighed, and did. It was to Mona Lanborough that she spoke a minute later.

"This is Winnie—Winnie O'Wynn," she said. . . . "Yes, I think I may have been a little lucky. . . . Yes, able to help you if you could arrange to be at this office on Thursday at eleven o'clock. You see, I have a little plan. I will come and see you tomorrow. Meantime, Mona, will you write to Mr. Fitzmore and agree to his terms, except that you should offer him two thousand pounds for the five thousand shares which he says you must buy. You see, he would take five hundred from anyone else, but I don't think he would agree to less than two thousand from you. But of course I do not mean that you must spend that money. I am ready to buy the shares from you for the same money—for two thousand pounds. I am interested in those shares. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, no, please, you must not thank me; it is I who must thank you. I will have the money ready, too, so that you will no sooner have given it to Mr. Fitzmore than I will give the same amount to you and you can transfer the shares to me. Yes, that will be nice. And perhaps everything will end beautifully. Yes, I will come and we can arrange everything. Good-by, and—and I hope you will keep brave just a little longer. I am quite sure that you will have a reward. Good-by."

She hung up and turned to Mr. Jay, a little flushed. The gentle one was gazing at her with his jaw swung loose and something like awe in his bold eyes.

"But, Miss Winnie, you don't mean to say you've just bought—committed yourself for another five thousand of those peashuck shares at a cold two thousand pounds! Miss Winnie, it's asking for trouble—screaming for it." He stopped, almost with a jar. "Unless—unless you know something. Do you know something, Miss Winnie?" He stood up, extremely agitated

"Miss Winnie, let me ask it as a favor to old George, your staunch old agent. I want to say that business has been a daytime nightmare recently—every day and all of every day, as you know. If there's anything or doing I'd be glad grateful in fact—to be let in on the ground floor in a small, modest way, Miss Winnie. Do you know anything about those shares, or don't you? Pardon my bluntness, my anxiety, Miss Winnie. Do you know anything—in fact, can you spare me a tip about them, Miss Winnie?"

But Winnie shook her graceful head with an odd gravity.

"Oh, no, I assure you, please, dear Mr. Jay, that I am only just guessing—speculating. It is what poor daddy would have called backing a long-odds chance, I—I think."

"But you've bought ten thousand and ten of them, Miss Winnie. And they've cost you two thousand five hundred and five pounds! Surely, surely to goodness, you wouldn't go it blind—I mean, speculate in wildcat stuff to that extent unless you knew something!"

But Winnie nodded, her eyes burning with excitement.

"I—I confess that I am just guessing. I once saw Mr. Middleton and I—I somehow cannot believe that he is just a foolish old man."

"But that's just the point, Miss Winnie. He isn't—I said it. I said he was an artful old brigand. He tried as hard as any crook in Christendom to sell me some of those shares you're buying," explained the gentle George, extremely perturbed.

Winnie rose.

"Oh, it is so confusing and difficult, I think. I—I know I am gambling. It is not very pleasant to be a gambler, I assure you, dear Mr. Jay. One is always doing such strange actions." She sighed deeply, then smiled. "It is only just my instinct; but, you see, please, dear Mr. Jay, a woman must follow her instincts. If you like I should be quite willing—happy—to sell you half those shares I have bought from Mrs. Lanborough for one thousand pounds. But I must say honestly that it is quite gambling, you see. Would you like that?"

George H. Jay gaped at her.

"No, no, I would not like that very well," he said almost mechanically. "Why, Miss Winnie, you've given her—and you're offering to sell at—eight shillings apiece; and I can get a bushel and a half, or more, from Fitzmore for two shillings apiece. Miss Winnie, I think the world of you—my star little lady client—but dash it all, Miss Winnie, that wouldn't be business at all. It's jazz, it ain't serious. I couldn't buy at eight shillings what is being hawked all over the city at almost anything the hawker can get."

He was genuinely moved and puzzled. A bead of honest perspiration bejeweled his brow. Winnie moved close and rested a little gloved hand soothingly on his arm.

"Why, dear Mr. Jay, I did not mean to make a—a hard bargain with you, of all people in the world," she said, and her voice was infinitely kind. "If—if you like the price shall be four shillings a share."

Still, poor dear Mr. Jay shook his head quite violently.

"But you're giving eight for 'em yourself," he protested. "I couldn't accept a gift of four shillings a share from you that way. I'll say like a blunt, honest man—and even back at school they called me Johnny Blunt—that if there's any money to be made out of this I want to make some; sure, I do! But I can't decently take it as a gift of four shillings a share that way. And it jolts my instinct all to pieces to think of giving eight shillings apiece for 'em."

Winnie nodded, a sort of pity in her wonderful eyes.

"Oh, I know. Indeed, I understand; I understand entirely. It is all so mixed up and somehow so difficult," she said softly. "I—you see, I don't know what to do for the best, do I?"

"Well, sometimes I think you do," confessed Johnny Blunt ruefully, "and times like this I'll own I think you don't. And I'm sure I don't."

He pulled himself together, thinking quickly.

"Give me an hour to decide, Miss Winnie, and I'll telephone you."

With that winning sympathy and readiness to help at all times so characteristic of her, Winnie agreed at once, and they left it at that. Within a minute of seeing her out

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

gentle Mr. Jay was on the telephone to the office of Mr. Fitzmore. But Mr. Fitzmore, unfortunately, was out of town; probably at the races at Newmarket—a health resort he frequently adorned.

So George H. took his courage in both hands and quite naturally turned Winnie's kind offer down, with such resolution and firmness that he almost frightened himself.

"After all, she can't gamble forever without getting snagged on the laws of chance, whatever they are," he grumbled as he went out to the nearest tape machine to see if, haply, Devon Leads were miraculously quoted and, if quoted, were rising. They were neither.

"Neither! Nor ever will be!" smiled the gentle one, a little comforted. "I believe for once I've treated myself decently—done the right thing. I hope so."

His nerves may have been frazzled a little, but clearly his hoping machinery was in good running repair.

IV

A DAY or two later little Blue-Eyes put them all out of their misery with her accustomed sweet promptness and merciful dispatch. With the heart-whole assistance of Mona Lanborough, the interview with Fitzmore was arranged without difficulty, and the transaction, as far as the transfer of the shares was concerned, agreed upon at two thousand pounds. If Winnie or Mrs. Lanborough or Mr. Jay were at all excited while they sat awaiting Fitzmore and Mona's boy, all three concealed it admirably.

But their patience was not unduly strained. Sharp at eleven o'clock Mr. Fitzmore appeared, trim, debonair, well groomed, very jaunty. He bowed to Mona in as easy and affable a manner as if she were his best friend instead of his latest victim. Mr. Jay got a casual nod. It was when he recognized Winnie that Mr. Fitzmore stiffened a little and his eyes went steely.

"But this is a surprise. I perhaps it was absurd, but I did not in the least expect to see you here, Miss O'Wynn."

His quick eyes flashed from one to the other and the white line of his teeth glimmered a little.

He thought he understood.

"Surely, ladies, you have not committed the folly of setting what you conceive to be a —er— trap for me?"

Gentle George H. cut in.

"This interview has been arranged in order that two distinct matters of business may be dealt with—one being the completion of your sale of five thousand shares in Devon Lead Mines to Mrs. Lanborough."

"Ye-es. That can speedily be done, of course," agreed Fitzmore. "And the other, Mr. Jay?"

"The restoration to Mrs. Lanborough of her son."

Mr. Fitzmore relaxed and was simply polite.

"That, too, I have arranged, of course. With the permission of these ladies, we will deal with one thing at a time, the first thing first."

"The matter of the shares, yes; here is the money."

The money being there, as Mr. Jay so concisely put it, that little matter was soon settled. Strange how the hard cash lubricates a transaction!

"Now the boy!" demanded George H.

"He is in my taxicab outside."

Mr. Fitzmore went to the door, was gone for a few seconds, then returned, followed by a pale, rather scared-looking boy of about twelve. Mrs. Lanborough had risen and was watching the door intently. She was very pale and there was a great hunger in her big eyes. It was a bitter and heartbroken sound that she made as she saw the boy produced by Fitzmore.

"Ah, it is the same little boy—the same that he brought last time!" she cried. "It is only just another trick—a trick. This is not my son! I might have known! Oh, Winnie, he has deceived, tricked you, too, just as he did me!"

Winnie glanced at her wrist watch and rose. She was flushed and her eyes were full of compassion as she went to Mrs. Lanborough. That pitiful cry had cut deep into Winnie's heart.

"Oh, please, Mona, wait! Wait only a few seconds," she cried. "It is this—this tiger that has overreached himself, I promise that, Mona dear."

Someone knocked and a clerk looked in.

"The Reverend Mr. Moffet, sir."

"Show him in at once," reverberated Mr. Jay, a little thrilled himself

"Eh? What's that?" Fitzmore wheeled sharply to the door as he snapped out his startled inquiry.

Winnie's voice cut across the office, clear and cold and tingling

"It is only the Reverend Mr. Moffet—and the real Paul Lanborough, Mr. Fitzmore."

The doorway framed a portly man with grayish, stern, even irascible eyes, grizzled hair and old-style short whiskers. He made a queer general salute, vaguely reminiscent of a bishop blessing his flock, and fixed Mr. Fitzmore with a steady and contemptuous stare.

"Ah, it is Mr. Fitzmore, I perceive," he observed, and they all went back to school at the sound of his voice. "Perhaps this is not altogether an unfitting opportunity to ask you —nay, to demand an explanation of these unpaid school-fee accounts and your persistent ignoring of my letters on the subject."

The Reverend Albert was evidently human and clearly held that he had been inhumanly treated.

Then he caught sight of Mrs. Lanborough's face and dropped the financial grievance for a moment.

"Lanborough, my boy," he said, and brought forward another boy curiously like Mona, in a boyish way, "in the holidays which that gentleman, your guardian, has left you to spend at school as best you could, you have sometimes asked me about your mother. I have not been able to tell you much. But, thanks to this young lady"—his eyes twinkled on Winnie, standing demurely by—"I have the very real joy of presenting you to her. Lanborough, your mother. Mrs. Lanborough, your son—a good boy. You can be proud of him. He has been denied a good deal that other boys regard theirs as a matter of course. I have done my best for him"—he cocked a sharp eye at Fitzmore—"without recompense, because there is much in him I like."

The schoolmaster looked to be about right. It was a handsome little chap, with courageous eyes, that Mona Lanborough, with a low inarticulate cry, folded in her arms.

Mr. Jay opened the door of a smaller room adjoining, with a restrained gesture to the Reverend Albert, and with Mrs. Lanborough and her boy that imposing gentleman went in. But Winnie remained with the others.

The first boy had already gone out to the taxicab, at a gesture from Fitzmore, which blackguard was wholly unperturbed, quite airy.

"Ah, well, I never really hoped to have any luck today," he said. "But I did not guess it would be you, you blue-eyed little mantrap, that would queer me. Well, well, better men than I have fallen into the hands of the siren. I suppose I talked too freely, eh?"

Winnie nodded.

"Oh, yes, you seemed very simple and naïve, I think," she cooed.

Fitzmore shrugged.

"Ah, did I —— Yes, I'm like that. Still, I come out fairly well."

He tapped his pocket.

"Oh, you mean the two thousand pounds?" Winnie's voice was softer than ever. "I—I wanted, please, to say something about that if you don't mind."

She drew a telegram from her bag. It had been opened but replaced in its envelope.

Her eyes were dancing; but those of gentle Mr. Jay, watching her closely, were not dancing at all. They were, on the contrary, those of a man gravely apprehensive about something.

"A few days ago—somehow it seems years ago, I don't understand why," zephyred Winnie, addressing her staunch old agent, "I offered to sell you two thousand five hundred shares in the Devon Lead Mines for one thousand pounds. Do you remember, please, Mr. Jay? And you were not very anxious to buy them, because you did not like them very well. I was very nervous and uncertain about them, too, for I was only going on two things, you see. One was the appearance of Mr. Middleton and my instinct about him, and the other was the fact that he told you he only had a hundred shares, which he pretended to try to sell to you, while all the time he had thousands of them. You told me that, first of all, Mr. Fitzmore, at lunch in the City. So I wondered a little at that and I went to see Mr. Middleton the day before yesterday—and

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now I know him very well. We are quite friends."

She broke off for a moment, smiling at Mr. Jay.

"I did not play quite fairly with you, dear Mr. Jay, for I did not tell you that Mr. Middleton had been diplomatic with you when you met him. You thought he had only had a hundred shares then, and he frightened you by offering to sell them to you. So, to make up to you for that, I want to make my offer again. When you read that telegram you will know whether you have done wisely in buying or refusing."

She waited, the telegram in her hand. Fitzmore stared, brazenly amused. But George H. Jay was by no means amused. He looked like a man seated on hot cushions. His prominent eyes wavered from Winnie to the telegram and back again. He sighed, stopped it, smiled nervously and stopped that too.

"You mean, Miss Winnie, that I can decide now, and that you will tell me whether I've backed a winner or a loser?" he asked feebly. "Miss Winnie, it's a plain gamble!"

Winnie nodded.

"Yes; but I had to gamble too," she said blithely.

Suddenly gentle Mr. Jay shut his eyes tightly.

"I'll buy those shares, Miss Winnie," he said, his voice a little high. "That is"—he nodded hastily—"five hundred pounds' worth of them at eight shillings—say twelve hundred and fifty of them."

And he reached for the telegram.

"Please, won't you read it aloud, dear Mr. Jay?" asked Winnie.

The gentle George H. had already read it, flushing a bluish flush as he did so, but he obliged: "No lead in mine. Never was ——"

"Ha, any fool knew that!" ejaculated Fitzmore; but George H. was now recovering himself with astounding speed, and read on:

"—— but plenty of tin if sought in right place. Middleton."

"Please, I congratulate you with all my heart, dear Mr. Jay!" cried Winnie.

George H. arose with that dignity which sits so gracefully upon success.

"Tin, Fitzmore! D'ye get that? The mine's chock-full of tin, and tin's about two hundred and thirty pounds a ton. Ha, man, I'll buy any number of shares you care to sell right now! If I'd had the pluck of a scarecrow I'd have bought all Miss Winnie—my star client, God bless her—offered me in the kindness of her heart for her staunch old agent."

His voice boomed like the muffled thunder of a heavy wind over the uplands; he seemed to enlarge in stature and his restored—and maybe a little inflated—dignity overflowed almost into the outer office.

"Oh, but Mr. Fitzmore could not sell you many more shares," said Winnie.

Fitzmore, suddenly white with fury, his eyes glittering, wheeled and glared at her like a spitting cat.

"Why not, you vixen?"

"Because, you see, you have no more or hardly any more—to sell," said Winnie gently. "You have unloaded—isn't it, please?—practically all there are on your victims. I have seven thousand seven hundred and eighty-five shares, Mrs. Lanborough has five thousand, Mr. Jay has about twelve hundred and fifty, and except for a few you have sold to odd victims, Mr. Middleton and his friends have all the rest. You are sold out."

"And sold inside out," interrupted clever Mr. Jay, who but for the kindness of Winnie and his own eleventh-hour flare-up of courage would have been in a similar predicament.

Fitzmore glared. His mouth opened and shut.

"If you had studied your clients more closely, Mr. Fitzmore, like dear Mr. Jay, and yourself a little less intently," cooed Winnie, who had never in her life been otherwise than utterly fearless, "you would have owned Devon Lead Mines today; and Mr. Middleton, who has known that part of the country all his life long, says they are worth a fortune. That is why he so quietly and carefully absorbed all the shares he could. There were only fifty thousand ever issued. And we are going to reëstablish the mine, just as we have reestablished Mrs. Lanborough with her boy."

He slid toward her, dangerously infuriated, but a large and hammy white hand swung him back—the hand of George H. Jay, a shareholder in Devon Lead Mines and fully aware of his importance.

"Nuh, nuh, you blackmailing hound!" boomed Mr. Jay. "I permit no athletics in this office. Stand back, Fitzmore, stand back and get out! And remember that if I hear of any interference by you with Mrs Lanborough—any legal claim to the boy I'll have you in a jail on a charge of blackmail before you can say—'Tin!' Mark me, man! It's old George Jay of Finch Court telling you—for your own good!"

Fitzmore still glared at Winnie.

"Why, you little ——" he began.

Mr. Jay took the ruffian grabsomely by the neck.

"No man raises his voice to Miss O'Wynn in my presence!" he roared and slung the man who would have done that into the never-never, clean across the outer office, and so gently closed the door.

He surveyed Winnie for a few seconds with a queer blend of wonder, admiration and reverence in his glassy eyes. Then he stretched out his big hand.

"Little Miss Winnie," he said gravely, as befitted a future director of Devon Tin Mines, Ltd., "that share deal of ours was as near a gift as any deal on earth. If it had been half an inch—just half an inch—nearer I couldn't decently have taken it. As it is, fortunately for me, I can. My conscience allows me to. I just want to say you're a white woman, Miss Winnie—white from the crown of your head to the tips of your beautiful little toe—er—shoes."

Winnie did not deny it.

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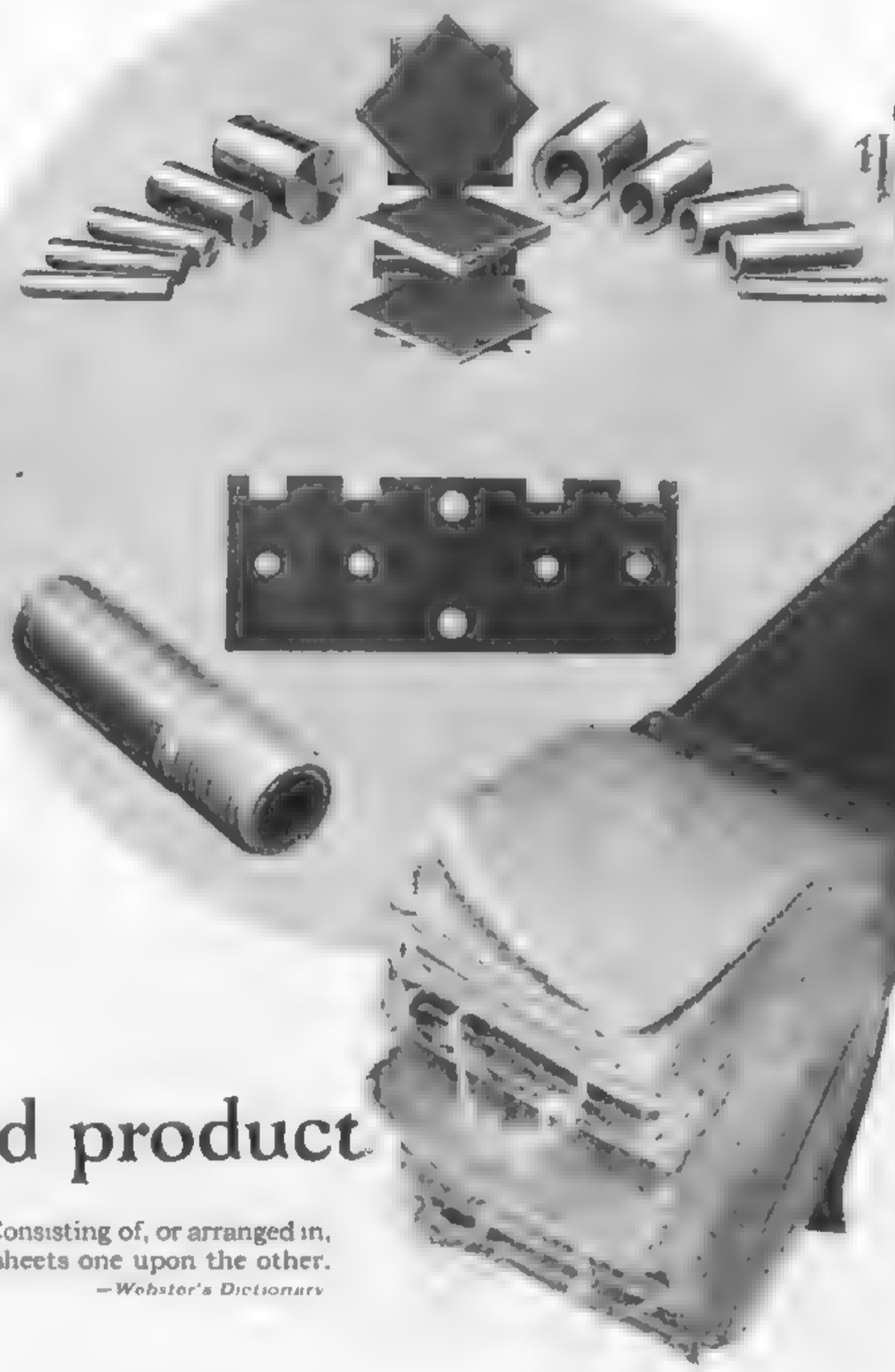

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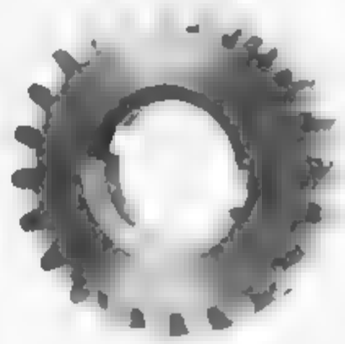

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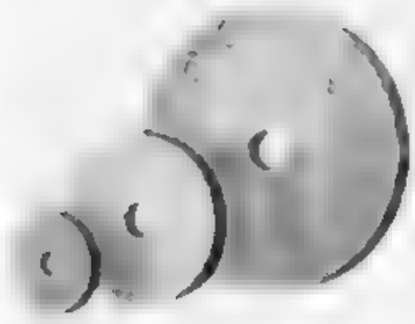

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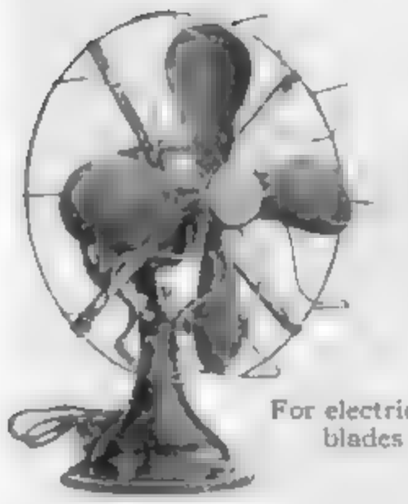

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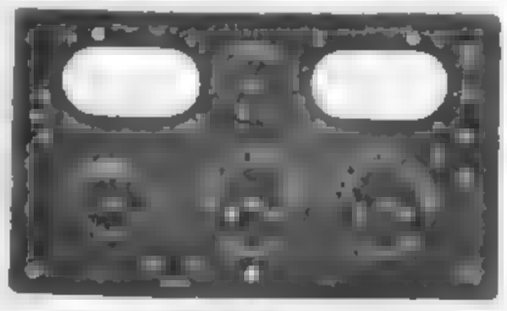

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STILL FACE

(Continued from Page 38)

"And," said Mr. Dodd, "I think you'd better start right away—immediately, in fact. It's a warm day and you seem to perspire easily, but if I were you I'd hurry." He turned to Grandma Newton and spoke musingly. "Never in my whole life," he said, "have I tried to see how far I could throw a fat man."

Mr. Maxwell arose, still smiling blandly, almost philanthropically.

"I get your point, Mr. Dodd. I follow you slap through the needle's eye and I honor you for your sentiments. But just a whisper in the ear, a gentle soothing whisper, which is that adipose is as adipose does, if you follow me, and I used to play guard for the dear old alma mater."

He bowed to Mrs. Newton, nodded in a friendly, offhand manner to Keats Dodd and took his departure on a perfectly even keel.

"Talks funny, don't he?" grandma asked.

"Like many of our younger American actors," said Keats. "Mother used to have them in to tea."

"I was all puckered up to be disapp'inted in you," said grandma, "and then you up and tuck the words right out of my mouth. So I calc'late I kin go and see to what's left of them biscuits with a clear conscience. Does a body good to have a man around the house, even if you hain't quite accustomed yet to how high he's goin' to jump if somebody hollers."

"I think," said Keats, "I'll stroll down to the mill."

"You ain't able, not with that shoulder."

"I'll carry it gently," said Keats. Then in a lower tone, "Did you hear anything last night?"

"Nary sound."

"That makes two nights. Possibly whoever it is has gone away."

"More likely," said grandma, "whoever it is is tryin' to figger out who you be, and why. I got a feelin' in my bones."

"What sort of feeling, Mrs. Newton?"

"A kind of a vague, achin' feelin', as if there was trouble in the air. When a body's lived as long as I have, and stayed alive while they was livin', and been willin' to take whatever come knockin' on the door so long as it belonged to livin' your life—I sh'dn't be s'prised if all them happenin's you got stored away didn't sort of reach out and wiggle when other like happenin's was in the air—recognize their kind afar off. Like a dog'll raise up his nose and sniff, out of a sound sleep, if a strange dog goes gallopin' past."

"I don't understand such things," said Keats. "I'm stolid and material, and I haven't any imagination at all—not the least. Like when you could feel that man looking at you, and I couldn't. But every time you get a feeling like this one you just tell me and I'll sort of get ready for emergencies. You never can tell."

"Just how," grandma asked, "do you calc'late to lay up for this rainy day?"

"Blessed if I know," said Keats. "I'll have to think it up."

Keats was just arguing with the contrary minded padlock on the mill door when an overlarge man with grizzled hair and a wooden chest the size of a trunk on his shoulder stopped, stared at him stolidly a moment and then addressed him.

"Ay bane gude millwright," said the individual.

Keats turned to observe who spoke and found himself looking into blue eyes of such size and childlike candor as to cause him to be astonished until he examined the remainder of the man's face. It was a shade lighter than fumed oak, seemed to be equally hard and polished of surface, and was nearly as square as the chest on his shoulder. As to expression, if it had ever had one it was mislaid never to be found again—except for those mild, youthful eyes.

"I beg your pardon?" said Keats.

"Ay bane gude millwright."

By this time Keats had the door open, and an impulse of hospitality moved him to wave the man to enter. The gude millwright did so, deposited his great chest on the floor and sighed as one sighs who arrives at his home after a long and arduous journey.

"A millwright, eh?" Keats said musingly.

"A gude millwright."

"Want a job?"

"Ay take dis yob, Ay tank."

"Can you make her run?"

"Ay bane millwright," said the man with a lift in his voice that may have been pride.

"Good! Got a name concealed about you?"

"Name bane Ole."

"All right, Ole, you and I will now examine the patient. He seems pretty low, but maybe a pulmotor and an oxygen tank and three or four operations will get him on his feet again. Where'll we commence?"

Ole, like the capable millman he was, pointed a thumb upward at the cobwebby shafting. He had spent his allowance of words for the day, but Keats did not object to his silence—it was so chatty. Before an hour had trailed past the minutes that were the feathers in the extremity of its tail, Keats knew he had happened upon the man for the emergency. Ole was not much on conversation with human beings, but no sooner did he approach a bit of machinery than it opened its heart and laid before his sympathy its inmost secrets. At noon Ole ventured to overdraw his account, and plucking accumulated cobwebs from his bushy hair, he blinked and announced, "She bane gude mill."

"I'm glad we find so much in common," said Keats; and then, not being physically up to so much activity as the morning had called for, he slipped into the office to sit down before he essayed the walk up the hill to his dinner.

In the door he paused and squinted his rather fine eyes. Just why he paused and squinted he could not have explained at first, but something in the room was not right. The eye has a way of photographing scenes, some of them casual and inconsequential, and the mind amuses itself by filing in a handy place such photographs. What had happened now was that Keats' mind drew out and showed him the photograph of that office as it had been the last time he saw it with Grandma Newton. He remembered standing in the door to glance back just as he was leaving, and what he saw then was not what he saw now. Something not large, not patent at a glance, was missing, was different. Somebody had been in the room. He kept on squinting his eyes and comparing the photograph with the room. Now he had it! Ledgers! He had left five big books on the standing desk, piled one upon another at the left end. They were not there. Keats glanced about and saw two of the books tossed upon the floor so that they lay sprawling and open; three were missing.

What in the wide and entertaining world could cause anybody to enter an old mill and abstract three useless books recording ancient and forgotten business transactions? Being a practical young man, he insisted there must be a reason, that the thing was not a simple mischief, and it presented a puzzle that interested rather than disturbed him. Of what use could the books be to anybody? He strove to put himself in the place of the thief, to find some use to which he could put them that would warrant going to any trouble to secure them, but was unable to do so. He started to shrug his shoulders, but remembered how painful it would be to one of them and desisted.

Ole was sitting on his chest of tools eating his lunch when Keats came out of the office.

"Back before one," said the young man, and went out into the sunlight, which was engaged in touching up and polishing the village so that it glinted and shone and glistened. Church spires heliographed to one another and windowpanes playfully caught and tossed rays into Keats' eyes. He rather liked it in a comfortable though of course not aesthetic or poetical manner.

The question of logs intruded. Logs were necessary before the mill could operate, and he was moved to take a glance at the yard to see how they could be handled when he obtained some. The log yard was at the upriver end of the mill, and Keats picked his way over rotting skids trying to get an idea of how the thing was done and what replacements were necessary before he could begin to stock. Burs and sticktights covered the legs of his trousers before he reached the southern extremity, where he stepped upon a log to make a general survey of the river bank. The breeze, which had persisted from the south for days, moved the grass spears gently and set dust atwirling in the road. There was just enough of it to bring refreshment and to cause motion, to stir the leaves of the

Underclothes are always *under* clothes

but they needn't be years behind . . .

HIDDEN—yes; but a union suit that bags, binds, irritates—is bad nevertheless.

It can do more to ruin a man's comfort than anything else he wears.

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The other half is—the Carter fabric. That is the reason *the comfort lasts*. Carter fabrics are so exactingly chosen, so skilfully knit on multi-needled machines that they cannot sag, they cannot pull. After months—even seasons—of the hardest wear, a Carter union suit still retains the genial springiness of the day you first put it on.

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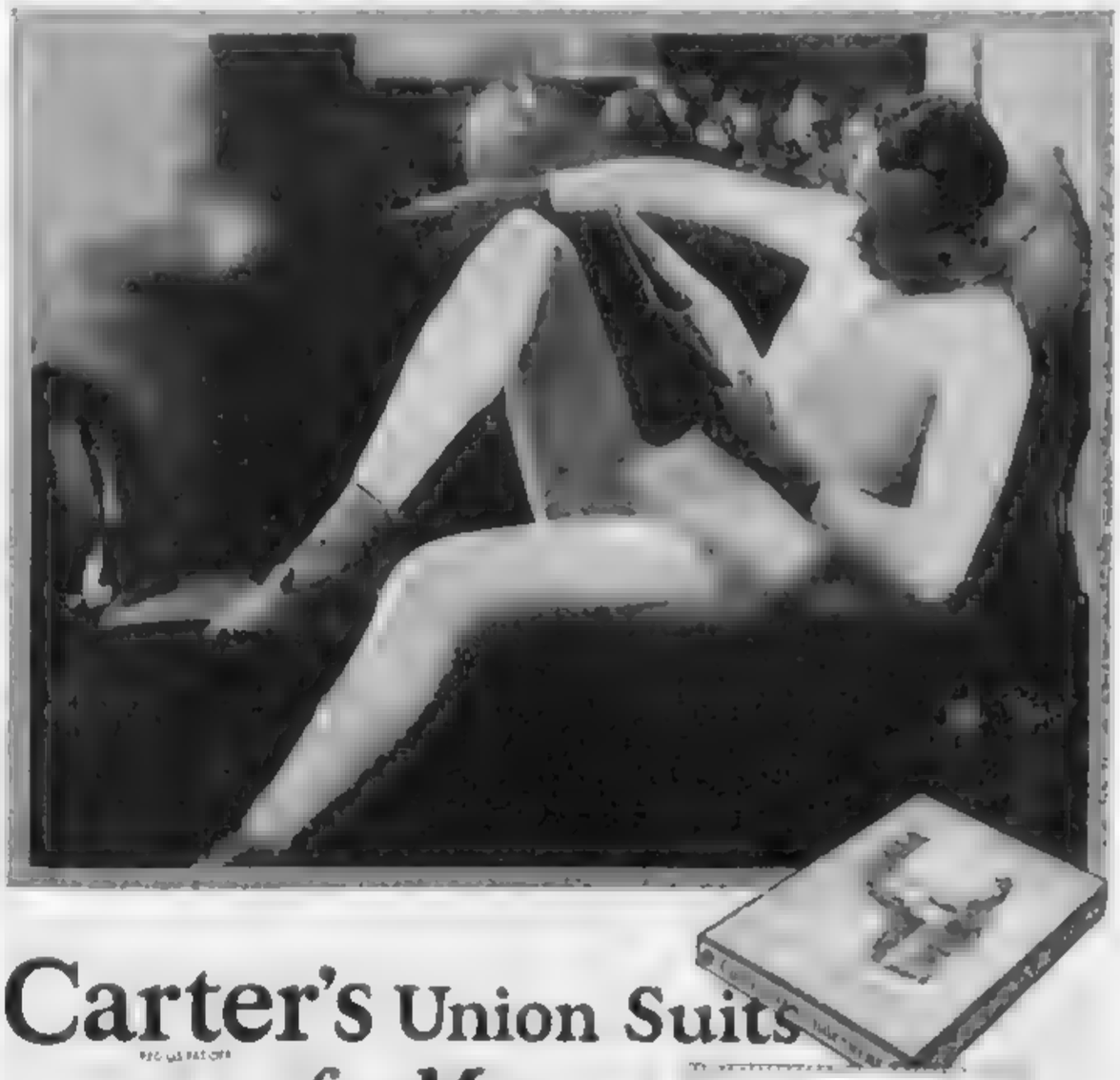
Year after year, men's clothes have been improving steadily toward the easy, natural, comfortable styles of today. If you are interested in trying equally modern underclothes—just ask for Carter



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How to Get Sleep

Asleep in 2 minutes

That Really Rests!

A Natural Way to Sound Sleep and Energetic Days. Make This Free Test

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Do you sometimes worry and toss,—and wake up "logy" in the morning?

How many do! Even 7 or 8 hours' sleep at night often leave you languid and weary. You tire early in the day. It's due to broken, restless sleep. *Sleeplessness.*

The cause is overstrained nerves and digestive unrest.

Yet most cases are easily corrected. You can prove this yourself. We offer you a free test. It is mainly a matter of giving work-worn body and nerve cells proper nutriment,—in a form easily assimilated. For sleep, of itself, does not restore you. It's food that builds you up during the rest period of sleep. When food fails—then sleep is broken and restless. It leaves you tired and "logy" in the morning.

Eating for Sleep

Every waking activity consumes nerve and body cells. You need certain vitalizing food elements to restore them. Elements lacking in your daily fare.

Your diet requires (1) high energy value, (2) carbohydrates, protein, vitamines and certain minerals in right proportions. And it should be (3) easily digested.

If you take this kind of nutriment at night before retiring—it gives your work-exhausted body just the food essentials it needs to restore. Hence your sleep really rests you.

But how to select foods for the elements needed? Science has now done this for you.

A Swiss discovery in foods. A single delicious beverage now gives you exactly the food essentials your body requires.

A Swiss Food Discovery

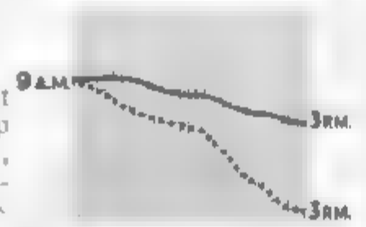
The name is Ovaltine. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. It is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers. Today Ovaltine is known to 20,000 physicians. Used in hundreds of hospitals in this country.

Ovaltine supplies what your modern daily fare lacks. It gives you several vital foods in the form of one. It is a highly concentrated extract of certain vitalizing and building-up foods converted by a private Swiss process.

One cup of Ovaltine contains more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Helps Weak Digestion

A cup at night brings sound sleep for the night, quickly and naturally. Here's why: Ovaltine is both *highly* and *quickly* nourishing. It itself is quickly digested. Also it digests other foods which may be in your stomach. Has the power to digest 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods. This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Nerves are quieted. Digestion goes on efficiently. Sleep comes. Sound, restful sleep. And as you sleep, your body is gathering strength and energy.



What is your energy curve? Are you [illegible]

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. Alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine, two or three times a day, for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink, putting new blood into your veins a few minutes after drinking.

Ovaltine is also a particularly fine food for nursing mothers, convalescents, backward children and the aged.

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It is truly remarkable the difference Ovaltine makes in your sleep and daily energy. Just three nights use will prove a revelation.

Ovaltine is sold in tins of 4 sizes by drug stores for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountain. The makers, however, offer a 3-day introductory package free to those who wish to try it. No cost or obligation. Just send your name and address to

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OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

maples and to agitate the grass. Among other things, it imparted the longing to travel to a bit of paper whose area was not more than three or four square inches; but these inches fluttered directly under Keats' eye as he was removing a bur from his shoe lace. It was an insignificant thing and Keats glanced at it cursorily; then he glanced a second time, and picking it up examined it with interest. It was stiff, heavy paper and there was red and blue ruling on it, also there were some figures—and its edges were charred

Keats stood erect and stared about him. The paper had approached from a southerly direction and he looked to see if more were on its way. The insignificant had become significant, because the scrap was beyond question a fragment of the page of a ledger. Somebody had been burning a book of that character. He did not know it was one of the books missing from the office, but he thought it was, and forgot utterly that it was the dinner hour.

"If," his thoughts ran, "this thing was burned, it must have been burned somewhere. It came from that direction." He took note of the wind. "It wouldn't travel far," he reasoned; "but it might flutter some out of line. If there is one bit, there must be more."

So he walked along the road's border, his eyes at his feet, and in the course of a hundred yards picked up no less than three charred remnants. He was now abreast of a white house of the colonial school. Beyond this point he found neither paper nor the crisp black fragments that had been paper. He retraced his steps and, keeping to the northerly side of the house, made a circuit of the fields. Clinging to grass and bush and scurrying underfoot were numbers of the particles he sought, none to the southward of the house—all to northward and spread out fanlike with the house as an axis. What burning had been done, Keats decided, must have taken place in that dwelling. If, he reasoned, a matter of a thousand pages of ledger paper should be burned one by one in an open fireplace with a good draft, it was inevitable that scraps and fragments would be carried up the chimney to disperse at the urging of the wind.

He wondered who lived in the house, and if by any chance there was a mischievous boy. His mind refused to accept the boy. Whoever had burned those books had done so for cause.

Hitherto he had not noticed the house except as a house; now he scrutinized it as an individual, and found, to his surprise, that it wore an inscrutable look, a look of knowing more than it told, of a capability to keep secrets, and it stared at him ironically. It was not a surreptitious house, a slinking house, but one that looked you straight in the eye and told you to mind your own business. It was a house that would have scorned to shelter a sneak thief, but would have opened its door in welcome to a man with boldness and enterprise to have a try at the Koh-i-noor. That is what Keats saw; and, as the world knows, he was a man without imagination.

Being a direct and practical person, his first impulse was to walk to the door, hammer on it with his knuckles and demand to know what was the idea of burning his old ledgers; and it may be he would have followed this course had he not perceived a gentleman approaching from the southward at a leisurely and dignified pace. It was an individual he had not seen before in Westminster; but when it became apparent the man was about to turn into the suspected house, Keats walked briskly to the road to have a nearer view of him. By good fortune the gentleman hesitated at his own gate, enjoying the prospect of river and mountain, until Keats was so close as to be able to obey the impulse to accost him.

"Good day, sir," said Keats.

The gentleman turned his head and Keats saw such a face as he had never imagined, the face of a king among philosophers, lofty, pure, benign. It was not at all what he had expected. Indeed, it disappointed him, for here, surely, was no burner of ledgers.

"A gracious day," said Mr. Jones.

Keats was rather at a loss how to proceed from that point. There was no conversational map or guidepost, and so far as he could see he had run up a blind alley from which there was nothing to do but back out as gracefully as he could manage.

"Your face," said Mr. Jones, coming to the rescue in the nick of time, "is unfamiliar."

"I am a newcomer," said Keats.

"You have come," said Mr. Jones, "to a quiet, kindly spot; one in which I delight."

"I," said Keats rather lamely, "am not much for quiet. In fact I'm accused of stirring about too much. My shortcoming is that I am practical, and practical people appear to be restless."

"True," said Mr. Jones. "It is not well to be bound to the wheel of practical things. But you are young, and youth has its ambitions, which are peculiar to youth."

"Not much of an ambition," said Keats, so engrossed in the man's face that he paid scant attention to what he was saying. The man's face had not moved. It was still. It was a face of one expression. This was disconcerting.

"But yours is?" suggested Mr. Jones.

"To turn the old mill there into a paying proposition."

"Ah," said Mr. Jones gravely, "you are that young man."

Of a sudden and unaccountably a phrase of Grandma Newton's began to repeat itself in Keats' subconscious mind until it became audible to the conscious mind. "Perty is as perty does," was the saying; and for a moment he wondered why it had occurred to him. "Perty is as perty does." . . . He had been thinking this stranger's face to be singularly beautiful. . . . "Perty is as perty does." . . . Keats nodded his head. Mr. Jones' face had all but convinced him he had been making a silly mistake, but grandma's saying caused him to hold the matter in abeyance awaiting reënforcing proof.

"Perhaps," Mr. Jones was saying, with a note of curiosity in his voice, "you walked this way with the thought to make my acquaintance?"

"No," said Keats, and then he did an unpremeditated thing. He held out for Mr. Jones' inspection a handful of fragments of charred paper. "No," he repeated, "I was just collecting these."

"Indeed!" Mr. Jones' voice continued to retain its dignified suavity. "An odd pursuit, but doubtless of interest to you." He opened the gate, but paused before he allowed it to close behind him. "We are fellow townsmen," he said; "it is pleasant to have a knowledge of the interests of one's neighbors."

Keats stuffed the charred papers into his pocket and walked briskly toward his dinner. Mr. Jones entered his house, walked directly to a drawer in his dining room, from which he took a sheet of paper—one he had used to write upon the evening before, and under the last caption, which was The Knight, he crossed out the interrogation point and the statements of uncertainty that followed, and set down a single word: Ominous!

VIII

KEATS DODD felt very much as if he had been caught at something when he saw Faith Newton standing at the gate through which he must pass to step upon the public road. If the courage had been given him he would have leaped the wall and scurried off down the hillside to avoid her; but young men are rather more afraid of making themselves ridiculous than they are of death, so he continued on his way. It was his intention to bow to her in a manner at once dignified and austere, and so to pass on his way. But Faith had plans of her own. He managed the bow and the austerity, but their effect was approximately nothing.

"I'll walk a way with you," said Faith, and she fell into step with him with the obvious intention of carrying out her threat.

"It—the day is very pleasant," he said helplessly.

"The weather as a topic of conversation," she said, "never fascinated me. You and my grandmother have reached an agreement?"

"We have," he said stiffly.

"Well," she said musingly, "perhaps you're more to be pitied than blamed. So I've lost?"

"You've lost."

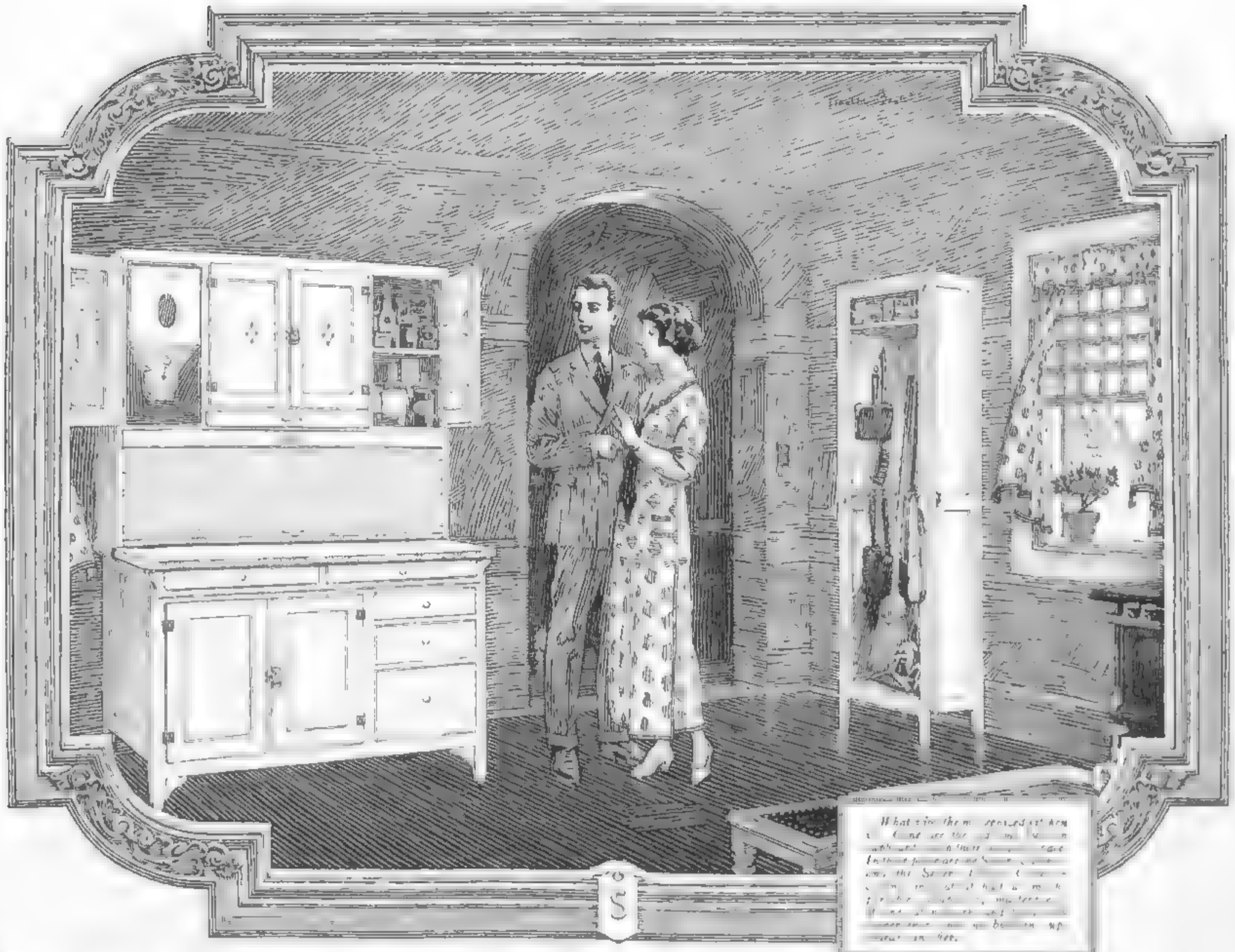
"I generally do when I run against grandma." She shrugged her shoulders. "I expected to lose, but I had to try. I'm a good loser."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dodd.

"Very; I'm so used to it. I hate the perfectly silly idea, and the whole town will laugh at my grandmother, and we shall be made to look more absurd than we do; but I guess the flag will still wave over the Capitol in Washington."

"They don't often haul it down—in the daytime."

(Continued on Page 141)



To My Sellers on its first birthday

JUST a year ago it was, that I sent for the lovely Sellers book of modernized kitchen plans, learned about you and asked Jim to give you to me. What would I ever have done without you! Such a stupid young bride I was—knowing nothing of kitchen duties.

But what I lacked in skill, you made up for in helpfulness. When I overslept in the mornings, or came back late in the afternoons, you were always there to help me make up lost time, with everything I needed tucked away on your roomy shelves and in your convenient drawers.

When I was tired or cross, the sight of you, lovely and white and cheerful-looking, with your snowy surface, bright hardware and sparkling glass drawer pulls, made me happy again.

When I was buried under an avalanche of unfamiliar household duties, you were the bright oasis in my day, for I knew that at your broad, smooth Porceliron worktable, the moments would go smoothly and quickly, wiping out the irritations of less easy tasks.

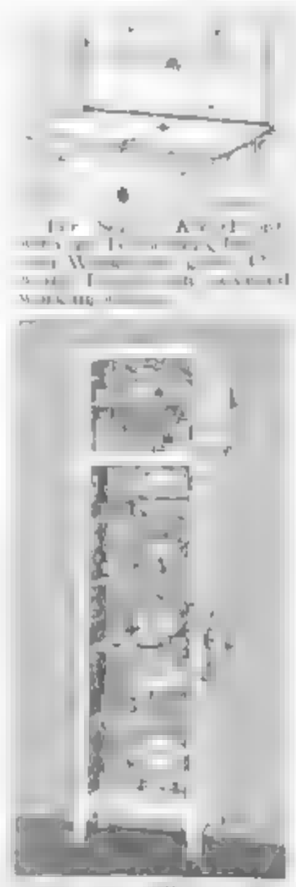
When I depended most on you, days of holiday dinners and party luncheons, you never failed to speed my preparations.

But, most of all, in the daily round of homely kitchen tasks, you have given bountifully of your helpfulness—making formidable tasks simple—my first housekeeping year a joy.

* * *

The new Sellers *Klear*Front, with the Telescoping Porceliron Worktable, adds 42% more working space. It has the Automatic Extending Table Drawer Section, Automatic Base Shelf Extender, Ant-proof Casters, Dust-proof Base Top, Plush-lined Silverware Drawer, and others of the "Fifteen Famous Features." The Sellers Cabinet may now be had in a new gray enamel finish, as well as in white enamel and golden oak.

The Sellers booklet, "Your Kitchen as It Should Be," describing the modernized kitchen built around the Sellers Cabinet and the Sellers Utility Closets, will be sent free to anyone who asks.



The new Sellers ... boards for dishes, linens, cleaning things or clothes. Finished in white enamel, walnut or oak.

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DREADNAUGHTS, with *three cross chains always on the ground* instead of one or two, give 50% more traction and 50% greater safety. You can travel faster; start and stop quicker without skid or sideslip.

Dreadnaughts go on and come off easily due to the patented Blue Boy Fastener which positively prevents their dropping off. The superior, extra weight steel also guarantees longer service.

All Dreadnaught Chains are over-weight. Your dealer has all types, including Balloon, Dreadnaught "Double Duty", Dreadnaught "Regular" and "Super Dreadnaught", or he can order them from his jobber. Ask him.

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DEALERS:

Ask your Jobber's salesman to supply this display cabinet. Keeps stock well arranged and moving. Has more than doubled chain sales of many hundred dealers.

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The "Lever" Locks the Chain

3 Cross Chains Always On The Ground!

(Continued from Page 138)

"I suppose you're to live at the house."

"That is the arrangement."

"Well," she said, "please don't faint in the hall more than once or twice a week. By the way, if we're to share the same roof, I might as well know your name. Mr. What's-His-Name is as far as I've got."

"It is Dodd—Keats B. S. Dodd."

"Keats sounds like some kind of grain—grits or wheat, you know."

"He was a poet," Mr. Dodd said coldly.

"And the B. S.—what are they, poets too?"

He flushed.

"They are initials," he said. "What they stand for is a private matter."

"Um—Mr. Keats Private Matter Dodd. Are you married?"

"No"

"Rich?"

"Quite the contrary."

"I was afraid so. Rich ones never come to Westminster. I was very disagreeable, wasn't I?"

"You did so well," said Mr. Dodd, "that it indicates long practice."

"Now that," she said musingly, "has all the indications of being a nasty remark. However, I've made up my mind to not be disagreeable any more. It didn't work. If you're going to be around, I might as well get what good of you I can."

Keats made no rejoinder because he could think of none. He feared the Greeks bringing gifts and was not equipped by nature to comprehend such a reversal of front. As a matter of fact, his experience of young women who did not recite free verse of untrammeled sentiments, or interpret something by dancing with bare feet, or paint naked souls in lurid colors—which did not at all look like Keats' idea of what the front elevation, or façade, of a soul should be—or speak loudly of the most embarrassing things while they played on harps, was negligible.

He regarded Faith as unique and abnormal. A visitor from the kingdom of the centaurs must regard men made in the image of God as freaks.

"Don't sulk," said Faith.

"I'm not sulking. I'm maintaining a discreet silence."

"What for?"

"When," said Keats, "you are sailing in a fog and somebody has run off with your compass, you cast anchor—if you've any sense."

If she had started matters by offering her views on sex he would have known how to conduct himself. He would have pretended to listen while he thought about reciprocating engines, and all would have been well. But this girl apparently expected an answer from him at the end of each of her paragraphs.

He was not used to it. Where he came from people neither expected nor desired answers; all they wished was the opportunity to lavish their views.

"That wasn't bad," said Faith. "Try another one. It takes two to make a conversation and I've decided to make the best of you. Here's a question, and it's up to you to reply, you know. You might say something bright if you can think of it. I hear so few bright things."

"I'm not bright. I suppose what you want is epigrams. I never made up one, but I know a man who does. He used to come to my mother's teas and sit in a corner until he thought of one, and then he'd come bulging out and shoot it off. That was the last of him till he thought of another. He had a great reputation as a wit." Keats spoke moodily. "This fellow wouldn't ask you to pass the sugar till he thought up an epigrammatic way to put it. I used to wish he'd never think of one and then he'd starve to death."

"Why," said Faith, "I really believe you're going to be an addition to our midst, which isn't, necessarily, giving you much. Our midst isn't so darn big league."

This one didn't sound as if there was any reply to it. It had an air of finality and he began to breathe freely. Possibly the ordeal was over. Then her mood changed again. Discontent edged her voice with fine prickly wires; resentment did its powerful best to destroy the beauty of her eyes, but couldn't quite succeed.

"I hate this place. I despise this life. It's horrible, horrible, horrible!"

"Oh, now!" he said, and glanced at her with fresh uneasiness. "Why, now—I rather—it seemed to me this was all rather nice. It isn't horrible. No, indeed. You're overstating."

"I'm not. It's dull and deadly. Nothing ever happens. There isn't a human being to talk to. It's death. I want to live. I'm all ready to live and I'm entitled to live. I'm not afraid. I want to see things and be a part of things. I want things happening to me, and nothing can happen to me here. Look at me! Do I look like some kind of a vegetable?"

She speared him with her glance as if he were a letter being stuck on a spindle.

"Well, no," he said.

"The world out there—beyond those damn mountains—is full of things. I know it is—things to feel. It's full of love and hate, and wickedness and joy, and jealousy and friendship, and risks and terrors, and chances to take and choices to be made. Things to feel! Things to take hold of you and shake you and bang you about! I want them all! I'm not afraid!"

Keats cleared his throat.

"My gosh and Mary went a-fishing," he exclaimed, "but you're in a state of mind! What ever do you want to be scared and jealous and wicked and all that sort of thing for?"

"I've a right to it. I've a right to every sensation there is."

"Well," he said, "I can't think of anybody who would snatch your ticket of admission. When there's a yell of fire most folks make for the exits."

"You don't understand. Nobody understands."

He blinked.

"I understand what you say," he said, "but blessed if I get what it's all about. Now if I should bat you in the eye and snatch your purse and chuck you over the fence there—that's your idea of a well-spent half hour. Is that it?"

Again the wind of her mood shifted about the cardinal points and she threw back her head and laughed a delightful, infectious, girlish laugh.

"You do understand," she said. "But I'd even be content with little things, with companionship, interesting people. I'd like to have the chance to talk to people who do things, famous people—authors and artists and actors and poets."

"Sweet cat!" exclaimed Keats.

"What's the matter?" Her eyes were wide with real questioning.

"You can't talk to that kind of people—they talk to you," he said. "Honest Injun, Miss Newton, they're bunk. They're a dead loss. They're poison."

"What," she asked, "do you know about it?"

"Me? Miss Newton, ever since I was knee high to a tea wagon I've been brushing 'em off my coat. I've dug poetry out of my ears and combed prose out of my hair. And they're so darned autobiographical! Let one of 'em sit down by you, and in two seconds you're all smeared up with a character sketch of him by himself. Get in a roomful of 'em and it settles on you like dust. You listen to me, Miss Newton, and come to roost a long way off from that kind of song bird."

"I'm going to talk lots to you," said Faith; "you do it very well. Of course, I don't believe a syllable of it; but anyhow, it's words strung together so they give you a little flicker. Do it some more."

This request gave Keats a minimum of delight.

His ears, he felt, were a shade more carmine than perfect dignity permitted, and he sank into a depth of silence he had not hitherto plumbed.

"Oh," said Faith suddenly, "I wish I had money—money! I want to travel. I want to see every square inch of this old world and everything that goes on in it. I want to poke and pry. I want money to throw away. I don't want ever to have to count pennies again. It's maddening."

"The mill ——" he began, but she interrupted him with a jeering laugh.

"The mill! That old rattletrap, down-at-heels, ugly pile of rubbish! Do you think that thing can earn me what I want? No! There's just one way—and I hate it—but I've got to have money."

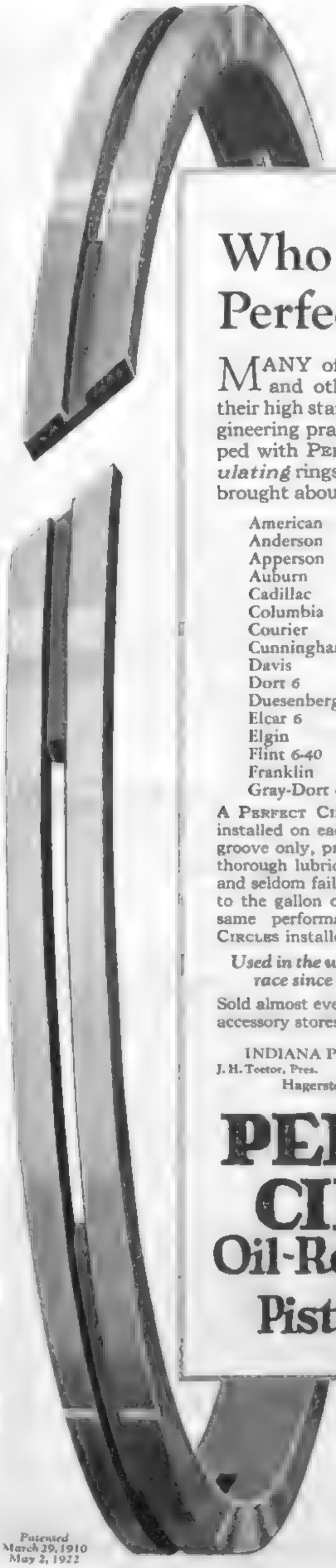
"And what way is that?"

"To marry a man with sacks and barrels and bins of it. I don't care who he is or how old he is or what he looks like. . . . But I'll make him regret it."

Faith Newton's white teeth snapped and her eyes flashed. "Won't I make him sorry for it!"

"Wh-what'll you do? Wh-why make him sorry? It won't be his fault."

"It will! It will! How dare he make me take him along with his old riches? And



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he'll pay for it! You see! I'll take his old dollars and then I'll—live!"

"That," said Keats in a much disturbed voice, "sounds—why, it sounds positively immoral!"

"It is," she said succinctly.

"My aunt's cat!" he said under his breath.

Positively this girl was upsetting. She frightened him. He experienced a sensation of regret, of alarm for her. Such discontent, such willfulness promised nothing but misery—misery and one of those ghastly smashed-up lives he had seen once or twice; furtive, mock-brazen remnants of lives!

"If you'd been chained here the way I have you wouldn't be such a shocked idiot. Do you realize that in four years I've talked to but two men whom even a fantastic imagination could conceive as thrilling?"

"Ought men to be thrilling?"

"They ought," she said, "if they expect any woman to eat out of their hands. I've never been married, but I know there's just one way for a man to keep his wife, and that's to be thrilling, and to keep on being thrilling. That sort of man'll never have to butter his wife's feet."

"Butter "

"Like you do a cat's paws to make her stay home nights."

Keats pondered this, and a little furrow grew between his eyes. He didn't like the sound of it. Then his thoughts flicked to the two possibly thrilling personages.

"Who was the other man?" he asked in such good faith that Faith again threw back her head and laughed so that it delighted him to the toes in his shoes.

"Brave and modest!" she said. "The other man was Still Face."

"Still Face!" Recollection of that strange, exotic, arresting face he had encountered an hour before at the entrance to the supercilious house came to him. The name was apt. Still Face! He drew his shoulders together as one does who suddenly is blown upon by an icy draft. "Who is Still Face?"

"I don't know," she said; "but he's beautiful—positively beautiful, and mysterious and—and occult. You look at him and you feel young and about an inch high, and it seems as if he had lived forever and knew everything. Oh, he's—he's something tremendous. I don't know what. If he told me he was a thousand years old I'd believe him like winking."

"What," said Keats, "is his name?"

"I don't know. Mr. Pinch calls him Still Face. He just came here a few days ago."

"Um—and you have met him?"

"'Encountered' is the word."

"Would you mind telling me how?"

She glanced at him, made curious by the strangeness, the intentness of his tone.

"I walked up the Frying Pan to—well, if you must know, to cuss the world and its works, and there I sat doing it with all my might, and enjoying myself as much as I ever do."

She had, he was to notice, a curious ability at introspection and a grim sense of humor as to herself. "The first I knew, there he was"—her voice grew hushed as she recalled the man—"the most impressive thing I ever saw. And he talked to me."

"What did he say?" Keats said with a peculiar insistence.

"He said he saw me free—swept clean of resentments and of hatreds. And to have patience and to wait a while, and I should live"

"Yes?" prompted Keats.

"Then he said a strange thing. 'There is neither future nor past—time is not. If one remembers what you call the past, why not remember what you call the future? . I see ——'"

"Don't mean a darn thing," said Keats.

"And he talked about infinity and being bound to the wheel—and he knew what I was thinking. I think he must be a tremendously good man."

"'Perty is as perty does,'" Keats quoted involuntarily. "Well, here's the mill. . . . And, Miss Newton, if I were you I -somehow I think I'd stick up a sign on this Still Face, Dangerous Curve Ahead! That kind of a sign. And I'd drive accordingly."

She flashed out at him, "And if I were you I'd mind my own business. Don't you think there are enough to meddle with me without taking on a volunteer?"

He looked at her gravely.

"Well," he said enigmatically, "in the end, probably, it will all depend on how worn your brake bands are." With which he lifted the thing he called a hat and went into the mill.

Faith had essayed forth into the summer with no destination; but being contrary-minded and stiff-necked, she acquired one on the instant Keats warned her against Still Face. She set forth deliberately to return to the spot where first she had encountered the man, and in the hope of finding him again. If you were wishful of driving Faith to the north you should command her to travel in a southerly direction. It was a failing of hers that Grandma Newton thoroughly understood and worked, as the saying is, to a fare-ye-well.

She reached the house in which Mr. Jones resided and was passing it with discreetly averted eyes, which, nevertheless, could count every visible nail head in the siding, when, with violence, the front door was flung open and a human figure hurled itself forth—a negro. He whirled about several times, flapping his arms in a most eccentric manner and uttering animal sounds. Faith paused, startled. The wide, white, staring eyeballs, the grotesquely ridged head, the inhuman sounds issuing from the wizened throat were enough and more to startle a person phlegmatic as a lump of putty. The figure danced and whirled and scuttled down the walk and through the gate, and then, with a final horrible gurgle, leaped upward and fell sprawled at her feet. Faith did not scream, which is to be noted as significant; but she did gather her skirts about her and shrink from the unsightly thing.

"Don't be alarmed, I beg of you," said a calm voice. "It is nothing. My servant is subject to these seizures. It will pass." Still Face advanced, bent his stately form and lifted the scrawny African in his arms. "The man," he said, "persists in strange practices. Savage rites," he said in a tone of grave tolerance, as if the practicing of savage rites in Westminster were some inconsiderable foible and scarcely worthy of attention. "I am desolated that he has alarmed you."

"S-savage rites!" she gasped.

"He is a native of the island of Haiti," said Still Face, "and a practitioner of that dark, esoteric fanaticism vulgarly known as voodoo."

With that he turned upon his heel, and bearing the negro in his arms as if the man had been imponderable, he walked upright into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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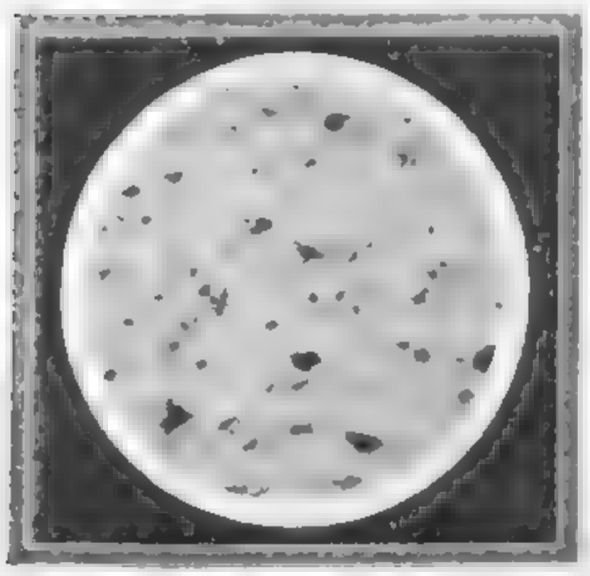

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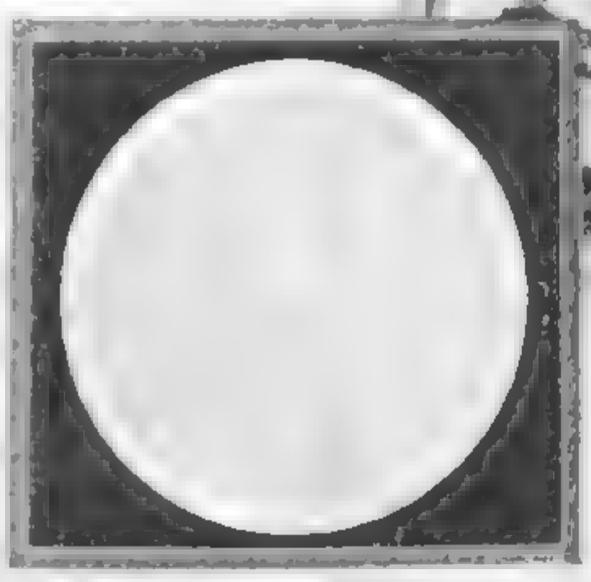

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

THE TARRIBLE SWEDE

(Continued from Page 21)

As before, it was the mate who stopped it. Big Carl had never been known to do more to his friend than he had just done, and the Tarrible Swede would never quit trying as long as he could stand or see.

"Get on lookout!" ordered the mate angrily. "And you stay on deck two hours of your watch below for relieving late. Get up with you! I believe you're soft in the head!"

The Tarrible Swede fell into line, as any good sailorman must do, as the great ship foamed southward. From the very start of the Hornward race the wind had been hard and keen; the speeding grain ships might hold their course and remain within sight of one another if speeds were not too widely different. And the Khedivieh still outran the rest. Keenly watched by a good racing skipper who had fine sailing officers, the big four-master roared through the long rolling blue seas with a wake a mile long astern of her and her canvas dark with sprays clear up to the heads of the jibs and the reef bands of her upper topsails. Almost abreast, but to leeward, the skysail of the Queen Margaret gleamed like a pearl shell in the sunlight. To windward, but farther astern, the Talus and Silberhorn fought it out almost yardarm to yardarm. Through the binoculars their apprentices might be discerned hurling gibes and perhaps bets at one another. As far as eye could reach rolled the dark azure ocean, snowy crested, meeting the ships with a roar and a crash and a cataract of stinging brine jewels. A sky as blue as a Norse maiden's eyes was becoming subtly veiled at the horizon by long streaming wisps of vapor out of which the wind seemed to volley with increasing power.

"Yon, yu go up and give a look to ta rovings of ta fore royal," said Big Carl, going over to where the Tarrible Swede and Red Whiskers were passing a seizing about a new brace pennant. Yon glared up. He had fallen into line as a sailorman should; but that did not compel him to relinquish his bitterness toward the man who had usurped his job and confiscated his liquor. He persuaded himself that he hated Big Carl; and hatred, as Yon understood it, was a thing independent of place or circumstance. "Ta riggers hurried ta job," Carl was saying. "Yu are a sailorman, Yon. Go and look 'em over. A boy can pass ta marline here."

"Ay go when I am ready!" Yon growled surlily, avoiding the eye of Carl. Carl frowned very slightly; he walked away, still soft enough to feel sorry for his friend.

"Wot he wants is a thick ear, ain't it?" suggested Red Whiskers in a guarded tone. He had recognized the Tarrible Swede as the one outstanding sailorman in the ship; he wanted to make himself solid thus early in the passage, for a stout chum would be a good thing to have in the bitter days to come. "Just becos he's been chucked into your job, he thinks he's ——"

"Yu talkin' about ta boson?" snapped Yon, glaring fiercely at his toadying helper.

"I ain't talkin' about you, Yon, you knows that," Whiskers hastened to assure him, backing away in swift alarm. "Ain't you sore at ——"

The Tarrible Swede whirled his arms. He began to walk toward Red Whiskers. His fists banged home solidly one after another on the red-fuzzed cheek bones, raising sudden lumps, and there was no sparlike arm, no blocklike fist to impact upon his frowning brow and stop him.

"I put a het on yu!" he grunted.

Carl turned and stared at the spectacle. Red Whiskers dropped his ball of marline and it rolled into the waterways. Making a futile attempt to guard against those steadily whirling arms and to avoid that stubbornly advancing figure, the frightened vilifier of Big Carl Dane broke and ran for protection behind the man he had suggested might be the better for a swollen ear.

"Get up there vit' yu, Yon!" cried Carl in anger. "Do yu think I meant tomorrow woult do for ta rovings? I think yu are crazy!"

"Take a running yoomp at yurself, yu big stiff! I put a het on yu one day," growled the Tarrible Swede; but he clambered into the rigging and went aloft to the royal yard like a nimble boy.

He had been up there fifteen minutes. The sun was setting. There was a hardening in the wind and the skies were not so blue. With sailorly eye Yon glanced all about him while performing his task of strengthening the fastenings that held the sail to the jackstay on the yard. And presently he hailed the deck in a bull roar.

"Ahoy on deck! Qveen Margaret's skys'l yoost vent in rags! Talus is takin' in her royals! T'ere is vind comin'!"

"Aye, aye!" came the response. "Get that job done and come down from aloft!"

"Lumme! Is our Old Man going to take in sail?" grumbled the Doctor, who had a bet of the slush for the passage with the Talus' cook. "'Tain't arf blowin' yet! Wot'll he do orf th' Horn?"

The Doctor need have been under no distress. Before the twilight had well died, the lurching bark, under full sail still, had filled her decks twice. The first time gave the Doctor food for thought for many hours. A long, lazy comber roared aboard over the lee bulwarks and knocked the pigpen to splinters and the pigs into the galley by way of the lee door. The Doctor and Chips divided the labor of chaperoning the pigs and rebuilding their domicile in stronger fashion.

"One o' these days that Swede 's goin' to kick th' tripe outa th' boson," Red Whiskers announced at dinner.

Yon was marching up and down outside the forecastle, abreast of the boson's door, glaring at the red face of Big Carl at his dinner. The Tarrible Swede was rather famous for his appetite at sea. He had not looked inside the forecastle now since his watch was relieved; not even for his cherished pipe, which nobody had ever seen him without two minutes after the bell struck, unless it was a case of "All hands!" On this occasion, after a strenuous forenoon watch of letting go and rehoisting royals and upper topgallants a dozen times in sharp squalls, and the securing of a parted royal stay before the slender spar snapped while the great steel Khedivieh lay down on her side and thundered through the spume-laced seas a bare length ahead of the flying Talus, with a frantic and grimy ship cook on each ship shaking fists and cursing each other to add to the din, Yon had shown no feverish haste to get to his tobacco. He had battled like a viking through all the fierce labor of the watch. With the liquor all out of his system, he was what he had always been, multiplied tenfold—a sailorman to the toes, every toe a finger, every finger a fishhook. And Big Carl had been there too. Of all that stately racing fleet leaving Crockett with barley, wheat or corn, which had dwindled already in numbers visible to three, not one boasted such a pair of salt-water warriors as Big Carl and the Tarrible Swede. They were 50 per cent of the reason for the Khedivieh being still ahead in the race. But Yon had seen Big Carl falter more than once in the desperate work of putting a French shroud knot into the parted royal stay while the ship lay almost on her beam ends, surging through the seas with a quivering in every plate and frame that made more than one young hand shiver. Shivering was for young hands. Yon did not shiver. Big Carl had never been known to shiver. Yet he faltered.

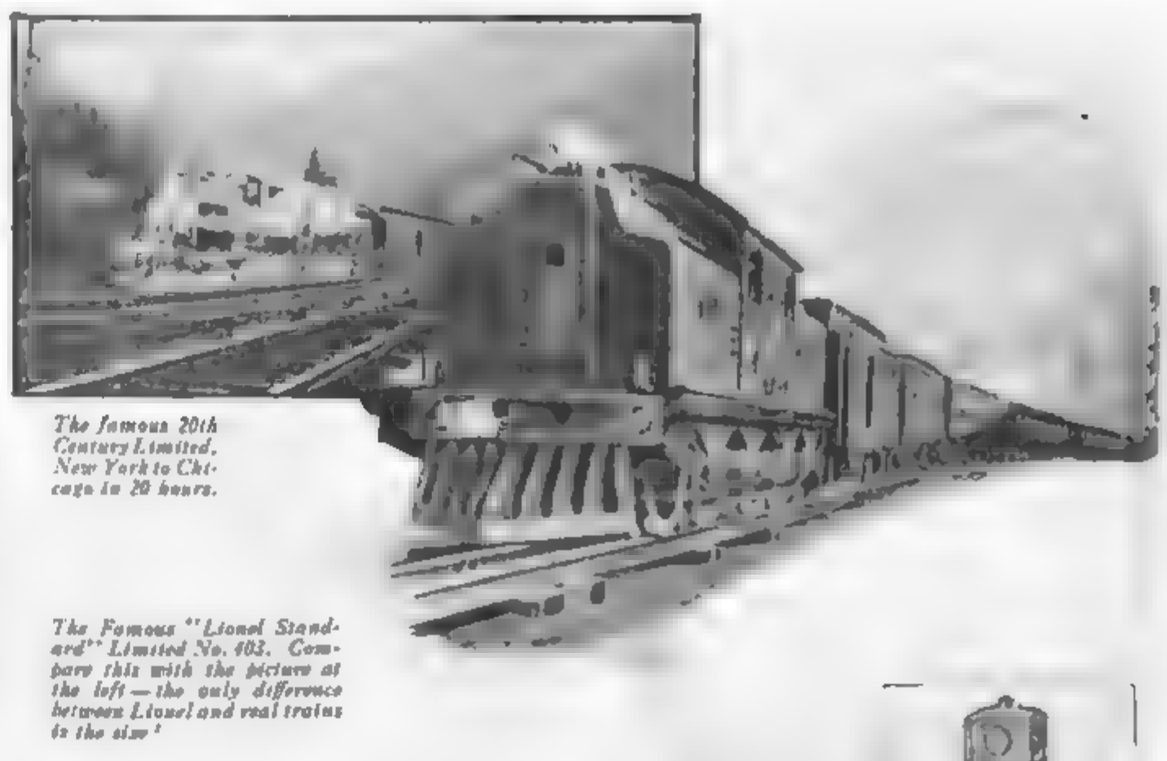
Yon glared at Carl through the half-open door. The big boson ate hungrily; but his face was flushed far beyond the flush of hasty eating.

"Yu big stiff, yu been trinking!" Yon started to shout, staggering on the reeling deck toward the little cabin with its half-closed steel door. Before the words were completely uttered, the foretack parted with a crash and in an instant the sails were shivering, the great steel masts rocking and the ship in uproar. The Talus shot ahead as if the Khedivieh had let go an anchor.

"Shree-ee-ee-ee!" shrilled the mate's whistle from the poop. All the shivering of the other sails sounded like summer voices beside the thunderous flogging of the released forecourse, the heavy clew of which smashed foot-long splinters out of the teak rail at every flog.

"Boson, rouse out all hands!" yelled Mr. Critchlow. "Clew up the weather side th' fores'l! Reeve a new tack! Get a move on! D'ye want that ship to report us at home?"

Big Carl fell out of his cabin. Stagger he might, but instinct drove him. Before he was squarely on the deck, Yon had caught the flogging end of the parted rope, and the terrific slamming of the stout canvas



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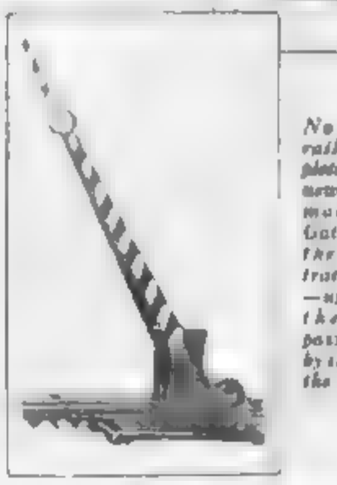

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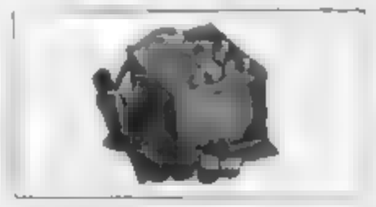

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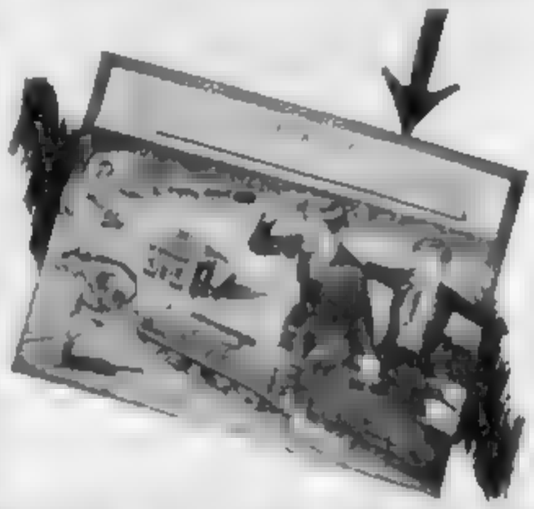

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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

clew hurled the Tarrible Swede headlong from the forecastle head into the seething water of the scuppers. Yon was at the rope again in a flash. His head was down, shaking like the head of a fighting bull; he advanced upon the job as he advanced upon Big Carl when in fighting mood.

"Up hellum! Up with it! She'll get aback!" roared the mate to the helmsman.

The releasing of all the pressure borne by the huge forecourse made the big ship come up to the wind. The Talus crowd could be heard cheering above the uproar as she shot ahead, her taffrail barely missing the sweeping bowsprit of the luffing Khedivieh.

"More beef here! Catch a holt, yu!" roared Big Carl, hurling his big body upon Yon and helping to muzzle the flying end of the broken tack before it brained somebody. Men were manning the clew garnet.

"Hey-hey-hey-ah!"screamed Red Whiskers at the hauling part.

"Oh, hey-hey-hey-ey-ah-h!"

"Up with that clew! Run it up!" yelled the second mate.

"Meet her! Meet her!" roared Mr. Critchlow to the helmsman.

The captain ran up from below, alarmed at the hubbub. As he emerged from the companionway, the big ship, falling off the wind too rapidly, leaned steeply to a hard gust of stinging wind, and a mile-long gray-beard boarded her along the entire length of her lee rail.

"R-r-raouah!" it roared, and Yon, Carl and the men on the forecastle head went floating aft on the crest of it.

"Hey-hey-hey-ah!" squealed Red Whiskers bravely at the clew garnet. He was standing high and dry on the fife rail, reaching high for his hauling grip. Down crashed a second boarding comber. A blast blew out of the heart of the increasing breeze and the big ship reeled.

"Make fast that clew garnet!" shouted the captain in swift cognizance of the ship's sudden change in bearing. The Khedivieh did not answer her helm and gain relief as she usually did.

"That damned barley!" muttered the second mate, fighting to keep his head above water.

"She's cranky as a tub in a tideway!" sputtered Mr. Critchlow, scrambling up from under Carl and the Tarrible Swede among the débris of running gear tangled up to leeward by the boarding sea.

"Let go all royal halyards!" bellowed the captain anxiously.

"She's coming up, sir! She's coming up!" yelled Mr. Critchlow. He could not so soon forget that derisive howl of the Talus as she stormed past. But he was only hopeful. The big bark lay down as if she was about to roll over.

"Let go royal halyards!" shrilled the order again.

The royals thundered down, shaking the great ship to the keel. Both mates glanced aft apprehensively. The Talus was merging with the graying of the horizon ahead. The vague speck which had been the Queen Margaret half an hour ago could now be seen in all the glory of her four soaring masts, foaming up to windward with the rags of her split skysail snugly wrapped around the yard and her lee rail barely visible above a flashing furrow of creaming white. She carried her royals, as became her.

"Will the Old Man take 'em in?" gasped the Doctor. His eyes burned from gazing ahead at the flying Talus.

"Stand by those halyards!" said the skipper; and the moment he thought he detected a slight easing in the ship's angle, "Hoist away!" pealed the order.

"Hoorawr! Start a toon, boys!" yelped Red Whiskers, dancing to the head of the main-royal halyards out of the wet.

"Ho, Johnny's gorn, what shall I do?" he squealed plaintively.

"Awa-ay, you, Hee-lo!" the gang told him.

"Ho, Johnny's gorn, and I'll go too!" Red Whiskers whined.

"Johnny's gorn to Hi-lo!" came the chorus with a yowl.

"Ho, Johnny's gorn to Callao!
Awa-ay, you, Hee-lo!
He's copped a Dago gal, I know!
Johnny's gorn to Hi-lo!"

In the second dogwatch all hands hung shivering about the break of the forecastle head, drenched by the flashing sheets of spray which volleyed up over the weather bow continually.

"Th' Old Man's driving her," muttered Red Whiskers through pallid lips. "She ain't fit to be druv like this. She's tender, she is."

"Yer bloody 'ed's tender!" growled the Doctor, still anxious about his slush, which seemed in truth to be sliding away from him in the wake of the flying Talus.

"D'yer fink she's cranky, Yon? Don't yer fink the cargo's shifted a bit?" whined a young sailor making his first passage of the Horn in a windjammer.

Yon's eyes were fixed in a fierce glare upon the closed door of the boson's locker. Big Carl had just gone in there. He came out, carrying a big fistful of oakum. But Yon snorted. He knew there was no need for oakum. Carl's big round face was very red. He staggered. Other men staggered on that reeling deck, for the bark slanted dizzily; her decks were sluiced with rain and seas; but none staggered in quite the fashion that Big Carl did. And he was so sea balanced too. Those great legs and wide hips of his appeared to challenge any sea to upset their owner.

"Give me ta key to ta locker!" Yon said tensely, seizing Carl with a grip iron-hard. Carl stared at him stupidly.

"Come on! I vill throw overboard ta brandy."

Carl stared more stupidly. His eyes were glassy. He was undoubtedly very full of liquor. He had no gentle smile for his friend now. Yon stubbornly tried to shake him; he succeeded in shaking himself only, but it annoyed Carl. Lunging out wildly, Carl's great fist thudded with a smash upon Yon's face; but not upon his forehead. Yon had been punched on the brow so often by his friend that it was taken as a matter of course. This hefty wallop landed full upon his soft little pug nose, and the blood squirted. The Tarrible Swede backed away as he had never backed from a blow before. He rubbed his nose. He stared reproachfully at his friend. Then gradually his brows drew down in a black scowl. He began to whirl his fists. And Carl slammed the steel door of his cabin shut and the screeching of the lock could be heard outside even above the howling of the diabolical chorus in the stressed rigging.

"I'd hit him over th' callybash wiv a 'eaver, I would!" yelped Red Whiskers in Yon's ear. "That wos a dirty poke, my oath!"

But the Tarrible Swede never heard a word of that. He was dazed. He was thinking, but the thoughts would not lay. They were like strands of different ways of twist. They made a tangled rope of thought, in which only one thread lay clear. Big Carl had changed. Big Carl needed to be hauled short with a round turn.

"Oakum?" muttered Yon. "Hell!"

At midnight the royals were stowed. But the captain gave no orders to shorten sail further, although the big bark roared through the growing seas with her high topgallant rail only above water at infrequent moments.

"Stand by!" was the order, and the watch went below, to sleep in their clothes By nightfall the faint glow of the cabin light of the Talus could be discerned through the flying mists of spray, ahead, but coming nearer. The Doctor forfeited half his scanty sleeping hours to dodge between seas and watch that faint glow. He slept now. The Doctor valued his slush money. The keenest sailorman in both ships could not utter a more eloquent opinion upon the prospects of the race than was announced without a word when the Doctor went to sleep.

"Bli'me! I fink ve bloody cargo's shifted, that's wot I fink!" whined the young first voyager, too frightened to sleep.

"You'll get a poke in th' lug if you don't clap th' hatch on yer gabber, me son!" warned an old sailor who hated a Jonah

Yon leaned against the break of the forecastle head, wedged under the ladder. It was his watch below, but he would not go to his bunk. He had watched Big Carl's door ever since it had shut upon his bleeding nose. When the royals were stowed, the boson came out; but Yon had been first man aloft, and when he came down on deck again Carl's door was shut. He stood there, the slashing seas drenching him with torrents of broken water pouring over the forecastle head. He was wet to the buff; in coming from aloft his body-and-soul lashing had parted and he had not thought to replace it. Now every sea that swept about his legs filled his boots by way of his trousers, unrestrained by the simple lashing of rope yarns about the waist which kept coat and trousers tight; the body-and-soul lashing that had parted.

He wrestled with a sore spirit. He and Big Carl had been friends for twenty years. As youngsters, making their first voyage in an English-speaking ship, they had been hurled together through the sheer need of sympathy, for they were Dutchmen, squareheads, foreigners who must hold their hunger until all others were fed; who must hold their tongues until spoken to; who, until their seamanship was established by many an example, must not presume to take a man's place in the forecastle parliament. And they had battled through those days together. They had both resolved to save their pay days and to go into partnership in a water-side hotel, giving sailors something not obtainable elsewhere.

That hotel had become more than a dream. It was started. Carl's money went into it, and Yon's. But whereas Big Carl invested his money in the structure and the stock, wholesale, Yon put his savings into it on the wrong side of the bar. And right there Big Carl's friendship assumed the proportions only described by the term "godlike." It was there that he and Yon fought their first fight. It was there that Carl, running true to his friendship, almost beat the thick head off Yon in the endeavor to hammer discretion into him. It was there that Yon earned the name of the Tarrible Swede; for he fought Big Carl for two hours, never landing a blow, but stubbornly walking in for punishment until he was such a gruesome sight that soft-hearted Carl ran away through stark fear that he must hurt his friend to stop him. And, Carl out of the way, Yon had proceeded to clean out the place to such good effect that when Carl stole back to look, Yon was behind the bar, singing a warlike Norse saga at the top of his pipes to an empty house.

Yon sang when perturbed. In the absence of good red liquor, or bad of any tint, song to him was inspiration. He had made up his mind to tackle Carl the moment that steel door opened and show the big stiff something about getting drunk on another man's whisky. Now he sang, seeping water there at every seam:

"Ay ride ta vint, Ay ride ta storm,
My steed is ——"

From the apprentices' quarters in the sea-scoured half deck pealed a youthful pæan:

"Good night, ladies, good night, ladies,
Good night, ladies, I'm going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along;
Merrily we roll along in the good ship Khedee-vee-ay!"

"Ta damned nippers!" growled Yon, his song stopped through the irresistible ardor of youth. Those boys sang with an enthusiasm that refused to be quenched by any such trifles as saturated beds, soggy socks, drowned home or the worst the elements could do. Among the six lads there was a parson's son, a race-track tout's boy, the offspring of a sporting butcher, one spawn of rich parents and a couple of normal kids.

"Good night, ladies, good night, ladies,
Good night, ladies, we're going to leave you now."

They sang it until the very gale seemed to listen. The Tarrible Swede cursed them, and, cursing, stopped his singing to listen.

"Ay shall kick in ta pants of them bloody boys!" he growled, and stepped straightway to Carl's door.

A sea came over the rail, carrying away pigpens, harness casks and everything movable. Yon clung to the ladder. The song in the half deck was cut short. There was a laugh; running through it was a shrill echo of uneasiness. First-voyage boys might be brave, but they could scarcely be expected entirely to hide their tremors. And the big ship heeled over. Another sea swept her.

Then, underdecks, sounded the subtle soul-searching rumble of five thousand tons of barley shifting and from the poop shrilled the order, "All hands! Call the boson!"

The ship lay over. Seas poured over the lee bulwarks until men, stumbling out of the forecastle, were carried off their feet before they had time fairly to rub their eyes. Far aloft two topgallant sails cracked and flew away in ribbons, and the ship jerked back to windward, only to roll down again and stay. Yon clawed his way to the door of Carl's cabin and the water swirled about his legs. He rattled at the iron

(Continued on Page 151)

"It's exactly the same dining room, but—

"You've guessed it—the floor! Doesn't it make the greatest improvement—and not another thing changed!

"One night Frank's brother, the architect one, came out to dinner. We told him we had never been satisfied with this room. He took one look around and said, 'What you need is the right *floor.* You forgot that the floor is the basis of decoration in any room.'

"Then he recommended this pattern of Nairn Belflor Inlaid linoleum, and the dealer cemented it right over the old floor. The change was simply amazing. The room brightened. The color of the rugs and the hangings seemed like new. Now I'm *proud* of my dining room.

"But that's only part of it. This floor will never get shabby or need refinishing because, as the man who laid it said, the tiles are *inlaid.* The colors go clear through to the burlap back. Each time it's waxed the color becomes richer and mellower, and a damp mop keeps it clean."

Decorative Plan of Room Pictured Above

This Belflor pattern (No. 7101/4) provides background for the rug of subdued blue Persian design. The blue note is carried out in the window and door hangings, the ornaments and table china, and sets forth the Early English furniture.

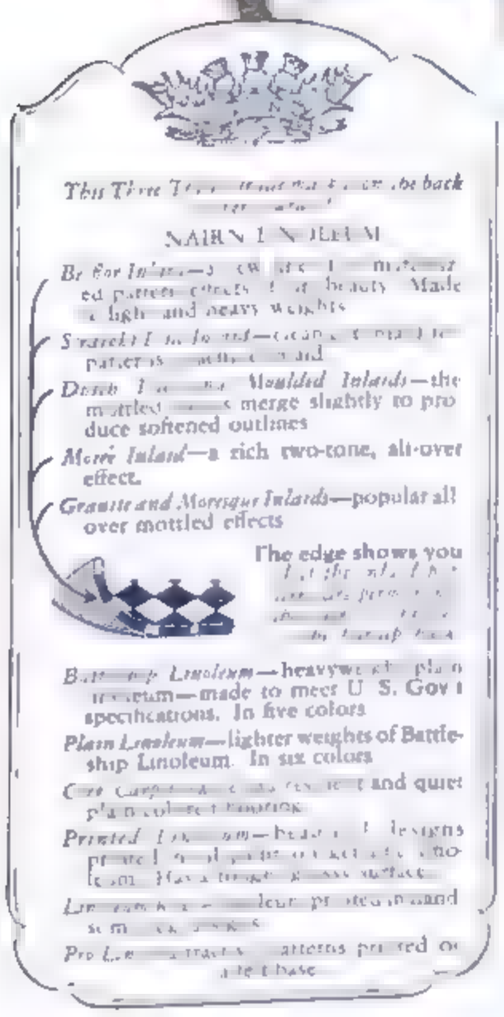
French gray tinted walls, a lighter gray ceiling, and gray window shades tone in with the floor.

There is a Belflor pattern to harmonize with the furniture and hangings you already have.

46 Belflor Color Reproductions, Free

If you are interested in getting the right foundation for the decorative scheme of *your* dining room—or any other interior—write for Belflor folder showing 46 unusually attractive patterns in colors. Also free booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beauty," which tells more about Nairn Linoleum—its many varieties, its laying and care.

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY
150 Belgrove Drive Kearny, New Jersey


NAIRN LINOLEUM
Belflor Inlaids—
Marie Inlaid—
Granite and Morrisque Inlaids—popular all over mottled effects
The edge shows you
Battleship Linoleum—
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors

NAIRN Linoleum

NATIONAL CANNED

The harvest is home

The Choicest Delicacies of every Season and Clime have been gathered and preserved for your table

November 8th to 15th has been set apart as National Canned Foods Week, because it is the time when wise home-keepers can lay in their winter's supply of canned foods to best advantage.

In most homes *every* week is canned foods week. The list of appetizing and nutritious foods put up in cans is being constantly enlarged. There is an immense variety of both food staples and specialties which, thanks to the can, are available in season and out. Look over the interesting list on the opposite page and read of the advantages if you buy in quantity now.

This poster will be displayed by thousands of grocers during National Canned Foods Week, November 8th to 15th. Watch for it and buy your supplies of canned foods where it is shown

Dealers Link up your store with National Canned Foods Week, November 8th to 15th. Be sure to display the campaign poster and arrange suitable window and counter displays of canned foods. Tell your customers the advantages to them of buying by the case and of the quantity prices you can offer on account of your smaller handling and delivery costs.

If you haven't received the window banner your wholesale grocer will supply you. Prepare for the business this special week is going to make for you.

FOODS WEEK Nov. 8 to 15

And now is the time for you to buy your supply of canned foods to best advantage

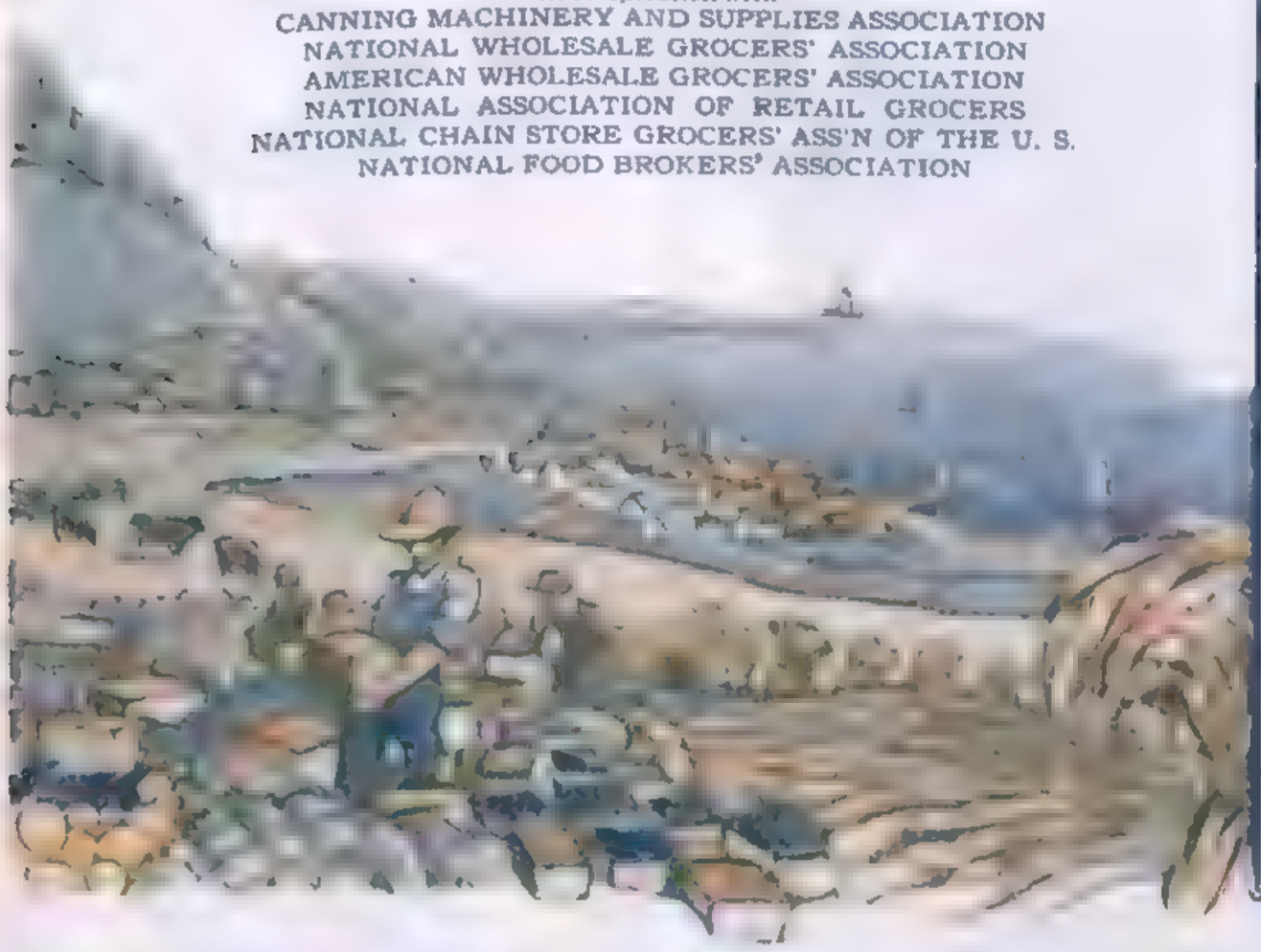
With thousands of grocers everywhere co-operating in this National Canned Foods Week, an unusual opportunity is offered to secure just the brands and varieties you want, in quantities to last you through the winter months, and at favorable quantity prices.

Right now grocers' stocks are abundant and include all varieties. Later in the season, as you may know from experience, certain brands and varieties are likely to become scarce and hard to get. By building up a reserve supply now you will fortify yourself against unexpected calls upon your hospitality and make it easy to plan delicious, nutritious meals with the varied menus so necessary to a balanced and healthful diet. And you can surprise your friends with delicious out-of-season foods that other women perhaps don't yet know can be had in cans.

Buy in quantities—by the case

The best way to avoid the disappointment of not getting the varieties you want later is to buy in ample quantity now. Many grocers offer their customers substantial savings on case lots. Ask your grocer for his quantity prices and arrange for him to make you up not only straight cases of the staples you know best, but an assorted case or two of specialties and the newer foods that you will want to become familiar with. If you do not desire a full case of one commodity, he will arrange an assortment of the varieties you desire. You will find that it more than pays you both in satisfaction and in money-saving. Talk to your grocer right away, for he is especially anxious to serve you during this canned foods week.

NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION
In co-operation with
CANNING MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL WHOLESALE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION
AMERICAN WHOLESALE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF RETAIL GROCERS
NATIONAL CHAIN STORE GROCERS' ASS'N OF THE U. S.
NATIONAL FOOD BROKERS' ASSOCIATION



There are 201 varieties of Canned Foods—*check* the ones that are new to you

Vegetables
Artichokes, Heads
Artichokes, Hearts
Asparagus
Beans, Baked
Beans with Tomato Sauce
Beans with Pork
Beans, Red Kidney
Beans, Lima
Beans, Refugee
Beans, Wax
Beets, Whole
Beets, Pieces
Beets, Sliced
Brussels Sprouts
Cabbage
Carrots
Cauliflower
Celery
Corn, Cream Style
Corn, Whole Grain
Corn on the cob
Hominy
Kale
Lentils
Mixed Vegetables for Salad
Mushrooms
Okra
Okra with Tomatoes
Olives, Green
Olives, Ripe
Olives, Stuffed
Olives, Minced
Onions
Peas
Peppers, Sweet
Pimentos
Peppers, Green
Pickles, Gherkins
Potatoes, Sweet
Pumpkin
Sauerkraut
Spinach
Squash
Succotash
Tomatoes
Tomato Paste
Tomato Pulp
Turnips
Wholewheat

Fruits
Apples, Whole
Apples, Sliced
Apple Sauce
Apple Butter
Apples, Baked
Apricots, Whole
Apricots, Halves
Blackberries
Blueberries
Cherries, White
Cherries, Red
Cherries, Black
Crabapples
Cranberries
Currants
Figs
Fruits for Salad
Gooseberries
Grapes
Grapefruit
Loganberries
Peaches, Whole
Peaches, Halves
Peaches, Sliced
Pears, Whole
Pears, Halves
Pineapples, Hawaiian, Sliced
Pineapples, Hawaiian, Pieces
Pineapples, Hawaiian, Crushed
Plums
Prunes, Dry
Prunes, Syrup
Quince
Raisins
Raspberries, Black
Raspberries, Red
Rhubarb
Strawberries

Fish and Shellfish
Anchovies, Whole
Anchovies, Paste
Caviar
Cod Fish Balls
Cod Fish Cakes
Cod Fish Flakes
Haddock—"Finnan haddie"
Herrings, Fresh
Herrings, Kippered
Herrings, in Tomato Sauce
Mackerel
Roe, Fish
Salmon
Sardines, Oil
Sardines, Mustard
Sardines, Tomato Sauce
Shad
Tuna
Clams, Little Neck
Clams, Razor
Clams, Minced
Crabs, Plain
Crabs, Deviled
Crawfish
Lobsters
Oysters
Shrimps, Dry
Shrimps, Wet

Specialties
Bread, Boston Brown
Catsup
Cider
Cheese
Chili Con Carne
Chili Sauce
Chow Chow
Fruit Butters
Jams
Jellies
Marmalades
Milk, Condensed
Milk, Evaporated
Milk, Buttermilk
Milk, Goat's Milk
Mince, with and without Meat
Molasses
Puddings, Fig
Puddings, Plum
Salad Dressings
Syrups
Spaghetti, Tomato Sauce
Spiced and Pickled Fruits
Tamales
Tomato Sauce

Meats
Bacon, Sliced
Beef, Boiled
Beef, Corned
Beef, Dried
Beef, Roast
Beef Stew
Beef Steak with Onions
Brains
Chicken, Boneless
Chicken, Deviled
Chicken, Tamales
Hash
Ham, Deviled
Ham, Loaf
Irish Stew
Kidney, Stewed
Liver with Bacon
Liver with Onions
Mutton, Roast
Pig's Feet
Sausage
Sausage with Sauerkraut
Tongue, Calf's
Tongue, Lamb
Tongue, Ox
Tripe, Boiled
Turkey
Veal, Loaf
Veal, Roast

Soups
Asparagus
Beef
Beef Bouillon
Chicken
Clam Broth
Clam Chowder
Consomme
Julienne
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Okra
Onion
Oxtail
Oyster
Pea
Pepper pot
Puree, Beans
Puree, Lima Beans
Puree, Celery
Soup stock
Tomato, Cream
Tomato, Puree
Tomato, Okra
Turtle, Green
Turtle, Mock
Vegetable
Vermicelli

Ready-Made Entrees
Beef a la Mode
Goulash, Hungarian Style
Chicken Curry
Chicken a la King
Chop Suey
Lobster Newburg

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write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 146)

ring, shouting for Carl. The door flung open and the boson fell out into Yon's arms, as the mate in his oilskins, and the second mate in his pajamas, ran forward.

"Square away!" roared the mate. "Hands aft to brail in the spanker!" The captain on the poop helped the helmsman to heave up the helm. "Chips, break out some shovels! Boson, take the watch into the hold and board off the grain! Get a move on or we're sunk!"

That was a simple order. In words, it sounded like a request to pull on a rope; but in the execution ——

The Tarrible Swede and Big Carl came together with a crash in the darkness at the main hatch. Among other ominous sounds was the clangor of falling shovels. There was no reason why the sound of steel shovels falling upon a streaming deck should make a man shiver; yet one youngster cried aloud in semihysteria that it was like the tolling of bells, and old men cursed him bitterly.

Flickering along the wet darkness were the carpenter's lantern and the electric flash lights of the two mates. The men clustered at the hatch, waiting, shivering, for somebody to lead the way into that inferno of the big ship's bowels. The sibilant rustling of the bulk grain underneath the shifted bags of the upper tiers was like the secret progression of serpents. And though the Khedivieh was running off the wind, so steep was her list that the seas boarded her continually along the lower side. Gear crackled high aloft with the terrific strain. Every time the ship rose on a billow her lee-scupper ports whanged like iron drums.

"Down you go, lads! Shovel or sink, m'lads!" cried young Mr. Critchlow heartily. "Never let it be said your mothers bred jibbers! In you go, Yon! Hey, boson! Where's the boson?"

"Look at that!" screamed Chips, dropping a second bundle of shovels with a clangorous crash and pointing out over the weather quarter. "Holy sailor!"

"Hold your course, helmsman! Hold her!" yelled the skipper.

All hands stood frozen with instant fright, staring at a towering shape which rushed upon them out of the howling blackness. On it came, that ghostly thing. It came, until men knew it was no ghost. They heard the pouring bow wave. They saw it. Flying seas, hurled aside by the mad onslaught of a gale-driven clipper, flew over the Khedivieh's shaking crew; and onward into the night stormed the stately Queen Margaret, her main skysail pole thrashing the wind, broken short off, but still a splendid, vibrant ship, disdaining the handicap of any such trifle.

"Report you in Liverpool!" shrilled a youthful voice from her lofty poop as she vanished.

"In with you, m'lads!" urged the second mate, leaping through the black void of the hatch, shovel in hand, flash light shining in his belt.

"That's a hell of a note!" growled Red Whiskers. "Why don't mates see as cargo's stowed proper?"

"Down with you, old son! Growl you may, but work you must!" said the mate, shoving Whiskers into the yawning pit.

The Tarrible Swede crouched under the deck beams, shuffling with his feet for a firm footing. He had caught one glimpse of Carl's vast body in a beam of light; then he lost it, for the hold was full of blackness almost tangible; men lost identities and became like sacks of barley. As soon as the men were all below, the captain altered the course to bring the sea on the leaning side, attempting to straighten the ship by the same force of wind that had laid her down.

"Haul the bags up to windward, lads!" cried Mr. Critchlow cheerily. "Chips! Planks here! All together now! Sing, somebody! Hey, where's the Tarrible Swede? Yon, sing, you noble sailorman!"

Yon growled fiercely, and the mate felt him stumble past into the wings. The mate laughed. He knew that Yon would be doing two full shares of work for all his growling.

But Yon had dropped his shovel. In the stifling dust of the grain, in the heat and unspeakable clamor of the reverberating steel hull, the senses might be expected to reel. The seas thundered outside the thin steel plates; beams and frames and stringers squealed like live creatures. An army of fat rats squealed and squirmed and fought about the men's legs. Men grunted as they hauled heavy sacks of barley up an incline that had no firm foundation to hold them. There was the straining of the huge hollow steel masts. Every sea that fell on board boomed like the crack o' doom in the hold. Through all hummed and sang the myriad voices of a steel-and-wood fabric under bitterest stress. Yet Yon heard something different, above all those manifold voices, and he had meant what he said when he answered the mate.

He had heard the plop of a cork and the guggle of liquor. He unerringly picked upon the precise direction and let himself go with fierce abandon, sliding down over the men and sacks until he collided with Carl and a deck beam together.

"Give it to me!" shouted Yon, and the bottle fell among the grain, pouring out raw liquor which stank horribly.

"Yu are crazy as a bedbug!" Carl bawled back, stooping to grope.

Yon stamped on his rummaging fingers and Carl struck out at him savagely. In a moment they were locked together, fighting with silent fury. There was no stubborn advance by Yon, no insistent punching off by Carl. The shifting grain sent them hurtling against the ship's side to leeward, and they held each other with a one-hand clutch to flail away with the free hand.

"Quit that! D'ye hear?" bellowed the second mate angrily. "Who is it? Stop them! Here, let me ——"

Carl beat Yon's soft nose to a pulp in a mad effort to throw him off, for he had felt the rolling bottle underfoot. Quickly he stooped for it, and Yon recovered and fastened his grip on the bottle, too, just as the second mate burst upon them.

"You drunken little fool!" the officer yelled, trying to take away the bottle. He could as easily have lifted the mainmast from its step. He seemed to apply himself to Yon, but found both men had such a grip on the bottle that he could not shake it. "Take it away from him, boson! Where'd he get it? Stop fighting, you fatheaded loon! Are you not satisfied with getting disrated? Cut it out before I run you before the Old Man!"

"Yu can run to ta devil!" snarled Yon stubbornly, and fought like a madman.

The ship lurched. Men, shovels, sacks and planks slid down to leeward and Yon for once landed uppermost. All the liquor had run from the bottle in the struggle. But Carl sucked thirstily at the neck even while shovels and planks and men were tumbling about him.

"Yu got to have it!" panted Yon.

With a mighty wrench he secured the bottle. Then, feeling Carl's head as tenderly as if he were about to dress a piteous wound there, he brought down the bottle with a demolishing smash upon the chosen spot and Big Carl slept amid the fragments. The Tarrible Swede groped for the boson's keys.

"Boson hit his het," Yon growled, clawing out from the heap and plunging into the work beside the two officers. "Come on, lads! Two ant two now. Oop mit her!"

In whirling dust and dancing shadows they labored. When Yon started to work in earnest, he made men emulate him with uncanny leadership. Grim, untiring, scowling in the faint glow of the lights, he led the gang and performed two men's shares of the work too.

"Did you see 'im 'it bose, sir?" whined the first voyager beside the mate.

"Carry on, m' son," said the mate.

"A crool blow, wiv a bottle it was!"

"Carry on!"

When fifteen minutes had passed, and men were blinded by their sweat, though outer clothing had long since been cast aside, a staggering, muttering giant joined in the toil.

"Did that Swede knock you silly with a bottle, boson?" the mate asked him.

Big Carl seemed half stupefied still. He hauled at the barley and needed no help with a sack; but he shook his big blond head queerly. When Mr. Critchlow put that question, Carl stared at him and grinned foolishly. It seemed as if the mate grinned back.

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, in the good ship Khedee-vee-ay!"

The lads of the half deck sang at their labor. The barley sacks were beyond their strength, the dust and heat stifling, but the lads played men's parts, singing at the top of their pipes. The mate glanced at Big Carl, playing the flash light on his face. There was blood among the sweat there.

"I hit my het on a beam," said Carl, and licked his dry lips.

"I heard the beam smash," retorted Mr. Critchlow.

In the dawn a haggard gang of half-naked men crawled out of the hold, blinking at the daylight, sneezing the grain dust from their heads. The ship sped fast, back on her rightful course, with a normal roll and a normal list. The Doctor peered ahead, coffeepot in hand, hopeful ever. But the Khedivieh had the gray ocean all to herself that morning. Carl rummaged for his keys. He had to put away the shovels. He could not find them; but he saw Yon coming out of the forecastle, smiling strangely.

"Yu stole my keys!" challenged Carl.

"Take yur tam keys," grinned Yon. "T'ey ain't no use no more. What yu done vit' it? T'rown it overboard?"

Carl looked embarrassed. He looked rather badly, too, with the bloody streaks running down his puffed face.

"Sit yu down and I'll patch yur het," said Yon.

The captain and his mates stood on the poop, giving a final look around before watches were resumed. There was a clear, hard-driving look to the sky which promised speedy recovery of distance lost. The officers reported their work in the hold. Then the second mate told the captain of the scuffle between Yon and the boson.

"That damned Yon is a nuisance when he smells liquor!" exclaimed the skipper. "Where did he get hold of it?"

"You're a bit mixed, mister," said Mr. Critchlow. "I saw it all. The Swede stopped that big boson pouring another pint of rotgut into his belly; that's all. Busted him over the head with the empty bottle too. It kept Carl out of mischief. He was only in the way, drunk. When he came to, he was sober, though he didn't know what it was all about. But he lied like a good 'un, sir. Told me he hit his head on a beam."

"The boson drinking?" The captain's tone was incredulous. "Where is he getting it then?"

"Tarrible Swede's store, I suspect "

"Bring 'em both aft! Dammit, I'll give the Swede his job back. If the big fellow is drinking, he's likely ——"

"Boson! Lay aft, and bring that other chap too!" roared the mate.

Sheepishly Big Carl came aft, Yon still dabbing at his wounded head.

"Yon, you take on boson again!" the skipper said sharply. "Dane, get your gear into the forecastle. You were drunk last night!"

"Ay don't want boson's yob," said Yon. "Carl was ill. He's all right now. Ay am tired of yoompin' in and out of a yob."

Big Carl only continued to grin, shamefacedly. The captain stared at them and sighed.

"Oh, very well," he said resignedly. "There's no doubt that you are both crazy. Get for'ard with you. But listen to me! If I smell as much as a whisper of rum on either of you again you'll go into irons. That'll do!"

Yon resumed his dressing of Big Carl's broken head.

"What yu done vit' ta brandy?" he demanded. Carl did not reply. "T'rown it overboard?" persisted Yon. "Yu are crazy enough to do it. Ta skipper said so. Cost good money, it did, too; and yu ——"

"Ay didn't t'row it overboard, Yon," Carl said sadly.

"Then where is it? Yu ante up. I want to take care of it myself. It's mine, ain't it?"

"Ay have trinked it all oop, Yon," confessed Carl, and his blue eyes fell before the terrible glare of his friend.

"Now Ay am sure yu are mad!" roared the Tarrible Swede, backing away and hurling his water basin and bandages broadcast. "By yiminy, Ay vill put a het on yu now! Stand up, yu big stiff!"

"Jumping Jupiter! Look at those lunatics fighting again!" cried the captain on the poop. Mr. Critchlow started forward. The captain stopped him

"Oh, let 'em hammer each other!" said the skipper wearily. "It seems to be their way of showing their affection."

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AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 8)

secretary is in a position to decide upon any and every question without knowing anything about the matter. At every step and point we see how comrades, who showed no organizing or administrative capacities whilst at the head of a Soviet body, decide in a dictatorial manner economic and other questions the moment they are appointed to a secretarial post. By the application of these secretary methods the bureaucratization of the party apparatus has developed to an enormous extent. A bureaucracy is unsound and unhealthy."

Putting his indictment of bureaucracy in another way, he said with characteristic aptness:

"The Communist Party lives on two floors. On the upper one decisions are made. Those who live on the lower merely hear about them."

Trotzky also renewed the fight which he had started in 1921 to bring the young Communists in line for succession to high posts. It was another step to break up the clique that ruled. At this point it is interesting to note that Kamenev, one of the strongest of the big three, is Trotzky's brother-in-law. A little thing like family connections, however, cuts no ice in Bolshevik politics.

In no phase of his offensive did Trotzky show more daring than in his assault upon the economic policies of the ruling powers. For two years he has exploited the theory of what has come to be known as the Trotzky scissors. In one of his early pamphlets he drew a diagram showing the discrepancy between the prices of agricultural produce and the prices of industrial commodities. He pointed out that the spread between these two extremes was getting wider and wider all the time.

Speaking about the scissors, he recently declared:

"If the scissors are not closed, it means the breakdown of the new economic policy for the peasants, who form the basis of that policy; it is a matter of utter indifference what are the reasons that they cannot purchase commodities, whether trading in them is prohibited by decree or whether they have to face the fact that for two boxes of matches they have to give a pood"—about thirty-six pounds—"of grain."

Trotzky went even farther. He whacked communism in one of its most sensitive spots by suggesting the limitation of the workers' factory councils to matters concerning their working conditions, hours of work and wages, and a substitution of a single manager for the group control now in vogue. He contended that the manager would be expected to remember that his first duty is to increase and improve production.

Bargaining Assets

Still another evidence of how Trotzky aimed at the usual Soviet economic unsoundness was his protest, made in August, against the folly of exporting grain in the face of serious crop shortage and what might eventually mean another famine. Already food prices have soared and much distress prevails. The people need all the home-grown grain.

The principal bargaining asset that the Bolshevik Government has in its business relations overseas is the export of grain. It is essential to a maintenance of the trade balance as well as the advantages obtained through recognition by alien governments. The big three, aided by Krassin, Commissar of Foreign Trade, favor export; Rykoff wavers, but Trotzky maintains that it is the height of folly to oppose the people's wishes and interests. He recommended an increase in the export of butter, timber, eggs, flax and oil to the West and sugar to the East.

The big three, with their willing accomplices, Rykoff, Bukharin and Tomsky, hastened to make reprisal. Working through their control of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party—it corresponds to the American Congress—they reduced Trotzky to an alternate and not a member of the Central Presidium, which functions for the executive committee when it is not in session.

Just to show what they could do further, they deposed Radek altogether from the committee. One of the most brilliant of the Russian propagandists, he had the temerity to insist that Germany was not ripe for Communist revolution. He had been on the ground and had made a careful study of the situation. In the face of the incontrovertible facts which were proved by the next German election, the Communist dictators, with their usual determination to bend every agency to their will, insisted that he was wrong. Though this was the ostensible reason for the sacking of Radek, the real reason was that he was a consistent champion of Trotzky's contention that machine rule would eventually spell the doom of the Communist Party.

With tongue and pen, Trotzky continued his campaign for a reorganization of the party along more democratic lines. In any other country such a course, in the face of a machine like the political bureau, would have meant his overthrow. Trotzky, however, occupies a peculiarly strong strategic position; first because he is the idol of the Russian masses, and second, despite the honeycombing of the Military Council with henchmen of the big three, the rank and file of the red army are devoted to him. Any attempt to put him into the discard is fraught with serious consequences, including open revolt. Thus he still has the whip hand.

Such was the situation when I reached Moscow in June. Long before I got there I realized that the human-interest prize of the adventure was Trotzky. That it would be difficult to attain I knew, but I must confess I had no previous conception of the spade work necessary. To begin with, Trotzky had announced that he would give no more interviews. He maintained that whatever he had to say he would say in speeches, pamphlets and books. Moreover, his enemies in the government were determined to put every obstacle in the path of anyone who desired to give him publicity. This did not cramp Trotzky's style, for, as I have already intimated, when he wants to put himself or his cause over he can mobilize every known agency for exploitation.

The Approach to Trotzky

Another handicap was the fact that Trotzky is probably the busiest man in Russia. Though he leaves detail to subordinates, he is the type that likes to direct and dominate personally. With his Military Council packed with enemies, it was all the more important that he sit tight on the job. In addition, he is a member of the Council of Labor and Defense, and, despite the offensive against his power, is a part of most of the important Communist committees.

In these circumstances I decided first to line up some of his colleagues on the selling theory that if I made them allies they might help me to reach him. Therefore, after I had met Krassin, Rudzutak, the Commissar of Communications, and Sokolnikoff, who holds the finance portfolio, I asked the head of the press section of the Foreign Office to arrange an interview with Trotzky. Of course I got the usual promise, which in Russia is a long way from fulfillment.

I found that Krassin, Rudzutak and Sokolnikoff were unable to help me. They seemed to be part of a general tendency in high political circles to keep hands off Trotzky. Meanwhile the Foreign Office informed me that I would have to make my remaining engagements on my own.

Now began a campaign the like of which I have not waged since the one that got the first interview with Hugo Stinnes in 1921. That required exactly seven weeks. The one that bagged Trotzky took a month. Though I was engaged in other and necessary work all the while, the head of the War Office was the chief objective.

I mobilized every possible agency, even to the enlistment of a body for the dissemination of news about Russian culture, called the Joint Bureau of Information. My subsequent experience proved that it should have been called the Bureau of Misinformation. However, the man in charge called up—or said that he called up—the War Office every day to find out about the appointment. I went to see him almost daily.

In the meantime, through one of the foreign newspaper correspondents, who was an old wartime colleague of mine, I got into vicarious touch with one of Trotzky's civilian friends. He said he would help, but made a condition that I should not ask awkward questions about the political crisis through which Trotzky was passing. I sent word that my main desire was to write a character sketch, but that I expected him to say something for publication. Once I got in immediate touch with Trotzky I felt that he would be a fruitful source of conversation, and such he proved to be.

The condition imposed reminded me of a similar injunction laid on me by the Japanese Foreign Office in 1922, when I had an audience with the Prince Regent. It was prefaced by an official request that I ask his imperial highness no embarrassing questions. I cite the incident to show the curious Oriental parallel which exists between the Russians and the Japanese. That the Japanese should be so scrupulous about their ruler was not surprising, because Japan is frankly feudal. That in an alleged democracy—a so-called dictatorship of the proletariat—such a request should be forthcoming was amazing. But when you know the Russia of today you also know that it is ruled by an autocracy alongside which the most ruthless imperial order is philanthropic.

Four weeks passed and every day in some way I sought to consolidate my position. As it turned out, the meeting with Trotzky happened unexpectedly. Luckily for me, I was ready when the chance came. The way of it was this:

One night in the middle of July I dined with F. A. Mackenzie, the Moscow correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, whom I had known years ago when he was one of Northcliffe's star men, at a little restaurant that was less fly-bitten than most of the others. Afterward we walked back along a boulevard where the proletariat gathered in the evenings to talk and smoke. It was a favorite walk of mine, because I liked to watch the children. I wondered at their future, born as they were into an unnatural world which proscribed the spiritual influence that every youngster needs.

Mackenzie suggested that we go to see Jackie Coogan, whose circus film was being shown to huge crowds at one of the principal cinema houses. Jackie, by the way, is the best known and most popular American—the only popular one, I might add—in Soviet Russia. The people flock to see him. His advertising posters are so doctored that when he wears a cap it is always colored red. Soviet propaganda capitalizes every possible agency.

At first I assented. Then I had a hunch that we ought to go back to the hotel, which we did. It proved to be a good hunch and similar to the one that I had had a few weeks earlier when I left the peace, comfort and sanitation of a house in the country on a hot Sunday night and came back to Moscow to find a note from the Foreign Office saying that I could see Tchitcherin, Commissar for Foreign Affairs, at midnight.

A Call to the War Office

I had just sat down to read Turgenieff's Virgin Soil when the hotel clerk entered my room, saying, "Comrade Trotzky is on the telephone and wants to talk to you."

The clerk had to come to my room, because, like nearly everything else in Russia, my telephone was out of order during the entire period of my stay. Only one virtue attached to this misfortune. My messages could not be tapped.

Almost before the man knew it I was rushing him down the stairs—I lived on the first floor—for fear that the telephone connection might be broken, and it was. I got him to call up the War Office, and after some conversation in Russian he turned to me and said, "Comrade Trotzky wants to know if you speak German and if you can come alone to his office at half past nine." When I said yes to both, this additional message came: "Tell Mr. Marcosson to come to the main entrance, where a soldier will be waiting for him."

As I drove through the dark streets I wondered what kind of man I was going to meet. He had intrigued my interest for years, and the fact that he held part of the fate of 130,000,000 people in his grasp at that moment heightened the anticipation.

In about ten minutes I brought up at the immense white building, once the imperial military headquarters and now the Soviet War Office. At the entrance I found a smart-looking officer in gray uniform with red facing waiting for me. He greeted me

(Continued on Page 155)

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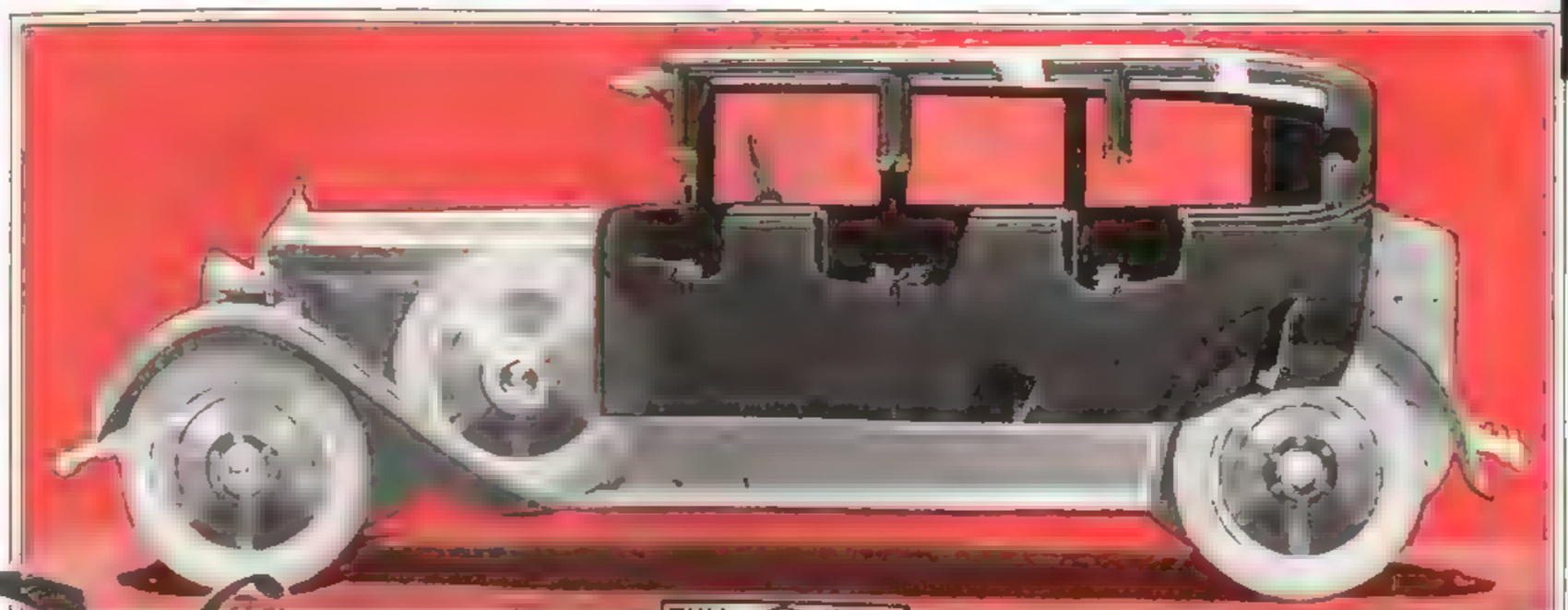

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MOTOR CAR BODIES

Use color—delicately toned window shades —to soften glare!

by Helen Richmond

WHAT is the difference between plenty of light, comfortable to read by—play by—work by, and glare, that puts our nerves on edge?

The answer is, color.

The light that causes us discomfort by its strength is almost without tint, that is, it most closely approaches utter whiteness. But light which is comfortable, you'll find, is tinged with yellow.

You cover your electric bulbs with soft-hued shades, because you understand the part that color plays in softening glare. And now interior decorators have carried this principle a little further, by softly toned window shades. Shades in cool pastel tones transmute the blazing summer sun which beats upon your windows to mellow radiance! Even when doors are flung wide open, the daylight streaming in blends with the toned light to an inviting restfulness.

There's a sense of ease, of perfect relaxation, that comes with a mild light, free from all intensity.

And you'll be even more charmed by the unsuspected beauty revealed in your rooms and their decoration. The softened light discloses new harmonies of color in exquisite rugs and hangings. Even lovely old furniture gains added mellowness from the high-lights and velvet shadows playing on its richly polished surfaces.

It is surprising to learn that these window shades, in beautiful *Columbia* tone-colors, with all this magic power to transform your rooms, cost no more than ordinary shades.

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Some colors great decorators advise

YOUR problem in choosing window shades is to insure an illumination always bright and clear, yet restful and inviting. And of course your best guide to a solution lies in making your choice from a range of colors especially selected to give the soft richness of tone you desire.

If you could take six rooms in your home, and equip each room with a different one of the beautiful tone-colors, you would be at your wits' end to know which one you ought to select for the entire house. They are all so attractive. And more than that, their soft pastel tones blend harmoniously with almost any color scheme.

Such tone-colors as Chamois, Persian Gold or Strained Honey, warm the light, and transfuse it with their own lively amber hues. And you'll be surprised to find how much cheerfulness they lend to even the coldest light.

Shades in Etruscan Ivory, Plaza Gray or Circassian Brown, soften and tone the all-day sunshine glare. With colors like these, rooms are bathed in an opulent glow, warm with color yet absolutely free from crude intensity.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 152)

in German and escorted me to a large anteroom on the second floor, where another equally smart officer - he was Trotzky's adjutant—also welcomed me in German. I was to learn later that practically every important military official under Trotzky speaks German and in many instances French and some English.

The moment that you enter the War Office you get a hint of Trotzky order and efficiency. Practically every other government building in Moscow reeks with smell and is full of disorder and worse. The Foreign Office, for example, is an unsanitary rabbit warren. The War Office, on the other hand, is spick-and-span. Every guard stands rigidly at his post. Before you meet the man responsible for it you see and feel his influence.

Scarcely had I seated myself when a door at one end of the room opened and I got my first glimpse of Trotzky. He was ushering out the visitor who preceded me and he made short shrift of his farewell.

In a moment he walked toward me and said in German, "I am glad to meet you. Come to my office." In we went.

He wore white canvas shoes and a loose-fitting suit of Russian linen which is much affected throughout the country. The jacket, which was a sort of short smock, had a high collar and patch pockets. There was not the slightest suggestion of the military man about him.

Trotzky is of medium height, with slightly rounded shoulders. His manner is abrupt and aggressive and he walks and talks rapidly. He radiates force and decision. Most Americans are familiar with his Mephistophelean features. He looks much older than he really is, because that familiar tangled shock of black hair is streaked with gray and his face is lined. Eyeglasses surmount the sharp nose. Nothing about him save the swiftness of his movements is more distinctive than his eyes. They seem to burn with zeal. He brought Mustapha Kemal Pasha strongly to mind. Each of these men is aggressively alert and a born dictator with whom ruthlessness is the natural thing.

Trotzky's office, like the building itself, reflects the efficiency of the man. It is a huge columned chamber with high ceiling. On the walls are many maps. The only suggestion of war are two small brass cannons that stand on the top of a filing cabinet almost directly behind his chair. He works at an immense flat-topped desk which is covered with books, pamphlets and papers. Yet there was no indication of confusion about it. Every time he had to refer to a document in the course of our talk he knew exactly where to lay his hand on it. This is in sharp contrast with the disorganization of his colleague, Tchitcherin, who frequently holds up all the business of the Foreign Office while he hunts for an important dispatch which at the moment is resting in his inside pocket.

Methods of Work

None of the outstanding personalities that I have met is easier to interview than Trotzky. Once you launch the conversation he talks like a streak. As is the case with Lloyd George, whom he resembles as an imparter, it is only necessary to get him started. He employed German throughout the entire course of our talk, although occasionally he lapsed into French and once or twice threw in an English phrase. Afterward I discovered that save for his native Russian he is more proficient in German than in any other foreign language and prefers to employ it with an alien whenever possible.

In order to start the talk waves and to feel him out, I first asked him to tell me how he worked. As I have indicated, no one in all Russia is more active. Scarcely a fortnight passes but that some book or pamphlet appears bearing his name. He is in constant demand as a speaker and averages about two or three addresses a week. On the top of all this is his work as head of the army and in the various political groups with which he is associated. I therefore inquired how he managed to accomplish so much. His reply was:

"It is all a simple matter of organization. My day is so carefully planned that I can utilize every moment of it. My work really begins at half past seven, when, with breakfast finished, I read the morning papers. I am at my office at nine, when all my subordinates are ready to report to me with whatever matters need attention.

"A great deal of my time during the day is taken up with conferences. On three days a week I sit in the Council of Labor and Defense. Twice a week I meet with the political bureau"—there was a trace of a smile as he mentioned these words—"and I must give time to various branches of the Communist Party. The only hours during the day that I give myself the luxury of relaxation are from five to seven, when I go home and have dinner with my family. I do all my reading and writing at night."

His last remark prompted me to inquire what he was reading at the moment. To my astonishment he answered:

"Just now I am reading an American book called Babbitt, in Russian. I find it curiously interesting and instructive, although it is too much bourgeois in character. In fact, I see in it a complete record of the American bourgeoisie. In the last analysis, however, Babbitt is no more bourgeois than your John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan or Henry Ford."

I told him that in America we regarded Babbitt as the epic of the flivver. After I had defined what the word "flivver" meant, he remarked:

"I learned a lot about motor cars from Babbitt. The best motors in the world are made in the United States. We have used them in the Russian Army in hard campaigns and they are not equaled by any in service and durability. I have three in mind that I would pit against all others."

Continuing his comment on social America, he said:

"When you analyze America you find that in reality, and I now speak of the social side mainly, it is one great province. Your people are too provincial. In order to realize their largest destiny they must become more and more a part of the work and of the politics of the world."

The Economic Future

I found that Trotzky is a close student of the French Revolution. He has read every available book on it. Despite the hostility of France toward the Soviet Government he has a deeper respect for the French than for any other of what he calls capitalistic countries. During the years of his enforced exile from Russia he lived at various times in France and some of his closest associates have been French communists.

It was not long before Trotzky launched into the world economic situation. Among other things, he said:

"The economic future of the world depends upon the future capacity and activity of the United States. You have a large amount of the existing inventive and productive genius. As I have said before, it can only perform its largest service when it is made universal."

Taking a sheet of paper he quickly drew a chart showing the almost incredible speed with which American industrial production had advanced. Pointing with his pencil to the peak, he declared:

"You will see from this diagram that the United States has witnessed one progressive advance. At the same time she is reaching the maximum of internal development and must reach out. Her curve of expansion points up, but unless she gets more world trade she must retrograde.

"Make a contrast now between England and the United States. England has reached the middle-class expansion through slow and ponderous evolution. It is characteristic of the British that they move slowly. They are smug and self-satisfied. The United States, on the other hand, has advanced with characteristically swift leaps. England has most of her future behind her while the whole world is America's field.

"There is a close economic affinity between the United States and Russia. Like the United States after her Civil War, Russia is a vast and undeveloped domain. Unlike the America of the late '60's, we do not need immigrants; but we need capital, and, what is equally important, the technical skill with which to employ it. We also need what you call the science of business organization.

"Moreover the United States, due to her wartime expansion as well as the natural increase in the demands of such a great country, has a surplus of manufacturers' products and also of grain. This she should export to us and in exchange receive flax, manganese, timber and other products of which Russia is the ideal source of supply. What America needs is what might be called world confidence with which to spread herself everywhere."

With his employment of the word "confidence" came a characteristic Trotzky performance. He talks so fast that even had he spoken English I would have had some difficulty in following, especially since I had to carry the whole interview in my mind. I did not know the German word *Vertrauen* and asked him to define it. Reaching back of him to a row of books he pulled out a German-English dictionary and found it. Just as his use of a diagram shows that he believes in teaching with the eye, so did the dictionary incident illustrate how he likes to get at the source of things.

On one matter Trotzky made a startling statement. We had drifted into the subject of war. When I asked him what would be the next great struggle, his response was:

"As I see it the next great struggle for supremacy is likely to develop between the United States and England. In such a conflict economics, and not territory, will form the reason for the outbreak. England is jealous of America's industrial advance, but this war will probably cost her dear."

Suddenly he got up and walked over toward a huge map of the world. With his finger he pointed out the extent of the British Empire. Then he remarked:

"The British Empire is much too big. When that almost inevitable war with America comes you will find that practically every British colony or dominion overseas, and specifically Canada, Australia, Egypt, India and South Africa, will line up on the side of the United States, while Japan will probably rally to England."

Let me remark, in passing, that this statement by Trotzky conforms with a line of propaganda handed out in large gobs by the Germans during the World War. I found that whenever I gave a high-placed Russian the opportunity he invariably tried to make some disparaging remark about England and to assure me that she was America's worst enemy.

To return to the interview. Trotzky now made another surprising statement, particularly in view of those years of blood and slaughter since the Bolshevik ascendancy in 1917. In discussing the future of Russia, he declared:

"What America and the rest of the world do not quite realize is that Russia, despite the wide misimpression about her, is the most peaceful nation in Europe. You have only to look into what is going on at this very moment to see the truth of what I say. Germany still seethes with revolutionary protest against French imperialism. Italy is in turmoil and rocks with unrest. The same is true of Spain, while the Balkans, as usual, are far from calm. England is not without deep discords. Russia, on the other hand, is peacefully occupied with her efforts to achieve some kind of economic expansion. This expansion is assured if Russia is not hampered by trespass, boycott and blockade on the part of the capitalistic powers."

Russian Views of America

In contrast with this comment are Trotzky's views on the subject of world revolution, which the Bolsheviks seek to foment. Here they are:

"America is holding, as usual, a particular position. The paces of development of Europe and America were not equal even prior to the war and the inequality has become more pronounced since the war. When speaking about an international revolution we usually imagine it on a rather summarized and general scale. In fact, there will be several stages, separated from one another by a considerable length of time.

"All evidence denotes that American revolution will take place considerably later than European revolution. It is historically possible that the events may assume such a feature that the East will cast off the imperialistic yoke and the proletariat will assume the power in Europe, while America will remain the stronghold of capital. In this sense the United States of America might become—and is already becoming—the basic counter-revolutionary power in history. This might be neglected by Philistines who think of solving the question with an imaginary democratic form of government, pacifistic phrases and similar absurdities. The fact that the war lasted four years was only possible through the special part played in it by America. It was also America that helped the European bourgeoisie to maintain its position. Through the Dawes experts' plan, America

(Continued on Page 157)

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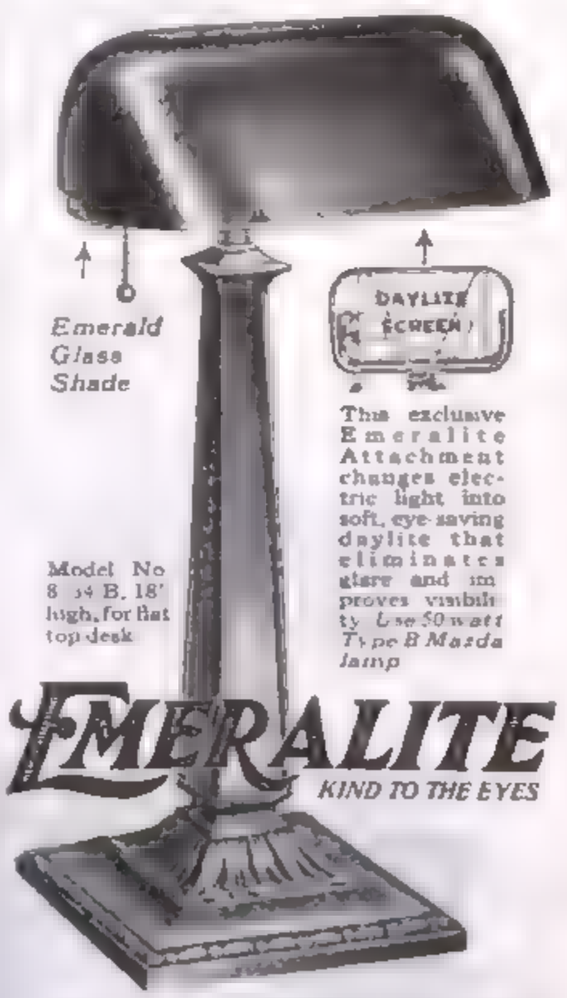
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This activity is the Home Lighting Contest. It is open to school children of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. A free Home Lighting Primer which fully explains the contest, will be given to the children at school or by the local electrical people. The children who write essays from the illustrated lessons on home lighting in the primer may win prizes which include scholarships and the $15,000 model electrical home.

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REMEMBER: To enter the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people

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Two Fourth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
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Two Fifth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarships in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

Two Sixth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarships in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard

(Continued from Page 155)

is organizing at the present time a complicated system for enslaving the working people of Europe.

"America is most of all opposed to the recognition of the Soviet Republic. The United States of America is monstrously rich. The American bourgeoisie disposes of unprecedented resources for maneuvering both in the internal and external policy. Taken all in all, it seems, according to evidence, that the victorious European proletariat will have to count with American capital as with an irreconcilable and powerful enemy. The Social Democratic Party the German one in particular—does everything to glorify the political rôle of the overseas democracy.

"The Social Democrats are frightening the workmen with America's wrath in case of irreverence, while—in case the European democracies are willing to act under command of the American bourgeois—all kinds of blessings are promised. The entire policy of the European mensheviks—the minority—is built upon this. While being already agents of the bourgeoisie, the European Social Democrats are now becoming, through the course of events, the agents of the richest and most powerful bourgeoisie, notably the American bourgeoisie."

One section of the talk with Trotzky deserves a chapter all its own. It relates to the red army. It has been variously described as ranging in strength from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000 men. One report has it a disorganized horde, while another sees it as one of the best in the world. In order to stimulate the conversation on this more or less delicate subject, I said to Trotzky, "I hear that you have not only organized a great fighting machine but that every man in it knows how to read and write. How did you do it?"

The Soldiers' Primer

Reaching out on his desk he picked up a small red book that looked like one of those handy French-American dictionaries that you can buy anywhere in Europe. Holding it in his hand, he said:

"This is the best friend of the Russian Army. It is a primer that I prepared and which every soldier must study. It is as essential to his education as the manual of arms. In consequence, every man under the red flag knows how to read and write."

What Trotzky did not mention, however, nor did he show it, was the little handbook of communism which is the real Bible of the Russian Army. Religious faith vies with illiteracy as the target of the teacher. One of the first things impressed upon the conscript is that the church is a delusion and a snare.

The peasants, who form about 70 per cent of the rank and file, find this rather hard to stomach at the start, but eventually they succumb. Acquiescence is the better part of valor in this case.

The important matter, however, is the Soviet fighting strength. On the night I had the interview with Trotzky there were exactly 562,967 men actually under arms, according to his statement. It represented the reduction from 5,500,000 men, which it is claimed constituted the army at the peak of the white efforts to crush communism.

The army proper consists of eighteen corps of three infantry divisions each, together with fifteen cavalry divisions of three brigades each. The red army has been particularly weak in aviation. At the time I write there are not more than 700 available planes and a shortage of trained personnel.

Trotzky's plan is to add 1000 new planes every year for ten years. The Russian aviator is far from efficient. I spent several week-ends near one of the principal flying schools, about thirty miles from Moscow. While there I gathered from the neighbors that scarcely a day passed without some serious accident in the air

Compulsory Military Service

Trotzky believes in the invincibility of gas, both in political and actual warfare. Shortly before my arrival he organized a department for the manufacture of poison gas. In gas as well as in tank and aëroplane manufacture the red army is able to avail itself both of the skill and experience of Germany. The soldiers have had the advantage of intensive training under old imperial officers, and on parade and in maneuvers can hold their own with the best in Europe.

Despite the utopia which is supposed to prevail, military service is compulsory for all men between the ages of twenty and forty. The duration of service is eighteen months in the infantry, two years in the cavalry, three in aviation and four in the navy. Though the branch of service is not entirely optional, the recruit is allowed to choose his particular wing if he shows a leaning toward it. Even the children get a taste of what is ahead of them, because every boy during his sixteenth year must spend several periods in the military barracks. There are various cadet schools. One day in Moscow I saw a seven-year-old youngster in the uniform of a red private. He even carried a toy gun. In this respect Russia emulates the imperial Germany of other days.

That Russia is not taking any chances on revolution is shown by the discrimination against the sons of the bourgeoisie. Only the offspring of the proletariat are included in the actual fighting forces. The sons of the bourgeoisie are conscripted for service in labor battalions and some branches of the commissary and transport, but in no sections where arms are carried. The inconsistency here is that thousands of old czarist officers have been incorporated into the army. Most of them entered because it was the only guaranty of physical safety and a meal ticket.

I doubt if any army in the world presents such a strange combination of laxity and discipline as the red legions. In the first place there are no officers as we know them. Rank, in the Bolshevists' view, flavors of caste and imperialism. Therefore instead of having generals, colonels, majors and captains, Trotzky devised a scheme by which the various units have so-called comrade commanders. He himself is the comrade commander of the Russian Army.

Trotzky Reviewing the Red Army in the Red Square, Moscow

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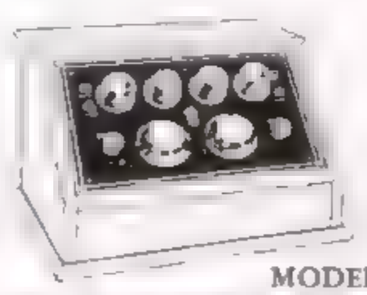

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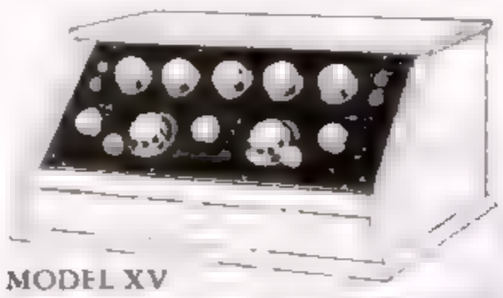

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100,000 Thorns are in use, proving dependability. Drive up to any dealer and ask him to show you the Thorn. In ten minutes you'll be on your way with the Thorn in operation! And behind it you'll have my personal guarantee of satisfaction.

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What we would term a colonel of a regiment is a comrade commanding a regiment, and so on. These officers have rank indications on their sleeves, but their uniform, save that it is usually smarter than those of the comrade privates, shows very little distinction.

The astonishing feature of the red army is the relation between officers and men. An officer only receives a salute when the troops are in formation. A private does not salute his superior on the street in the best Bolshevist military circles. Furthermore, officers are compelled to fraternize with their men as if no rank distinction existed between them. He must join them at cards, indulge in their sports and eat and drink with them. This has proved to be particularly galling to the old czarist officers, who look upon such a procedure as rank heresy. Economic and other necessities, however, dictate surrender to it. Later on in this series you will see the tragic compromises that people are required to make to eke out a bare livelihood in Russia.

When Trotzky made the point that there were only 562,967 men actually under arms in the red army he disclosed only part of the real red fighting strength. In addition to the troops under his command there are three other separate and distinct military units in Soviet Russia with which he has no personal connection. Each has its particular and sometimes sinister work to perform. Each operates independently of the other, although all could be mobilized under a common leadership if the emergency arose. This allocation of forces strikingly illustrates the obvious lack of unity which exists among the various political factions. It means that each has its own private army.

First and foremost among these subsidiary armies is the host that interprets the will of the dread G. P. U., which are the first letters of the Russian words meaning Secret Political Police. It is variously estimated to include from 100,000 to 150,000 men, and operates all over Russia. It embraces infantry, artillery, cavalry, with tank and aëroplane sections. It is a complete army save for the engineering wing.

In a remote way it resembles the famous Foreign Legion of Algeria in that it recruits some of its members from various nationalities. In it you find Letts, Armenians, Georgians, Tartars and Chinese. There is a definite reason. These foreigners carry out the most cruel assignments. The Czar's guard, before his atrocious murder, was composed entirely of Letts. Had they been Russians they might have succumbed to that spirit of nationalism which is instinct to every Russian regardless of his political affiliation, and helped him to escape. Hence the value of having aliens to impose brutalities upon Russians.

Dread of the G. P. U.

This G. P. U. army therefore does what we would call the dirty work of Russia. That part of it which operates in mufti—and it comprises no inconsiderable portion—constitutes the sleuths who worm their way into people's confidence and insinuatingly force some kind of unconscious betrayal. The next thing the victim knows a detail of armed G. P. U. guards are outside his door ready to take him off to a G. P. U. prison. All the prisons are under the amiable stewardship of the G. P. U.

In this oppression by the G. P. U. you have one reason why it is so difficult to get unofficial information in Russia. I once went to the house of a peasant about forty miles from Moscow and asked him how he was faring. Although I was accompanied by an old friend, the man said to me, "I cannot talk. You might be an agent of the G. P. U."

The G. P. U. army carries out the decrees of the various secret tribunals, convoys exiles to Siberia and elsewhere, provides the prison guards and maintains the power of the political dictatorship that rules Russia. In short, it is the branch dedicated to domestic service and in ordinary circumstances would not be used against a foreign foe.

The third military wing is the so-called Kremlin Guard, which is a body of carefully selected Communists. Altogether they do not number more than 5000. They are the keepers of the Kremlin. It is their job to see that undesirables are kept out of this Soviet holy of holies, and that the persons of high government officials, many of whom reside in the Kremlin, are safeguarded.

The fourth unit is peculiarly characteristic of the mystery which pervades official Russia. Like the Kremlin Guard, it is a body of hand-picked Communists. It differs, however, in the fact that the layman does not know the identity of the members. Ordinarily they do not wear uniforms and are kept in reserve for vital emergency. In case of an incipient counter-revolution, they would be the first to be hurled into the breach. They provide what might well be designated the shock troops of communism.

All together, these four organizations, with the frontier police, aggregate a total of more than 800,000 men. Then, too, there is the vast number of Russians who served in the civil war against the whites and the Allies, or in the World War, when imperial Russia mobilized 9,000,000 men.

What is the secret of Trotzky's rise to the point where his dictatorship of Russia is still among the possibilities?

You have already seen how his efficiency achieved the organization of the red army into a formidable fighting unit. His dynamic personality and unceasing driving force are other assets that he has employed to good advantage. The real source of his remarkable hold upon the great mass of the workers, who constitute the Communist strength, is his gift of oratory. In a country where talk is the favorite sport he stands supreme.

Trotzky as an Orator

I heard him speak on the night following my interview, at a public meeting held in the Conservatory of Music, which holds 6000 people. The place was packed. The Commissariat of Foreign Trade organized it to stimulate some interest in the Russflot, the contracted word meaning the Russian Volunteer Fleet, which was then having a precarious struggle for existence.

It was my first experience at a mass gathering of the proletariat. Most of the men were in blouses and wore no collars, while the women were attired in every kind of nondescript costume in which red, whether in hat, cap, waist, skirt or stocking, was the prevailing color. Some had no stockings at all. As is usual in a Russian meeting, there was a long preliminary wait. During this period the crowd walked about the corridors smoking cigarettes. In Russia everybody smokes, from patriarchs to the six-year-olds.

It was a genuine struggle to get into the hall. I cite this to show the interest that attaches to every public appearance of Trotzky. I arrived on the scene fully an hour before the time set to begin, and the immense open space outside the conservatory was a seething mob. I found that everybody, alien or native, was required to show a passport in addition to admission tickets. All persons who have the right to live in Russia must carry a card of identity of some sort, which is issued by the police. If a man shows up at a meeting without one he is immediately seized as an undesirable. Bolshevik scrutiny works all the time.

Krassin, head of the Foreign Trade Monopoly, who was chairman, got only a few perfunctory handclaps when he came on the stage. There were five speakers, and Trotzky was the fourth. His appearance was what actors call a good entrance. Here he emulated Kerensky, for he waited until the three preceding orators had had their dull say. Then, at the psychological moment, he emerged from the wings. He wore the same kind of linen suit as the night before, and walked with quick step to the little pulpit which is provided for the speakers at all Russian gatherings.

Even before he came on the stage there was a tremor of anticipation throughout the great audience. You could get the murmur, "Trotzky comes." With his appearance, bedlam literally let loose.

While the demonstration was in full swing, an American newspaper correspondent of Russian extraction who sat at my left said to me:

"The first time I saw Trotzky was at a Yiddish meeting on the East Side in New York in 1917. He was obscure and almost in want. He told me that the Russian revolution would begin within twelve months."

As I observed the frenzied ovation he was now getting I thought of the miracles that time brings about.

Trotzky talked for three-quarters of an hour. He has the ideal public-speaking voice, for it is so pitched that it never tires or wavers. It is rich, deep and eloquent. Sometimes he bites off his sentences in real Rooseveltian fashion. He is a master phrase maker. He knows how to build up climaxes, each one the cue for applause. In speaking of the need of a Russian merchant marine he said:

"It is essential to our foreign trade monopoly. This monopoly is a fundamental law which must be protected and we will never surrender it. At the moment this monopoly is ours, while the ships of the world belong to our enemies. We will fight until we have what ships we need."

I could give various illustrations of how Trotzky has tried to put over his ideas, no easy job amid the welter of incompetence that impedes Russian advancement. Among other things, he organized the so-called League of Time, which he projected as an antidote for the chronic waste of time in Russia. If you go to a bank with a letter of credit and have no pull with the officers, it sometimes takes two hours or longer to get money. The same applies to the simplest engagement. The Russian is never hurried and he assumes that you have as much time to lose as he.

At Trotzky's instigation, branches of the League of Time have been introduced in most of the public institutions, and especially the State Bank, where there is some study of American scientific management methods. In all these groups Frederick Taylor, the American efficiency expert, is the model.

Trotzky's living quarters are four rooms in a building in the Kremlin once occupied by the Czar's aides. His monthly salary as People's Commissar of Defense is 240 gold rubles, or $120 in American money. Of course he has various perquisites such as free light and quarters. He also has a special train which he uses on his many tours of inspection and speech making.

The Historic Parallel

Trotzky's physical courage has sometimes been questioned, but events scarcely warrant the insinuations made against him. His first name means lion and his adherents have often referred to him as the Lion of Bolshevism. He led his legions in some of the most important offensives against the white armies and through personal example inspired his men.

One of the few available anecdotes about him refers to the critical day when Yudenich and his hosts were almost at the gates of Petrograd. The city seemed doomed to capture when Kamenev rushed up to Trotzky and said, "We are lost! What shall we do?"

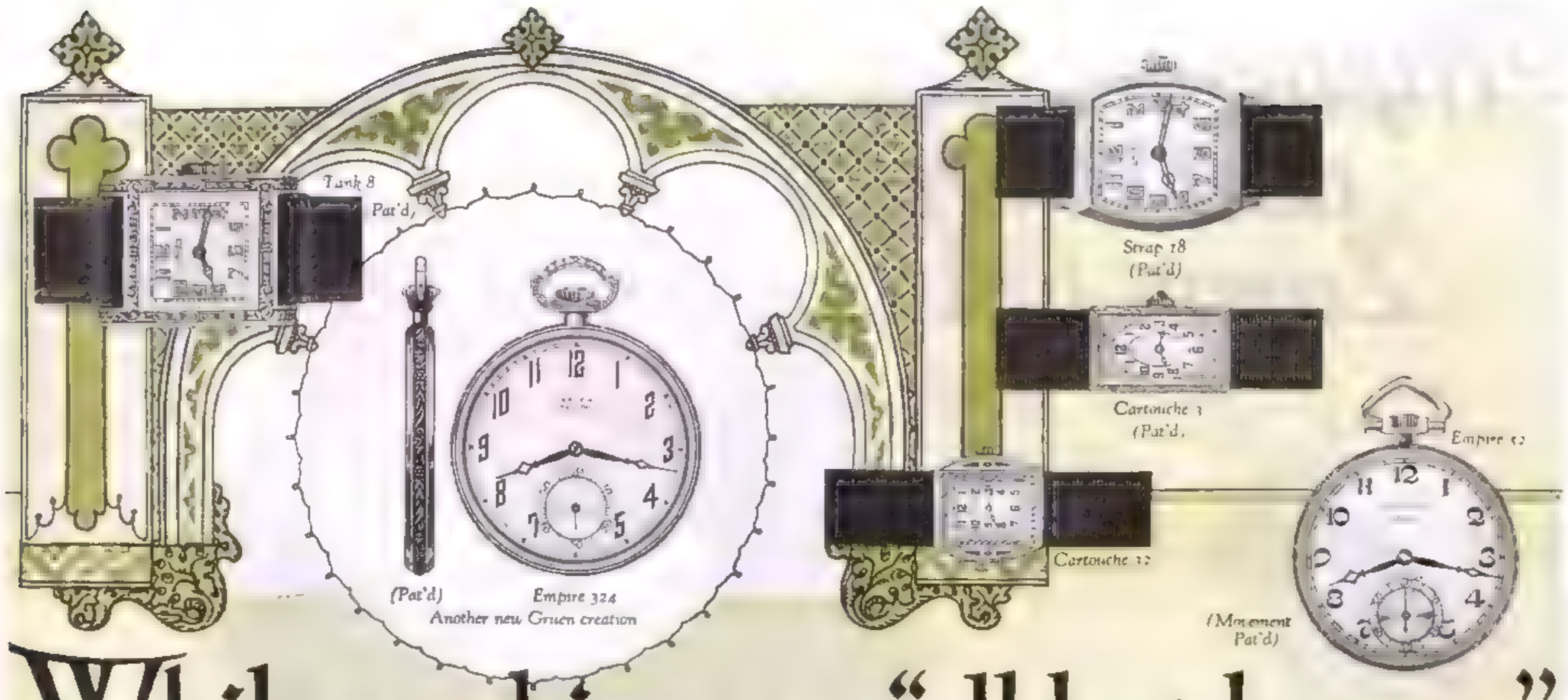
Trotzky is reported to have looked at him sternly and said, "Your name, Kamen" it means stone—"should be Poduska" pillow. With this he went out to the fighting lines, rallied his troops and saved the day. If Yudenich had captured Petrograd—it was the high tide of the white offensive—there would probably be no Bolshevik rule in Russia today.

What of Trotzky's future? In the present crisis, prophecy, always dangerous, is impossible. The situation at the time I write cannot go on indefinitely.

In a sense, it is reminiscent of France during the Terror, for there is a striking analogy between the Bolsheviks and the Jacobins. In 1794 France was just as prostrate as Russia is today, with the difference that the masses were not so ignorant as those of Russia. The fall of Robespierre was not caused by a general uprising The Thermidor was, to all intents and purposes, a family revolution carried out by Barras against fanatical fellow members of the Committee of Public Safety. This committee resembled the present Soviet Council of People's Commissars—the cabinet—plus the extreme Left of the political bureau.

Trotzky, not unlike Barras, faces two courses. One is to get his rivals before they get him. He has the Young Communists, most of the officers, and the rank and file of the red army behind him. With a swift coup he might get away with it. A famine, with further economic dislocation, would play into his hands, for he alone of all his group seems capable of evolving some kind of national conservation. On the other hand, he has the powerful and relentless political machine, with all the sinister forces of the G. P. U., arrayed against him. They might anticipate his move, annihilate him and face the popular reaction. One thing is certain. The factions that now rend the Communist Party cannot long occupy the same boat.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia The next will be devoted to the war on capital



While machines are "all but human"

In the workshops of the Gruen Watch Makers Guild are found the most advanced types of machines used anywhere today in the production of watches.

So remarkable are some of these machines that the Gruen Guildsmen often say of them that they are "all but human." And in saying that, the Guild watchmakers feel they are describing the highest possible degree of technical perfection.

Yet the Gruen Guildsmen do not look upon their machines as contrivances that will make watches. To them these machines are but the tools they use to aid them in their craft. They are just so many improvements over the hacksaw and file and chisel of the old-time guildsman who made his watches, with painstaking care, entirely by hand.

For machine methods alone, the Guildsmen say, will never produce a perfect watch. There is a point in any manufacturing process beyond which mere materials and artificial motive power can not go.

As long as the finest machine that man has ever invented remains no more than "all but human," the human element must be supplied. Human hands must supplement the work of the machine.

Thus, in making Gruen Watches, the Guildsmen use machines wherever they find machines their most efficient tools. But where the skillful craftsman's hand can do the job a little better—as is the case in finishing many of the parts—machines are set aside. That job is done by hand.

By the use of the machine the Guild secures, among other things, that standardization of parts which makes it so easy for you to secure repairs if your Gruen Watch should meet with accident.

By the use of careful hand finish, the Guild is able to assure you that your Gruen Watch is something more than the numbered product of impersonal machines, hastily passed over in the most casual of inspections.

When you buy a Gruen Watch you are buying a *watch that is neither wholly machine-made nor wholly made by hand.* Every Gruen Watch is the product of an ideal combination of both methods, designed to bring about the greatest degree of accuracy and durability in timekeeping instruments.

Why not secure a Gruen Watch? Or why not select a Gruen Watch as the gift with which you have been intending to honor some beloved person?

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Strap 18 (Pat'd)—White or green gold reinforced, "Precision" movement, $40; solid gold, $75. Others up to $150

Cartouche 3 (Pat'd)—White gold reinforced, $50, solid gold, $60. Other Cartouches up to $200

Cartouche 32—White gold reinforced, engraved and inlaid with enamel, "Precision" movement, $45

Ultra-VeriThin (Movement Pat'd) Empire 52—Solid white gold inlaid with fine enamel, "Precision" movement, $110, white or green gold without enamel, $100. Also made in platinum, $450 to $550

Pentagon-VeriThin (Shape Pat'd)—White or green gold reinforced, "Precision" movement, $75. Solid green gold, $100, white gold, $125. Others up to $300

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
1874—Fiftieth Anniversary Year—1924

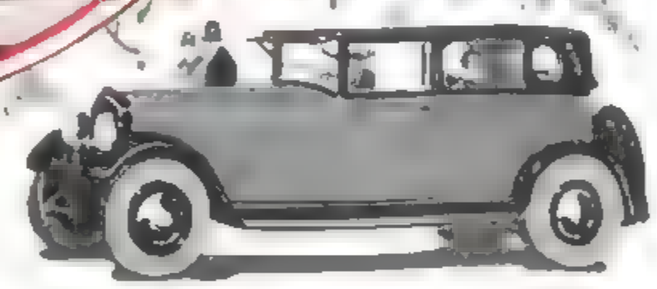
GRUEN *Guild Watches*

By Invitation Member
Emblem of
BUSINESS CHARACTER
Rice Leaders
of the World
Association
GRUEN
For the man who wants a good timekeeper priced as low as $25, the SemiThin is a thoroughly practical watch
SEMITHIN WAY
With the usual four operating parts reduced to three, the VeriThin becomes practically trouble proof
VERITHIN WAY
In the Ultra-VeriThin at $100 the three operating parts are reduced to one—without the slightest risk in accuracy or durability of parts
ULTRA-VERITHIN WAY
PATENTED

Pentagon (Shape Pat'd)

Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

Wiping mud off dry can't scratch a Zapon finish



Motor car manufacturers, striving for unusual beauty in their finished product, are finding it in Zapon.

ZAPON is a new finish developed by America's pioneer manufacturer of pyroxylin base finishes. It gives a deep, rich, lustrous surface that is remarkably hard—a coat that is a veritable armor against everything that heretofore has marred the original beauty of automobile finishes.

Heat that would blister any ordinary finish has no effect upon ZAPON. Hot tar, grit, alkali, grease will not injure it. Even battery solution and many other acids will not spot it.

The use of ZAPON during the past three years on thousands of cars has proved the dependability and permanence of ZAPON. Manufacturers are now using it in finishing new models, and service stations for refinishing used cars are being established rapidly. Make it a point to have a ZAPON finish on *your* car.

CELLULOID ZAPON COMPANY
Park-Lexington Bldg., Park Ave. at 46th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Branches: Chicago, Los Angeles, New Haven

ZAPON

The automobile finish that stays new

Unrivaled

ZAPON

the finish the world has waited for

EXPOSING THE FARM PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 4

The spectacle of white people, on expensively irrigated land, producing eggs for Indians at fifteen cents a dozen presents a problem. But is it a farm problem? Admit that they cannot afford to produce eggs for fifteen cents a dozen; admit there is no profit in it. Still, they do it. And so long as they will do it, why should the Indians pay more or produce their own?

Now consider that in Oregon the business of producing and merchandising eggs has been highly organized and that it pays. Eggs are graded and packed with a knowledge beforehand that one city prefers them brown and another prefers them white; they are then shipped by the carload to New York and Philadelphia and top the market—that is, they sell at a premium. Consider further that there are hundreds of thousands of acres of unutilized land in Oregon, and that the Portland Chamber of Commerce that organized the merchandising end of the egg business spends large sums of money annually to advertise the fact that it has surplus land and to induce people to come and settle upon it.

Economic Wastes

So why the Sun River Valley problem? It is unnecessary. Why the Sun River irrigation project at all, while Oregon, Washington, Idaho, California, every state in the West, is calling for people to come and settle their surplus lands? Why did the Government spend $4,500,000 to strangle the merry Sun River with an irrigation dam and lead water through concrete ditches to spread it on arid land when there was already in the country much more fertile land both naturally and artificially watered—millions of acres more than people could be induced to till properly? Eberle does not know. Neither does anyone else. Why did farmers go there and settle on land that had better been left in wild grass for cattle and sheep? The cost of irrigating it was more than land is worth in the rich Red River Valley of North Dakota, where they need three times more farmers than they have, or more than land is worth within 100 miles of New York, where farms once prosperous now lie abandoned. Eberle does not know. He only swears and says eggs ought to be dear if you have them to sell, and cheap if it is that you buy them. How dearness and cheapness shall be made one and the same, so that nobody is riled, or what shall be substituted for the law of supply and demand, he does not pretend to know. He is not obliged to know. He is not a political party.

For the perfect example of how a political party faces that same contradiction consult the almanacs of 1920. In that year food was dear. Wheat was $3.45 a bushel in Chicago; corn was $1.90; other things were in proportion. The farmer still complained, though of what is now forgotten; perhaps by force of habit. He got very little hearing at any rate. He was denounced in the cities for a profiteer. The high cost of living was a political nightmare in a presidential election year. Organized labor said that either food must come down or wages must go up, and it preferred food to come down, for it had found that in the race between prices and wages prices won. The Attorney General at Washington announced a crusade against the evil of high prices and made a formidable sound. The Government sold its surplus war stocks of smoked meats and canned goods through the post offices. Its hoard of army wool was put up at auction. Still prices advanced. Both the great political parties pledged themselves in their platforms to reduce the cost of living.

The Republican Party wrote into its platform the following:

"We pledge ourselves to earnest and consistent attack upon the high cost of living by rigorous avoidance of further inflation in our government borrowing, by courageous and intelligent deflation of overexpanded credit and currency."

That meant less than nothing at all. It was a rhetorical movement of the arm toward the cities, and a very awkward movement it turned out to be, for the farmers took it in a literal sense. The Republican Party never meant to deflate the farmer. It meant only to say what Eberle said—food should be cheap for those who must buy it.

Then how about the farmer who wishes food to be dear and is easily riled? To him the Republican Party promised in the same platform "an end to unnecessary price fixing and ill considered efforts arbitrarily to reduce prices of farm products," together with more credit with which to acquire and improve more land.

That meant nothing either; or it was only the same thing Eberle said—food should be dear if you have it to sell.

The cities were demanding that the prosperity of agriculture be limited. That was a thing no political party would dare openly or purposefully to advocate. Hence the utterly inane proposal to reduce the cost of living by the surgical process of deflation and at the same time protect the farmer from a reduction in prices. Anyone would know this could not be done. Anyone who used his mind would know it was not meant to be done.

Then what was this—phantasy or hypocrisy? In fact it was neither. It was only that stultification of political thought which in the case becomes inevitable. Any political party nowadays will find itself in the same dilemma. The reason is significant.

A Dangerous Doctrine

Once it was understood that the proper function of government was to lay down principles under which people should be free to administer their own affairs, seek their own advantage, evolve their own fortunes. Increasingly it is demanded of government that having laid down the principles it shall then proceed to administer the affairs of any class or group that confesses its inability successfully to administer its own. So, unawares, we embrace a new doctrine—namely, the doctrine that it is the business of government to distribute prosperity, to equalize contentment and happiness, to protect the individual from the consequences of his own inefficiency. If a certain class has less than its share, and becomes for that reason envious, nobody any more expects the individuals of that class to seek their fortunes elsewhere or change their methods. There must be a law. The Government shall intervene. It is quite forgotten that in a country where rich land may be had for little more than the will to work it—literally so—where industrial wages are the highest in the world, there people have it in their own power to correct economic disparities. If the cost of city living becomes intolerable, there is the land, millions of acres waiting. People may go to it if they like. Or conversely, if there is no longer any profit in agriculture for the marginal farmer, there are the cities wanting labor at high wages.

But no. First it was accepted as political doctrine that the Government was obliged to make agriculture profitable in a horizontal manner, and now it is accepted that the Government is obliged not only to make agriculture profitable but to make it as profitable as industry. If in the stress of economic adjustments, as in the postwar deflation, the exchange value of wheat is particularly affected, so that three bushels of wheat buy no more than two bought before, it is the business of the Government to

Wheat in Judith Basin, Montana, Where Alas You May Find Foreclosure and Distress

Cut That Shovel Tax of Yours!

If you own a home or a factory you pay "shovel tax." Maybe you swing a shovel yourself in your cellar. You pay the tax in the sweat of your brow. Perhaps you have on your payroll one or a hundred shovelers. Their wages are shovel tax.

That tax ought to be reduced. It can be—by buying Red Edge, the *labor saving* shovel. With Red Edge, the "man behind" does more work with less grief. Because Red Edge is *tough*. It keeps its keen edge, its perfect balance. It does not bend or curl. It *bites* into the work. It makes a heavy load seem lighter.

Incidentally a Red Edge outlasts two or three ordinary shovels. Another slice off the shovel tax!

Red Edge is cutting the cost of shovels and shoveling for householders, manufacturing concerns, contractors, public utility corporations, mining companies and railroads. You will find Red Edge on the coffee plantations of Brazil and at the waterworks in Jerusalem, if you happen to be there. But best of all you will find Red Edge at your local hardware dealer's. Ask him for the kind of Red Edge you need. There is one for every purpose

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.

WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS

We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel

A pattern that recognizes the influence of Francis I. of France on Silversmithing

STUDY the exquisite tracery of design in the Francis First pattern and you gaze into another era when laughter and gayety and song were the every-day echoes of life.

For, in producing this pleasingly ornate pattern, Reed & Barton artist-designers have taken inspiration from the pleasure-loving reign of the French king whose name it bears.

Yet the beauty of Reed & Barton silverware lies decidedly deeper than the pattern that is cut into its surface. It lies in the basic quality that for one hundred years has been as much a part of every piece of Reed & Barton ware as the precious metal from which it was wrought.

Your dealer will be glad to exhibit the Francis First, as well as many other attractive patterns in both solid silver and silverplate.

REED & BARTON, Taunton, Mass.

The Francis First Pattern in Solid Silver. Made in flatware and hollow ware.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS
100 YEARS OF SILVERSMITHING
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

increase the exchange value of wheat. If its low exchange value is owing to overproduction, no matter; the Government must think of some way to dispose of the surplus. It must lend Europe the money to buy it with or go into the export business and dump the surplus in foreign markets in order that the domestic price may rise. If the American farmers insist upon growing wheat for export, on land irrigated by the Government, with credit provided by the Government, in competition with an Argentine wheat grower who lives in a galvanized-iron hut, still no matter. They must have a profit. They must have as much profit as industry, which is supposed to control its own production. They must have good houses to live in, fine schools, automobiles, certain pleasures, though what they are doing may be an economic absurdity. And if the Government makes agriculture as profitable as it wishes to be—as profitable, let us suppose, as it was in 1920—then the cities begin to howl and the Government must attend to that. It will be expected to deliver the cities from the affliction of high prices and it must pretend it can do this without diminishing the prosperity of the farmer.

The Government lays down for all alike a principle of protection. Labor is protected by restrictive immigration laws. Industry is protected by high tariffs. Agriculture likewise is protected by high tariffs. There are few duties in the industrial list comparable to a duty of forty-two cents a bushel on wheat. Corn is protected by an import duty, flax is protected, butter is protected, wool is protected, beans are protected, cattle are protected. The list is long.

The Wheat Grower's Side

If the farmer will balance his production—that is, if he will grow more of those things which this country imports and stop growing a surplus of staples like wheat for export—he will find himself as much benefited by the principle of protection as industry is. But he won't. He says to the Government:

"It is true that I am protected in principle as industry is. That is all very well. But in fact this does me no good at all. I cannot restrain myself from producing a surplus. There are too many of me. I am unorganized. And when I have produced a surplus it is not possible for me to do as industry does. Industry divides its product in two parts, saying this part is for the American market at the American price and this part is for export at the world price. I have not the means to do that. I have tried cooperation with myself. It doesn't work. I cannot control production at all. I go on year after year producing a surplus in spite of myself. And this surplus causes my whole crop to sell at the world price. If the surplus which I cannot help growing could only be got rid of, then the American price for wheat would be the world price plus the duty, or forty-two cents a bushel higher than it is. Now, since I find myself unable to take advantage of this principle of protection which is meant for all alike, because I am unorganized and because I cannot restrain myself from producing a surplus, you are obliged to administer my affairs for me. Take the surplus, hold it apart, sell it at the world price; dispose of it somehow in order that I may get a protected price for the remainder of my crop."

This is what the famous McNary-Haugen Bill meant. Suppose the Government did the things that this bill called for. The immediate effect would be to make wheat growing more profitable. But if wheat growing were made more profitable, the farmer, already admitting that he cannot control production, could not restrain himself from planting more of it. Thus the surplus would increase inevitably, and the Government would be obliged either to drop the bag or undertake itself to control the production of wheat.

An Unwelcome Blessing

What comes of it is more. Once the Government begins to administer the economic affairs of groups and classes of people, its responsibilities increase until they become moral obligations. It is supposed now to be under a moral obligation to the farmer in the premise that, having first financed his inflation until the cities roared, it permitted him to be deflated, even assisted actively or passively to deflate him.

Here is a wild subject. Trying to explain deflation to farmers causes one to remind oneself of the man who dared God to blow his haystack out of the gulch and kept putting it back until there was none of it left. People who can reason about it at all understand deflation as they understand pain. It may be a blessing in the guise of affliction, and necessary, yet no one wishes that blessing for himself, and he who receives it is forever resentful.

In the farmer's mind the word "deflation" creates instantly what the psychologist calls a sign situation. The sound of it sets off a series of violent pictures. He sees the East arrayed against the West; he sees Wall Street in some sinister, monstrous figure; he sees the banker selling the bankrupt out of his house, the sheriff seizing upon his crops and chattels; he sees vividly everything but his individual responsibility for what has happened to him.

What he sees is mostly nonsense. Yet his seeing it, like the idea of the farm problem, is an important political fact. Only those who have tried earnestly to remove it know how deeply it is implanted in his imagination.

You cannot tell him the Government never meant to deflate him and didn't deflate him. He points you to that paragraph in the Republican Party's platform, that rhetorical movement of the arm for the cities when wheat was above three dollars a bushel. Or he asks you if you do not know that on May 18, 1920, the Federal Reserve Board at Washington summoned

(Continued on Page 165)

American Agriculture Begins to Rest on Imported Labor. Mexicans Hoeing Beans in the Northwest

Do You Catch Cold Easily?

Fashion decrees the décolleté —exposure of the throat, neck, and chest. You can now protect these vulnerable places easily and pleasantly

Do the delicate passages of your nose, mouth, and throat feel fresh, clear, and healthy? It is so easy to keep them strong and well.

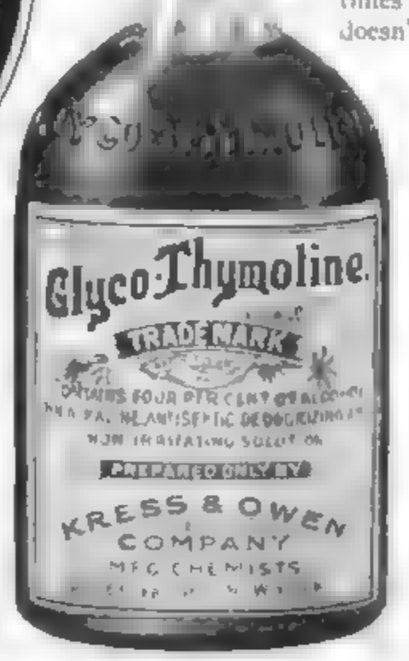
DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat?

Perhaps you have wondered why others —seemingly not so strong or robust as yourself—seldom seem busy with their handkerchiefs. The tissues of their noses, their mouths, their throats, are healthy. These tissues withstand infection. They do not weaken, become inflamed, under the severe strain of modern conditions. They resist unhealthful room temperatures, the bad air of crowds, the dust of city streets, and exposure to wet and cold weathers.

Strengthen *your* nose, *your* mouth, *your* throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat, also. The taste is extremely pleasant—the after-effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

YOUR MOUTH. It is one of the most sensitive, yet most neglected parts of your body. Glyco-Thymoline keeps it clean. It neutralizes acidity, gives your mouth a fresh, healthy feeling. It stops germs from growing, and strengthens the tissues of cheeks and gums by stimulating the circulation of blood.

YOUR NOSE. Through this sensitive corridor the air you *must have* enters your body. It is vital to your health that this passageway be kept clear. Strengthening the tissues and membranes will do more than anything else to keep it clear.



Your blood circulates through countless tiny channels in the tissues of nose, mouth and throat. When there is trouble, when some part of the tissue is attacked by germs or suffers from exposure, Nature rushes to the spot an extra quantity of blood. Sometimes that ends the trouble, but when it doesn't, part of that extra blood remains to cause congestion—the direct cause of colds and soreness. Glyco-Thymoline helps to empty the over-full blood vessels. It also prevents the growth of germs. It soothes irritation. It stimulates local circulation. It has the alkaline and saline properties of the blood, and thus assists Nature by Nature's own method.

Use Glyco-Thymoline regularly as a mouth-wash. Smokers find it gives the mouth a clean, fresh feeling. It purifies the breath, and makes sore and tender gums hard and healthy.

Glyco-Thymoline is sold by druggists everywhere in small, medium and large size bottles.

YOUR THROAT. The air you breathe, the food you eat, practically everything that enters your system, must enter here. It is lined with sensitive tissues that must resist conditions that Nature did not count upon, stale air, dusty air, air filled with the fumes of burnt gasoline, and modern food. Glyco-Thymoline gives Nature the aid she needs.

FREE Two Weeks' Test

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY, Dept. 1A
361 Pearl St., New York City

Send me free of charge enough Glyco-Thymoline for atomizer use morning and evening for two weeks.

Name

Address.....

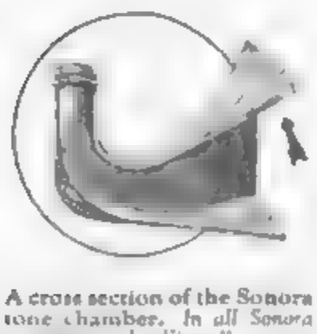
The world's greatest music . . . in its original beauty

Your best record *can be no better than the Instrument that plays it —*

INTO a phonograph record has been compressed the music of the world's greatest artists. And now —the radio daily sends forth millions of sound waves ready to be captured and drawn into every home.

From these two sources you can draw an unlimited supply of matchless music—from the haunting rhythm of the latest foxtrot to the heroic surge of a Wagner opera.

But their full beauty is lost unless each tone is reproduced in its original loveliness. Sound is delicate —fragile. The slightest mechanical imperfection can mar the work of the world's finest artists.



A cross section of the Sonora tone chamber. *In all Sonora instruments the "horn" or tone chamber is made of many thin layers of matched wood—each with alternating grain to neutralize vibration*

For eleven years Sonora has had one single aim—perfect tone reproduction. Into the heart of every Sonora instrument—phonograph, radio-phonograph, or radio speaker —it built the famous Sonora tone chamber —an exclusive patent.

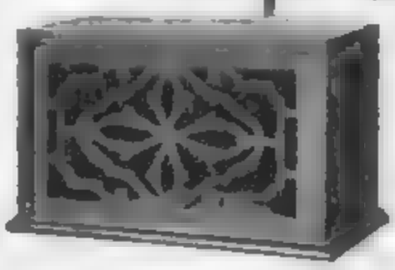
This tone chamber is all *wood*—but not *solid* wood, for, like solid metal, thick or thin, solid wood will add vibrations of its own.

Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer is set at cross-grain to the next. Between each pair of plies are spread sheer films of gum which function like the quicksilver coating on a mirror, neutralizing vibration and reflecting every faintest sound—not a single tone is added —none taken away.

Whether it be a symphony interpreted with the delicate beauty of stringed instruments—a marvelous voice—or the exhilarating rhythm of a foxtrot—Sonora reproduces it in all its original color.

There is a Sonora for every home—and to fit every purse from the Radio Speaker for $30 or the compact portable at $50 to the most beautiful period models—gems of the cabinet maker's art. In every Sonora you find two things—matchless reproduction built into an exquisite piece of furniture. Sonora Phonograph Co., 279 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

CANTERBURY—One of the many beautiful Sonora phonographs—



In the Sonora Radio Speaker for $30, the famous Sonora tone chamber has been made available for all radio users. You can now have the same pure tone in radio that Sonora has made possible in the phonograph

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

The Sonora reproduces perfectly tone-true broadcasts from local or from distant stations. Model 242 is the Sonora Neutrodyne radio set. The radio set is manufactured by an authorized sub-licensee of Independent Radio Manufacturers, Incorporated under Hazeltine Neutrodyne Patent No. [illegible] dated March 27, 1923, and No. [illegible] dated April 1, 1924, and other patents pending. Price $235

(Continued from Page 162)

the great bankers to consider a policy of deflation, and that within a year agricultural prices had fallen from a peak in heaven to a level below that of prewar time. You may say to him that a policy of deflation was the alternative to a panic of deflation, but he will not listen. He will listen to Brookhart, who refers to that conference between the Federal Reserve Board and the bankers on May 18, 1920, and says that Wall Street dictated the deflation policy, that the motive was to speculate for a fall in grain prices, that the bankers gathered up all the loose money there was and then when the contraction of credit was announced in the autumn there was no money left for the farmers, who were thereupon forced to sell their crops in the greatest panic in the history of agriculture. They believe him.

Senator Brookhart perhaps never read the minutes of the Federal Reserve conference to which he refers, though he waves them in the air. If he had read them he would know that the only kind of credit discrimination proposed or debated, the one kind as to which all the bankers present agreed, was discrimination against wasters, speculators, hoarders of goods and nonproducers, precisely in order that the actual producers of wealth, of both industrial and agricultural wealth, should not want for the means wherewith to carry on their work.

The situation was very serious at that time. For more than a year and a half after the Armistice inflation of credit continued on a fantastic scale, the Federal Reserve Banks and the Congress both supporting it. For this they are not criticized. And yet from this came the great disaster. From April 1, 1919, to April 1, 1920, bank credits expanded 25 per cent on top of all the wartime inflation that had already taken place; and in the same twelve months commodity prices advanced 25 per cent more. The highest prices for wheat and corn and cattle and wool and nearly every other product of the soil were reached not during the war, but in this time of secondary postwar inflation. The mind of the whole country had been seized with a preposterous delusion—namely, that for years to come bankrupt Europe would demand our surplus at rising prices. Bankers participated in this delusion. The Government fostered it. Europe's deficits were calculated by government statisticians and the totals were amazing. They swallowed up our surplus of raw materials and food and the imaginary demand was still unsatisfied.

Goods Worth More Than Money

Given such an obsession and at the same time an apparently unlimited supply of bank credit, what would you expect? Prices went up and up. The higher they went the greater the illusion that goods were scarce. Speculation in goods became a mania. Forestallers and hoarders borrowed money to buy and hold goods until the warehouses were overflowing. With wheat at $3.45 a bushel in Chicago, the wheat farmer was holding for more; he borrowed more money at the bank instead of selling. Cattlemen pyramided their herds instead of sending them to market, and likewise increased their loans. Everybody did it. Goods were worth more than money.

Congress voted $1,000,000,000 to sustain the price of wheat, according to its guaranty, and it was not needed. The delusion sustained the price of wheat, even advanced it. How the ultimate consumer should be able to buy all these goods at such prices was the last thing anybody thought of; how Europe, bankrupt as it was, should buy them was a question nobody asked. It was taking them. Yes; but it was not buying them. The Government in that year loaned it $1,000,000,000 more, and that was what it bought them with. We were lending our goods away, such as we were not hoarding for higher prices. What would happen when this bubble should burst, as of course it was bound to do? The Federal Reserve Board called the bankers together and begged them to come awake. They put together what they knew and perceived what the situation was; and they agreed, as has been said, to shorten the supply of credit to speculators and nonproducers. Even so, they did not bring deflation to pass. Neither did the Federal Reserve Board, neither did the Government. It brought itself to pass by an inexorable law of action and reaction.

Deflated Speculators

The truth about the deflation that began late in 1920 and continued for about two years is in the first place that Senator Brookhart talks about something he cannot understand. To suppose that bankers could or would involve the country in a credit panic in order to play on the bear side of grain is the mental act of an economic infant. It simply would not be feasible. They have too much to lose. The last thing in the world a banker wants in fact is liquidation. He makes his profit by lending credit; the more he lends the more he makes. That is why he is so often willing to carry inflation to the danger point. The banking crime was that of permitting the secondary postwar inflation to take place. The deflation was a consequence of this which nobody could help or prevent or much control once it got started.

In the second place, as to deflation, nobody was deflated in his capacity as producer. Only in the capacity of speculator was anybody deflated. This was true as to industry and agriculture both. Exceptions were accidental.

With borrowed money, in the same delirium with everyone else, the farmer had been speculating—in land, in commodities by holding them for higher prices, in the overproduction of bonanza crops, in things palpable and impalpable; and it was with him as with everyone else, that when he was asked to liquidate, to pay back a little of the credit he had borrowed and spent for speculative purposes, he couldn't without first selling something for cash to an ultimate nonspeculative buyer. But when he

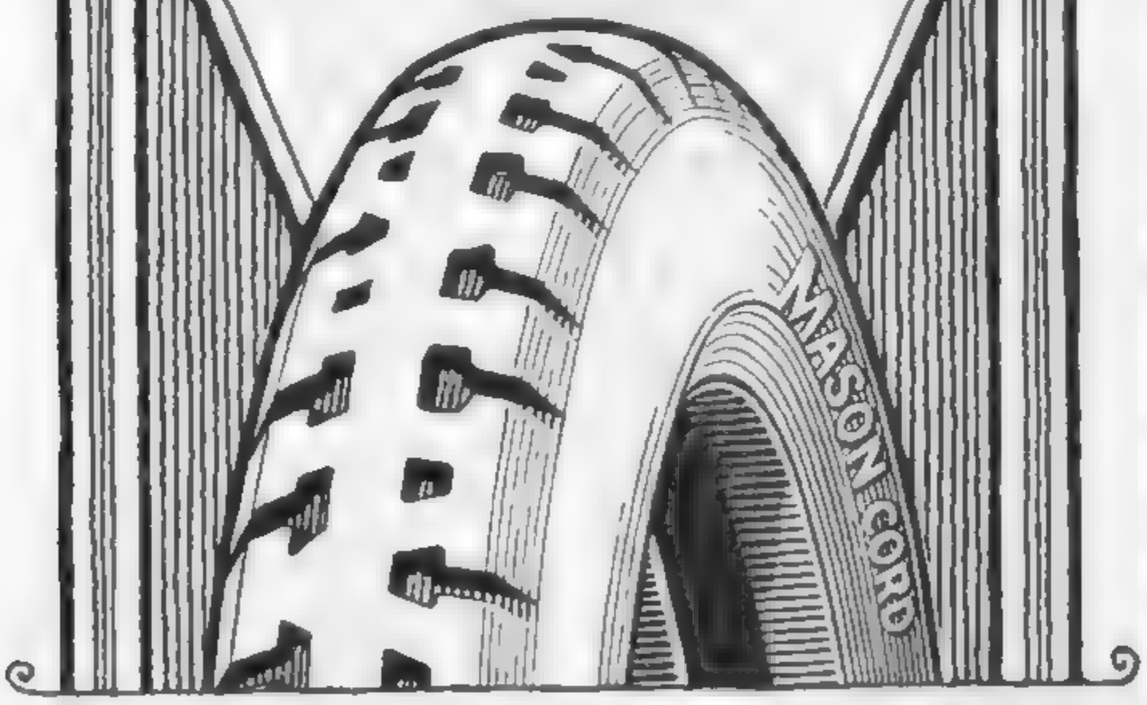
Sagebrush. The Land is Fertile. All it Needs is Water

HALLMARK
COLLARS
SLIDEWELL
LAUNDERED COLLARS
A model suitable for every individual, a style for every occasion—that is why well-dressed men everywhere prefer SLIDEWELL, the laundered collars with the two patented features that save ties, time and temper.
To Retail at 20c each
Mark Twain
SEMI SOFT COLLARS
include all the wanted shapes in one-piece and two-piece models. Exclusive fabrics—patented features of lock-front, supporting arch and thorough Laundry Shrinking are points of satisfaction.
To Retail at 25c — 35c — 50c
HALL, HARTWELL & CO., INC., Troy, N. Y.
Over 20,000 retail stores throughout the U. S. A. are showing the dependable apparel identified by the name—
HALLMARK
COLLARS • SHIRTS • UNDERWEAR
Made by Troy's Master Craftsmen

Long after the average tire is shot~ Mason Cords are still going strong

Mason controls every process in the making of Mason Cords, from the bale of cotton and crude rubber to the finished product itself. Quality is assured. Balloons, Low Pressure and Standard Size Cords.

THE MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Kent, Ohio



MASON CORDS

looked around for that ultimate person, whom everyone had forgotten, to buy his lands, his crops or his expectations, he found everyone else looking for him, too, and nobody could find him. So the whole delusion fell.

It is true that in the fall the products of the soil went lower than the products of industry. At the bottom, say, in 1923, the case was that the average price of agricultural commodities was about where it was in 1914, before the war, while the average price of industrial commodities stood one-third to one-half higher. The reasons for the relatively greater fall of agricultural commodities were mainly these: First, it is hard for the farmer to learn the use of putting by a reserve in good times. He is not impersonal like a corporation; he is a human being and he likes to spend his profits. So it happens that when the crash comes his fat is not under his skin. Secondly, farmers have not the way of industry to arrest production. They go on producing more—all they can. Thirdly, the accumulated overproduction of agricultural commodities, both here and in the world at large, was very much greater than the surplus of industrial commodities.

The amount of unsold food in storage was incredible. In 1920 the visible stock of stored lard was 193,000,000 pounds, against 87,000,000 in 1916; the visible supply of stored pork was 982,000,000 pounds, against 644,000,000 in 1916. The visible supply of grain was enormous. There were, besides, concealed quantities beyond any statistics. Nobody knew for sure what the surplus was. And back of all this was uncontrolled further production. When speculators who had been withholding this great food hoard in warehouses, with borrowed money, were asked to reduce their loans at the bank the result was what Wall Street calls a sellers' panic.

Government Guaranties

All that has been recently heard about the crisis in agriculture refers to this fact—that in the process of deflation the average price of food staples fell more than the average price of manufactured goods. This has been the farmers' great case. It was pressed at Washington until it was generally accepted. It was not fair, really, that what the farmer produced should be worth only what it was in 1914 while everything he bought in the cities was higher by one-third to one-half. The Government would have to act.

What the farmers demanded was that either agriculture be leveled up or industry be leveled down. And the Government, in its various legislative, executive and advisory embodiments, went round and round in a maze trying to decide which to do and how to do it, whereas the proper question to be first asked and answered was never asked at all. Is it become a function of government to correct temporary economic disparities? If in one case, why not in another? If in another, why not in all?

As for leveling agriculture up or industry down, that probably was and is impossible to be done. The argument is academic. But suppose it were possible. Suppose it were done. Then what? If the Government says that agriculture day by day shall be as profitable as industry, according to an index, does it not say by implication that it shall be no more profitable? What the farmers apparently do not see is that the Government cannot undertake to administer, distribute and equalize prosperity without limiting it also.

This fault in the farmers' vision is illustrated in another way by their attitude toward the Esch-Cummins railroad law, which provides that the railroads shall be permitted to earn 5.75 per cent on their capitalization.

The farmers say, "Since the Government guarantees the railroads a profit, why shouldn't it guarantee agriculture?"

That is a most insidious saying. The Esch-Cummins law is not a guaranty. But admit that it is, as the farmers think. It is also in that case a limitation of profit. The Government has taken control of the railroads' revenues. It says what rates they shall charge. Having done this, it is obliged also to say what they shall be permitted to earn on their capitalization. What they are permitted to earn determines what they shall be permitted to charge.

Do the farmers wish that kind of arrangement? Would they accept a guaranty of profit together with a limitation upon it? Certainly not. They wouldn't hear of it. Yet they cannot have one without the other, for the same reason that you cannot have top without bottom.

When one speaks of farmers in this collective way one does not mean all farmers One means farmers as represented by those men at Washington who try to engineer farm legislation, moving it by propaganda, charting its progress and standing on a bulletin board and keeping score with its enemies. They undertake to speak for all farmers—for agriculture in the whole—and there is none to say they don't. The special case they have been pressing so hard, for a restoration of the exchange value of farm products, is emotionally plausible.

Certainly the farmer got it very bad in the mêlée of deflation. It was hard that his goods should have fallen most. If you say any such economic disparity will by natural means correct itself in time, either by a rise in agricultural prices or a fall of industrial prices, or a little of both, as indeed has already been taking place this year, you will feel cold and uncomfortable. The subject of agriculture has come to be powerfully invested with sentiment and you cannot disregard it. To be altogether rational with it is almost impossible.

Yet all the time you may be aware of a concealed fallacy, of something unsaid, in this propaganda for a restoration of the exchange value of farm products to what it was in 1914. That is what is urged, on the ground that a crisis exists and that this crisis was produced by a policy of inflation which hit agriculture harder than it hit industry. A correction is demanded as a matter of public policy, even as if the Government were morally obligated to act. But if you will look at it hard, this one end, so emotionally persuasive in itself, turns out to be no end at all.

Suppose the Government by some artificial means did restore the exchange relation between agricultural and industrial products to what it was in 1914. Would that satisfy the farmers? They were not satisfied in 1914. They were complaining then that they were not getting their share. They were not satisfied in 1920 when they were getting a larger share than ever before and the cities were howling.

No; the case for a restoration of the exchange value of farm products to what it was before the war, on the ground that a crisis exists, is merely a special phase of the chronic suit. And the chronic suit is for action by the Government to redistribute prosperity and give agriculture a larger share.

Such being the farmer's suit, his logic is perfect. His worst economic fallacies are logical. They tend all in one political direction. But in what we may call the non-agricultural view of agriculture, the view all of us more or less accept without examination, there are fallacies as such.

The Factor of Efficiency

There is the basic fallacy of supposing that agriculture ought to be as profitable as industry, with no questions asked as to whether it is more or less efficient. As a matter of common knowledge, it is less efficient than industry. If industry in general were conducted as badly as agriculture in general, its profits would excite no envy. It could never have displaced agriculture as the paramount source of power and wealth.

Consider the annual investment of time, energy and money in the effort to teach better farming. The United States Department of Agriculture, the state colleges of agriculture, the county agents going to and fro, all trying to impart a better knowledge of farming to farmers. The railroads hire experts to demonstrate good farming. The implement companies maintain experimental farms in the hope that farmers will take knowledge through their eyes, and they keep men in the field to teach the proper use and care of tools. On the counters of country banks you will find free literature like this: Why Diversified Farming is Safe Farming, The Feeding of Dairy Cows, The Use of Sweet Clover, For More and Better Alfalfa, The Trench Silo, The Concentration of Product, The Cow Machine, and the like. Fancy, if you can, the banks, the railroads, tax-supported public agencies, trying to teach the industrialist how to manufacture goods.

Here is a farm problem—that so many farmers do not know the best methods of farming; but it is difficult to get a large number of these men to read the literature so abundantly provided by private and

(Continued on Page 169)

Dry Mouths encourage tooth decay

To keep your teeth safe you must keep your mouth glands working

THE mouth glands of practically everyone today are greatly weakened.

Before our soft, cooked foods are able to excite a normal flow of saliva, they are swallowed. Unexercised, the mouth glands dry up.

And without the alkaline fluids of the mouth glands, the acids that cause decay inevitably collect.

But now physicians and dentists say you can overcome this dangerous condition. Your mouth glands can be naturally helped to do their work of protecting the teeth.

Brushing is not enough—

The effects of ordinary brushing of the teeth are over in five minutes. Everywhere men and women are learning the new way to prevent tooth decay—by using the tooth paste which gently aids the mouth glands to protect the teeth.

Men tried Pebeco first, and experienced an entirely new tingling feeling of mouth cleanliness. Now women too are using this new natural way to keep their teeth clean.

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TRY PEBECO. As soon as it enters your mouth, good healthy amounts of saliva start to flow.

These necessary protective fluids change the whole character of your mouth cavity. They overcome dangerous dryness and counteract the acids of decay.

Your mouth becomes more and more normal. The protective alkaline fluids flow regularly. Your teeth stay clean and safe.

START TODAY to conquer dry mouth and tooth decay. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists' Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont

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"Unless these glands can be induced to function normally, the teeth are exposed to the mouth acids and will decay *From an eminent authority.*

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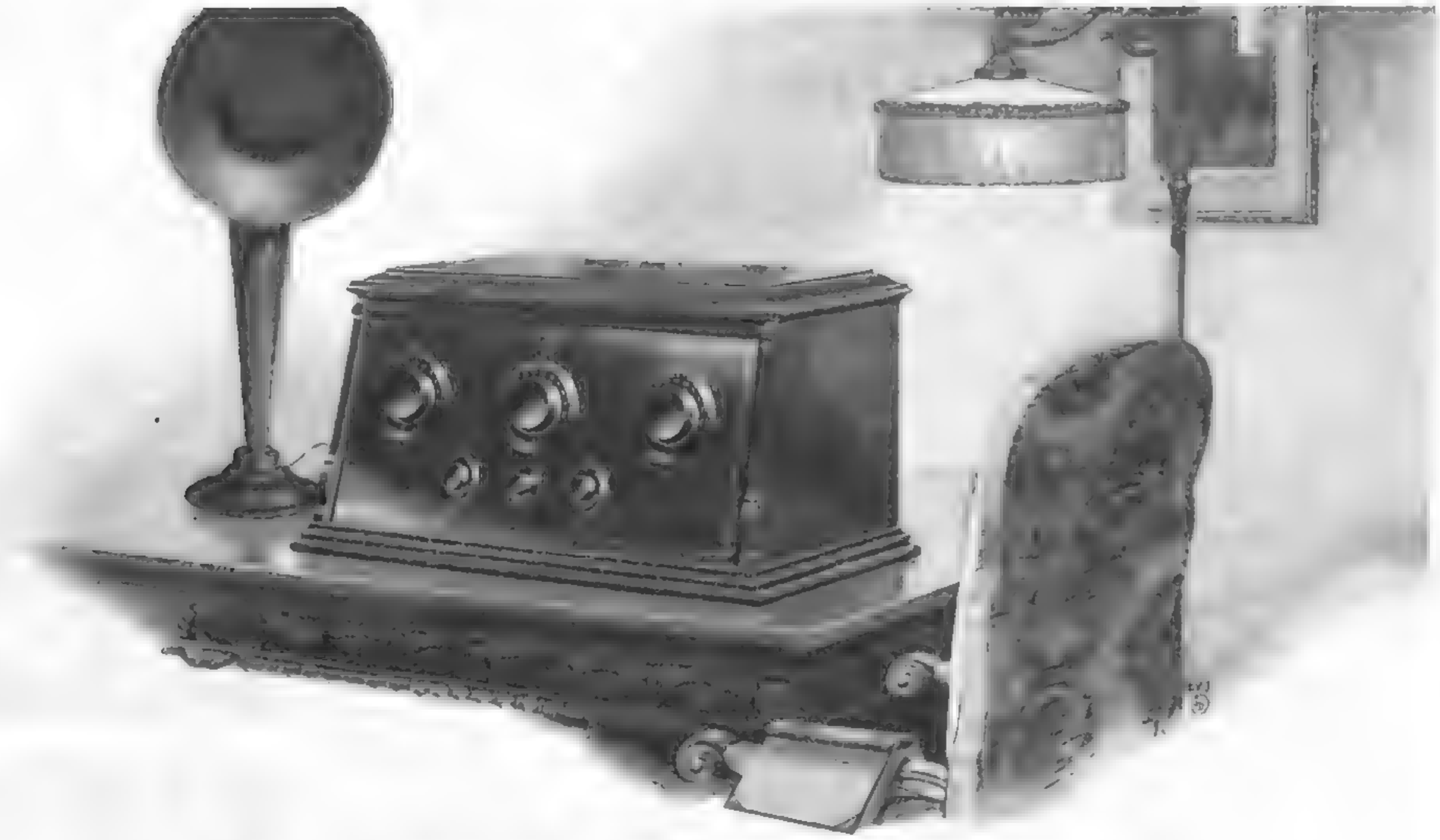

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Simplicity of control? Anyone, without previous experience, can operate the Neutroceiver. You can turn your dials to previously located stations and bring them back night after night.

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Supplementing the FADA Neutroceiver and making a complete FADA line, are five other Neutrodyne receivers. Six models in all—three, four and five tube Neutrodyne receivers in plain as well as artcraft cabinets.

You have a range from $75 to $295 from which to select—each model extraordinary in results; each a remarkable value. We suggest that you see your dealer.

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No. 160-A

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FADA Neutrola Grand
No. 185-90-A

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F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., 1581 JEROME AVENUE, NEW YORK

FADA Radio

FADA

(Continued from Page 166)

public funds; and as for inducing the thoroughly inefficient to improve their practice, that is an endless fight uphill against inertia, unintelligence and a fixed suspicion that the world is in a conspiracy to put drudgery upon the farmer.

Then there is the fallacy of assuming that whatever it pleases the farmer to do, wherever he does it, however he does it, he is entitled to a profit—entitled to have what is necessary to human happiness—regardless of whether what he is doing is economically right or wrong. That is to say, he shall be exempt from the economic law that governs everyone else. He may be wasting wealth, not creating it, and very often is.

The North Dakota Department of Agriculture made a survey of the cost of producing wheat in that state, with this amazing result: The cost of growing wheat ranged all the way from eighty cents to seven dollars a bushel. At a selling price on the farm of $2.50 a bushel, 16 per cent of the farmers would still be losing money because it had cost them more than that to produce the wheat. What appears? The farmers cry price, price—give them a higher price! But there is no conceivable price for wheat that would make wheat growing profitable for all of them. Obviously the man who adds to the exportable surplus of wheat at a cost of production two or three times as great as the world price is wasting wealth. He is not an asset; he is a liability. The sooner he fails and quits the richer the country will be. Someone must pay the loss so long as he continues. Yet all the time there is the assumption that even this farmer, though he be a waster of wealth, is entitled to a high standard of living because he is a farmer.

Analogous is the fallacy, almost never challenged, that whatever the farmer grows, wherever he grows it, he is entitled to a transportation rate that will enable him to sell it somewhere at a profit. He is not expected, nor is he obliged as the industrialist is, to consider beforehand what it will cost to transport his goods. He grows what he likes and then demands a rate that will let him through. If that rate is insufficient to make the railroad a profit, it is unfortunate, of course, but the farmer must have his. He grows a head of lettuce in the far West and sells it in New York. What is it worth to transport a head of lettuce 2500 miles in a refrigerator car? What does it cost? He may not even inquire. But he complains that it costs too much. The railroad takes so much for hauling the lettuce that he cannot get a sufficient profit for growing it.

Wasteful Distribution

If you think of it, hauling lettuce from the Rocky Mountains to New York City in refrigerator cars while there are thousands of acres of unutilized fertile land in New Jersey is an economic waste. The fact is that transportation is wasted by American agriculture in a perfectly wanton manner. Washington and Oregon potatoes are sold in Texas, Idaho potatoes are sold in St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota potatoes are sold in Chicago, from where they may go either east or west, Colorado potatoes are sold everywhere. Carloads of potatoes continually passing in opposite directions. Examples might be multiplied almost without end. And yet no grievance of agriculture is more deeply established than the one against railroad rates. Transportation is too dear. It absorbs too much of the farmer's profit. That is one reason why he cannot get his share. He demands that railroad rates be reduced by law.

Both the major political parties are committed to the proposition that rates on agricultural commodities are too high. The Republican Party platform says, "We favor a readjustment of railroad rate schedules with a view to the encouragement of agriculture." The Democratic Party platform says, "Railroad freight rates should be so readjusted as to give bulky, basic, low-priced commodities such as agricultural products . . . . the lowest rates." And as for the La Follette party, it is for government ownership of railroads, in which event railroad rates on agricultural commodities would be very much lower and the waste of transportation correspondingly higher.

Reason tells one that any commodity so wasted as the commodity of railroad transportation cannot in fact be dear. Moreover, it is certain that a reduction in freight rates would not increase the farmers' share. It would only reduce the railroads' share. Recently the Interstate Commerce Commission declined to decree a reduction in railroads rates on grain. It said:

"The talk about the freight rates on farm products and the Esch-Cummins Act as being responsible for, or having the slightest effect on, the condition of any part of the agricultural industry is a colossal exhibit of unsoundness and insincerity. We should say what the well-informed know, that they have not the slightest effect on the prices the farmer receives for his products. Haul them for nothing and he would not be a bit better off."

This, it must be supposed, is expert opinion; not infallible of course, but authoritative. If it isn't, then the Interstate Commerce Commission ought to be abolished at once. It is waved aside. Political opinion for political reasons must run otherwise. The cost of transporting agricultural commodities is too high. Agriculture complains.

There is then the unexamined assumption that agriculture, for reasons inherent in the structure, is different. It cannot organize as industry does. It cannot control production. It cannot adjust supply to demand. Yet is it not entitled to the benefits of organization in a world where both labor and industry are organized? If it is incapable of organizing itself, either to control production or manage the problem of surplus, is that not reason enough why the Government should act for it?

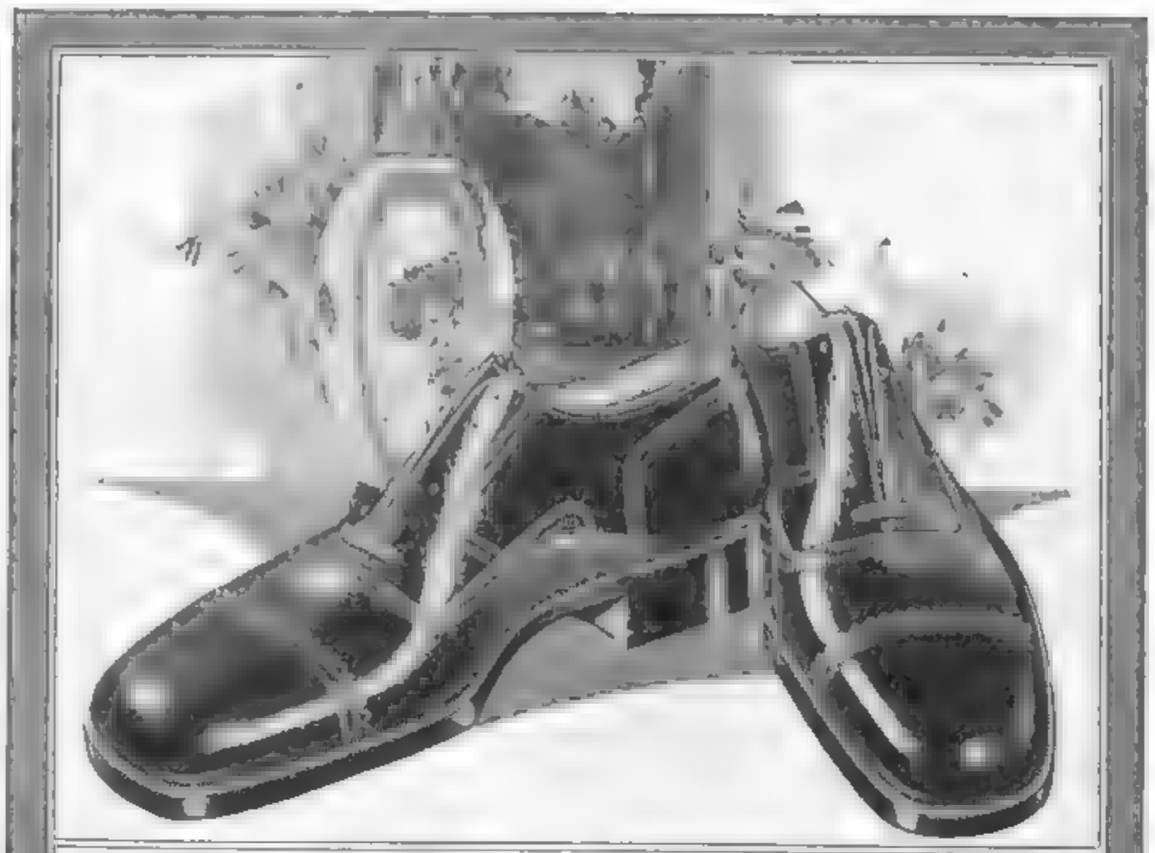
The Farmer's Well of Affliction

Well, it is true that certain industries are so highly organized that they are able in some degree to adjust supply to demand. Yet no great industry is free from the evil of overproduction. Industrial overproduction is a recurring economic scandal. Industry has one advantage. It may shut up shop. The farmer cannot do that. On the other side, industry cannot live without selling. It cannot live on its own goods. The farmer can.

So far as it may be true that industry is the better organized to control production, it has not been so always. Fifty years ago it was not so. Industry then was unorganized as agriculture was and is still. Industrial production ran perfectly wild, not only here but all over the world. For that reason prices were low. A fine linen shirt was fifty cents; a ton of steel rails was ten dollars. International commissions were called upon to consider the phenomena of low prices and to say why it was that industry, producing wealth in this prodigious manner, was yet unable to make a profit. At the same time agriculture was complaining, precisely as it complains now, that it was not receiving its share. It demanded lower freight rates from railroads that were going bankrupt every few years, and cheap money from the Government with which to pay its debts. Those were the days of the Granger movements and of Populism. So one is free to wonder whether the fact that industry now is better organized than agriculture has much if anything to do with it.

It is true that overproduction is agriculture's well of affliction. Raise the price only a little—not nearly to what the farmer thinks it ought to be—and at once production increases in an uncontrollable manner and continues to increase until the surplus breaks the price again. So long as the farmer's first principle was to get his own living out of the soil, he was not in this dilemma. But now that he specializes, now that his first purpose is a cash crop, the profitable thing, whatever that happens to be, is bound to be overdone.

Always until now it has been and for a long time it will be that the potential food supply is greater than the demand. It is so of staples like corn and wheat and potatoes; it is so of cattle and sheep and dairy products; it is true of luscious crops such as melons, fruits and berries. In the Imperial Valley of Southern California they discovered they could grow fine cantaloupes and bring them ripe at just the right time, when the market was bare of melons. It was a quick, twenty-day crop, and for that reason hazardous. Suddenly the whole valley was in cantaloupes. In a few years the production rose from nothing to 15,000 carloads. They found themselves shipping 500 cars a day. Six million melons! And as that was more than the market could absorb, the human appetite for melons being limited, the Eastern middleman at times



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had either to eat them himself or let them lie and rot. One reason why cooperative marketing fails is that if it succeeds in improving the price or the profit, production increases beyond demand. That has happened time after time.

The explanation of this condition lies in two facts: First, our natural resources in fertile land are still much greater than our needs require; and second, the exploitation of land is a national mania. Every chamber of commerce in the West, every state development association, the railroads, the Congress, the United States Reclamation Service and the farmer himself—they are all engaged in exploiting land, and among them they bring new land into production faster than it is needed.

Now let us ask, Is this a condition peculiar only to agriculture? Is it not the condition likewise of industry wherein it is founded flatly upon natural resources? Say there is no profit in agriculture as such, owing to this potential of overproduction. Neither is there a profit in coal mining as such, in lumbering as such, and for precisely the same reason. Seldom is there a time when coal mines and lumber mills are not idle because they cannot produce at a profit. And yet there are those who make a great deal of money in coal and lumber. How? By method. It may be a method of merchandising, a method of organization, a method of producing at very low cost. And this is true also of agriculture.

Wheat growing year after year almost ruined some areas of the Northwest. Those who now are reclaiming those areas by means of diversified farming take you out to see what progress they are making and how there is alfalfa here and potatoes there, where never before had there been anything but wheat. A very prosperous-looking farm they pass without speaking. It is all in wheat, fine wheat, but nothing else.

You say, "What's that?"

They say, "Well, that man's an exception. He does it year after year and makes money."

His profit is not in wheat; it is in the method. His cost is low because of his method—that is to say, good farming. In competition with the Argentine wheat grower who lives in a galvanized-iron hut he can produce wheat at a cost so low that the profit is large; he rides in a high-powered car and spends his winters in the sun.

The Three Circles

Recently a large engineering company happened to be digging two ditches at once. One was in Mexico, the other was in the American West. On the Mexican ditch it paid twenty-five cents a day to labor that carried the dirt on its back; on the American ditch it paid labor ten dollars a day to handle automatic machines in gloves. The cost per cubic yard of dirt moved was the same in both cases. Method!

Make this diagram of American agriculture: Draw three circles, one outside the other. Let the second one be a little larger than the first and the third one a little larger still. Now you have three areas. The center area represents, say, that six-tenths of all farming that is solid, that pays, that is consistently successful by reason of good method. This is not a geographical area, remember; it is diagrammatic only. Within it, belonging to the successful six-tenths, there is every kind of farming in all parts of the country. There are dairy farmers who work every day in the year, general farmers who gamble with the Lord for moisture, wet farmers who get their water from irrigation ditches, fruit farmers, sugar-beet farmers, bean farmers, potato farmers, hay farmers, on both irrigated and unirrigated land, and dry farmers who work only ninety or a hundred days for a wheat crop and spend their winters in Florida—each according to his skill and disposition. The point is that any kind of farming can be made to pay; most of it does.

The next area, lying between the first and second circles, contains that one-fifth of all farming that is liable to misfortune. It is sometimes bankrupt, sometimes rich, never quite safe, either up or down, as the natural and economic hazards run for or against agriculture.

The third zone contains that one-fifth of all farming that is marginal. By marginal one means on the fringe. It is inefficient; its costs are high; it is almost never prosperous. In very good times it lives and spends; in hard times it demands relief. Its chief function is to produce the surplus at a loss.

With this diagram in mind, agriculture as you see it will be easier to understand.

Iowa. It is the great hog state. There you will find hog farmers who have lost their farms and tell you the basic industry of the country has been overthrown, betrayed, delivered in bondage to Wall Street; hog farmers heavily in debt and very sore who yet admit they can work it out; and hog farmers who do not know what has happened to the basic industry and who, notwithstanding deflation and all, have made money every year, for which they are solicited by the farm journals to reveal and expound their methods. You know how to place them in the diagram.

Loss and Profit Side by Side

The Milk River Valley of Montana. This is a United States reclamation project. There you will find wet farmers who suspect villainy and corruption in high places and owe the banker more than he will ever get back; others who will be just able to pull through; and then, on the same project, with the same soil, a Mormon who came in two years ago, started with a borrowed horse, and now is bringing off a crop of beans the gross value of which will equal the cost of his land. How does he do it? He works hard; his wife works hard; his children at five o'clock of a hot afternoon are still so full of energy that they leap from weed to weed. You know what to do with him. You mark him down in the center area. And about every Mormon there belongs to that part of the diagram.

The Hutley project. That also is United States reclamation work. You will find there the man who, having lost his own farm, now rents and estimates his sugar-beet crop at six tons to the acre; then the owner who is waist-deep in debt demands government relief in the matter of water rates and capital payments and says his beets will go ten tons to the acre; and then the man who talks of operating costs, overhead, heat and moisture units and chemistry as if he were working a factory. He has a large farm, complains of nothing and is bringing off a crop of twenty tons an acre. You look at the field in wonder.

"How long have you had beets on this soil?"

He replies, "This is the fifteenth year; it gets better all the time."

How does he do it? When the beets are taken he leaves the tops on the ground, puts some straw with them and turns in a band of sheep. So he has two crops a year from the soil, one of sugar beets worth $180 an acre and one of wool.

It is the same soil as the others have, on the same irrigation project, with the same United States water.

Now you know what the manager of the beet-sugar factory meant when he said, "There is the six-ton farmer, the eight-ton farmer, the ten-ton farmer, and the farmer like this one."

On the dry benches of Montana the diagram holds for wheat farmers. It is as true for the artificially irrigated Salt River Valley in Arizona as for the naturally irrigated valley of the Red River or the Platte. It is true for the fruit valleys of the Pacific Coast, even for such things as are called monopoly crops. For instance, in the raisin district of California you find the grower who is doomed because his production is only three-quarters of a ton an acre, the grower who will live because his is one ton, and the grower who is prosperous because his is two.

What would you say the farm problem is? And yet why should the fruits of the ground be despised? Perhaps it was a surplus Cain offered to the Lord, not knowing what else to do with it. That would explain everything.

Successful Breadwinners

Know the Value of Internal Cleanliness

IF you spend your day indoors, you are facing the problem of every indoor worker—insufficient exercise. Leading medical authorities agree that unless you maintain internal cleanliness, your health will eventually break down. Your mind will lose its keenness. Your ambition will be dulled. Others will win the rewards you strive for.

Internal cleanliness means complete freedom from faulty elimination. It is responsible for your physical well-being. Moreover, says a noted specialist, if you lack internal cleanliness you are working under a severe handicap. Internal cleanliness is the secret of a clear eye and an active brain. With it work becomes a pleasure; without it, a drudgery.

Your doctor will tell you that continued use of laxatives and cathartics only aggravates the condition and often leads to permanent injury.

Physicians Advise Lubrication

Medical science has found in *lubrication* the best means of maintaining internal cleanliness. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste. It enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Thus, it both prevents and overcomes faulty elimination.

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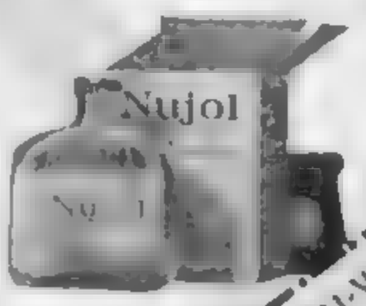
The editor of a leading health journal says most skin disorders are the danger signs of lowered resistance or so-called bad blood. In a majority of cases, he says, the basic cause is intestinal auto-intoxication—a scientific term which means self-poisoning through faulty elimination.

A City Health Commissioner—

One of the common sources of trouble leading to premature old age is intestinal disturbance, says the Health Commissioner of one of the largest cities in the United States.



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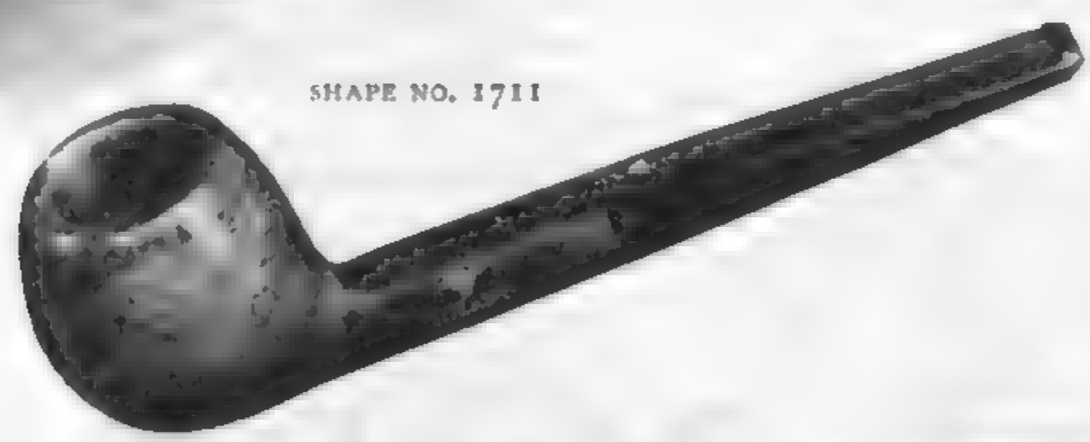

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"I have found the Perfect Pipe"

"YES, SIR—I mean the *Milano*. Even with the first puff there wasn't a tingle of tongue-bite—because that deep-colored, rich-grained bowl is hand-wrought from age-mellowed, specially seasoned Italian briar."

* * *

The stem is hand-cut from solid vulcanite, and it's fitted like part of a fine gun. The pipe is light—well-balanced—comfortable—and it's the sweetest and coolest of smokes.

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WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes

MILANO

The Insured Pipe

THE CLOTHES LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

Designers must be everywhere and see everything in order to have new ideas all the time. They should go to theatrical premiers, to smart night clubs, to the best hotels and restaurants for dinner, lunch and tea; they should go to the races, the polo matches, the opera—everywhere in fact where smartly dressed women congregate; and they must take their camera eyes with them. They must gather in a flash every detail of an evening gown worn by a society leader who has just returned from Paris, where a famous *couturière* makes models for her exclusively at fabulous prices, so that later on she can produce an adaptation of this same exclusive model for more or less popular consumption; and of course they must not appear to be doing it. That would be fatal. They must catch in a fraction of a second the exact line of a dance frock worn by a lovely ingénue who sets the style for the younger set, so that later on the flappers from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Pacific Coast will have party dresses like the one originally created for the ingénue.

No designer can accomplish much without at least two trips a year to Paris, and many of the better ones make the journey four times. I am as patriotic as anyone, but I am constrained to say that the people who declare that we can get along without Paris styles are wrong, mistaken. American designs are getting better every day, but the fact remains that their inspiration comes from the other side, their source is still Paris, and I for one am inclined to believe that it will remain so. I never try to use a French model bodily for my designs; that would be an error of judgment. There are fundamental differences between the French and the American figure, and these differences have to be considered in adapting a French model for American trade. But the originality is in the Paris model, and that is something that no American designer, no matter how clever she may be, can afford to forget. And, aside from everything else, the public wants French styles.

The necessity for keeping up on the foreign importations sometimes leads to amusing and occasionally embarrassing situations. We people in the wholesale trade cannot spend as much time abroad as those in the retail division of the business, those Fifth Avenue specialty shop owners and buyers who cater to the most exclusive patronage. So one of the things we must do is go to these very shops and try to get a line on their newest importations. That, I suppose, might be regarded as not strictly honorable, but it is part of the practices of the trade. The whole business of designing, I must confess, is rather tricky. And, just as in love and war, all's fair—if you can get away with it.

How They Were Spotted

That's the hard part—the getting away with it. Though a designer can go around to the exclusive shops perhaps a few times, looking at models as a customer, it usually isn't long before she is recognized. In fact, some of the big shops have a sort of detective system. The designers come in to spy on their models and they have a corps of people who spy on the designers, and if you are recognized you are disposed of very briefly and with scant courtesy.

One day, with an assistant, I went into a very exclusive Fifth Avenue shop to pick up some ideas. I knew the head buyer had just come back from Paris with a great collection. When we first went in we were treated most courteously and given every attention by the saleswoman, who brought out several of the new models, which we caught with our camera eyes as they were paraded before us on manikins.

After about fifteen minutes of this, a young man, the son of the proprietor, approached, stood idly by, watching us for a little while, and then called the saleswoman. A whispered conference took place, and when the saleswoman returned her manner had undergone a complete change. From being suave and persuasive she became curt and rude, and told us shortly that there was nothing more we would be interested in. Slightly embarrassed, but more amused, for we knew we had been recognized, although we couldn't tell just how, we started out. Before we reached the door the young man came over to us.

"Just a word of advice, girls," he said, smiling grimly. "It may come in handy the next time. You really ought to take the threads off your spats before you start out on an expedition of piracy."

We looked down at our feet, and sure enough on our spats were several telltale threads from the sample room. To anyone in the business, that is a perfect give-away. We were more careful the next time.

Since it is really very hard for a designer to keep her identity a secret for any length of time, wholesale manufacturers have hit on another means of getting ideas from the retail shops. I know at least a dozen—and there are doubtless more—women of good social standing but slender purse who augment their incomes by going around to the big shops, trying on and buying gowns and making mental notes of how others are fashioned. These women as a rule have no difficulty whatsoever getting anything they want from the shops, as they are women of recognized position, and their very presence in the shops is desirable, whether they buy anything or not; and it takes quite a long time before they are recognized as spies. They are very useful to the wholesaler, not only because they have the entrée into the big shops but also because they are, as a rule, women of excellent taste and a clever eye for dress, so that they can bring back really interesting ideas to be made up.

Popular Models Cheapened

The whole business of designing, in fact the whole business of dress manufacturing, is as complicated and as tricky as municipal politics. I am sure that after my seven years' experience in this business there's no political situation I couldn't handle with ease.

To be a successful designer it is not enough to be talented and clever. One must also be in right with a great many people. For instance, the models. If a designer is well liked by the models in her organization she has a great advantage, for many buyers will take dresses on the models' recommendations. Then also there are the salesmen, who might be termed the secret-service corps of the dress business. The salesmen do on a larger scale what the designers try to do around New York. While on the road they try to get a line on what their rival salesmen are carrying, to pick up some good ideas that can be used by the designer, to discover what particular fabric and color will be featured by a competing firm. Consequently, if a designer is well liked by the salesmen she can get a great deal of assistance from them.

The career of a gown from the time that it is seen, let us say, in the beautiful *atelier* of a Parisian *couturière* until it appears as a "Ford" in every shop window on West Forty-second Street—and similar thoroughfares all over the country—is really most interesting.

For example, the designer while in Paris sees a silk afternoon dress, rather exaggerated as to style, but with great potentialities for adaptation to the taste and figure of the American woman. She buys the model, among others, sails for home and gets to work making her modified version of the frock. It develops, just as she expected, into a very popular model for the better grade of specialty shops and department stores. Perhaps it is a dress which will sell at retail for seventy-five dollars. It does famously for a few weeks, reaching possibly a sale of seven hundred, which is considered very good indeed.

But no sooner is it discovered by the trade to be a good seller than some smaller manufacturer, or several of them, buy the model and copy it. Then, by using a slightly poorer grade of material and cheapening the trimming a little, they are able to turn out the same dress for a lower price—fifty dollars retail, let us say. Putting this version of the dress on the market immediately kills the sale of the higher-priced one, because naturally the women who would have bought the better-grade dress won't care to wear a costume that has been commonized, and the others won't pay seventy-five dollars if they can get the same general effect for fifty.

That's not the end of it, however. There are other manufacturers who will copy and cheapen the model still further, until eventually it is seen in dark little Sixth Avenue shops for fifteen dollars and less. Many a good dress has been killed before its time in just this way.

"It's Pretty as a Pippin!"

"But aren't you a bit extravagant, my boy? This is your second new car this year!"

"Not extravagant, Dad, just *Simoniz wise*. It's the same old car. I've simply given it the protection and care of Simoniz."

"You can't fool your Dad. That car looks like new!"

"I know Simoniz results are amazing. But I'll convince you—I'll Simoniz your car! Once you see how Simoniz restores the lustre and how easily you can wipe the Simonized surface clean without injuring the finish you'll always carry a Simoniz Kit—just as I do. In the city or country it's the standard year 'round protection."

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Originators of the genuine Crescent Wrench

the CRESCENT KIT

Occasionally when a designer sees this fate in store for one of her models which has proved to be very popular, she gives the copyists a run for their money by turning out a new crop of the same dresses just a bit cheaper than the first set and underselling the rivals.

In the dress business, as elsewhere, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. A great many unfortunate things can happen between the time that a buyer orders a line of dresses and the time his firm's check has been cashed at the bank.

Sometimes, for instance, the contractors who make up the dresses, in an effort to squeeze a little more profit out of the job, spoil them by using cheaper material or changing the line of a neck or the fall of a sleeve. In that case, if the delivered dresses do not live up in every particular to the model they were chosen from, the buyer has the right to return them. Often the buyers take advantage of this "out" when they have overstocked themselves, and return shipments of dresses which really have nothing wrong with them. In the trade about 10 per cent of returns is expected and charged up to profit and loss.

To return to the actual working of a designer, I wish to repeat that there never has been a profession where the chances to rise from the humblest place to the highest were greater. In my seven years in this business I've known at least seven girls who started as helpers in the sample room, working in almost a menial capacity, who climbed to the very top of the profession; girls who started at about twenty-five dollars a week, and brought their lunches of thick rye-bread sandwiches to work with them in the morning, and who now earn anywhere from a hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars a week, and lunch at the Ritz or the Crillon every day. If there were a Horatio Alger for women, what a wonderful chance he would have to write about this profession!

One of these girls was a little Italian, about seventeen when I first met her. She was a finisher in my sample room where I had my first job. She was one of eleven children, living with their parents in a three-room tenement in the Italian quarter. She soon began to show rather unusual aptitude for the work and was promoted. After a little while she became a sample hand, then an assistant designer. Today, at the age of twenty-four, she is head designer for a good firm, has established her family in an apartment on Riverside Drive, has four of her sisters working under her and goes to Europe twice a year.

Abe and Mawruss in Real Life

Another one of the girls, after working two or three years as chief designer for one of the best firms, married the firm's star salesman and together they went into business. They've had their own place for about a year now, and at present their line is the talk of New York, and they are on the way to becoming millionaires.

There are quite a few samples of the partnerships, both marital and business, of salesmen and designers that have proved most successful. Of course, they don't always marry when they go into partnership, but the two seem to go together. Sometimes the designers chance it alone. A girl I knew quite well decided that she could swing a business of her own and she went to her employer to resign. She was a very good designer and he hated to lose her, so he offered her a substantial increase in salary and a small interest in his business.

"No," she said, "it isn't that. The material things aren't everything."

"Don't you believe it," he replied seriously. "If you overstock yourself with materials you'll find yourself in hot water right away."

They're really very interesting people, these manufacturers; a race apart, I do believe. It takes the pen of a Montague Glass to bring them to life on paper; I can assure you that in his Potash and Perlmutter stories Mr. Glass never exaggerated a single bit. They live and breathe business. As far as I have been able to discover, they are completely unaware of the existence of any world outside their own. Everything they see and hear is translated into terms of the trade. For instance, one day a few years ago when Maurice Maeterlinck was in this country, I was standing in the lobby of a big hotel talking to a big man in the wholesale trade. The famous poet passed us very closely.

"There goes Maeterlinck," I said somewhat excitedly.

"Yeh," said the man. "Who's he with now?"

Somehow I managed to contain my amusement and I replied, "You know the Blue Bird, don't you?"

"Sure, sure," he answered; "Blue Bird silks."

They have a rather pungent wit, too, these men. There is a story, now a classic in Garment Center, that little city of dresses about which I shall tell you later, about a well-known wholesaler who last year, when Egyptian prints were so popular, made a great sensation with a model we'll call the Cleopatra. He was a little ahead of the others with this model, and sold six thousand of them as fast as he could turn them out. Six thousand is an almost unheard-of number, and, staggered by his success, he made three thousand more. Meanwhile, however, all the other manufacturers were making them and selling them just as rapidly as possible, so his second crop languished on the racks. Every time he looked at them they gave him a headache.

One evening as he was closing up he turned to the stock boy and said, "Morris, separate them Cleos before you go; they breed overnight."

The Boat-Neck Model

The manufacturers, who now, since the opening of the two gigantic buildings on Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, are all together, live in a physical as well as a mental isolation. There is a roof garden with a dining room and a gymnasium atop one of the Garment Center buildings, and their entire life is concentrated on this spot. I remember when the Garment Center Capitol opened a few years ago, and many of the manufacturers moved from their old quarters to the new, there were dozens of parties. Each firm had its own formal opening, with catered banquets of magnificent proportions, gallons and gallons of champagne and the general atmosphere of a Roman holiday. What a chance for the workers! While the bosses were busy eating and drinking, the boys and girls went around—more or less stealthily—secreting food and drink to take home for family consumption. Whole chickens, quarts of champagne, huge cakes—all disappeared as if by magic. Nobody minded; indeed, nobody noticed. A grand time was had by all.

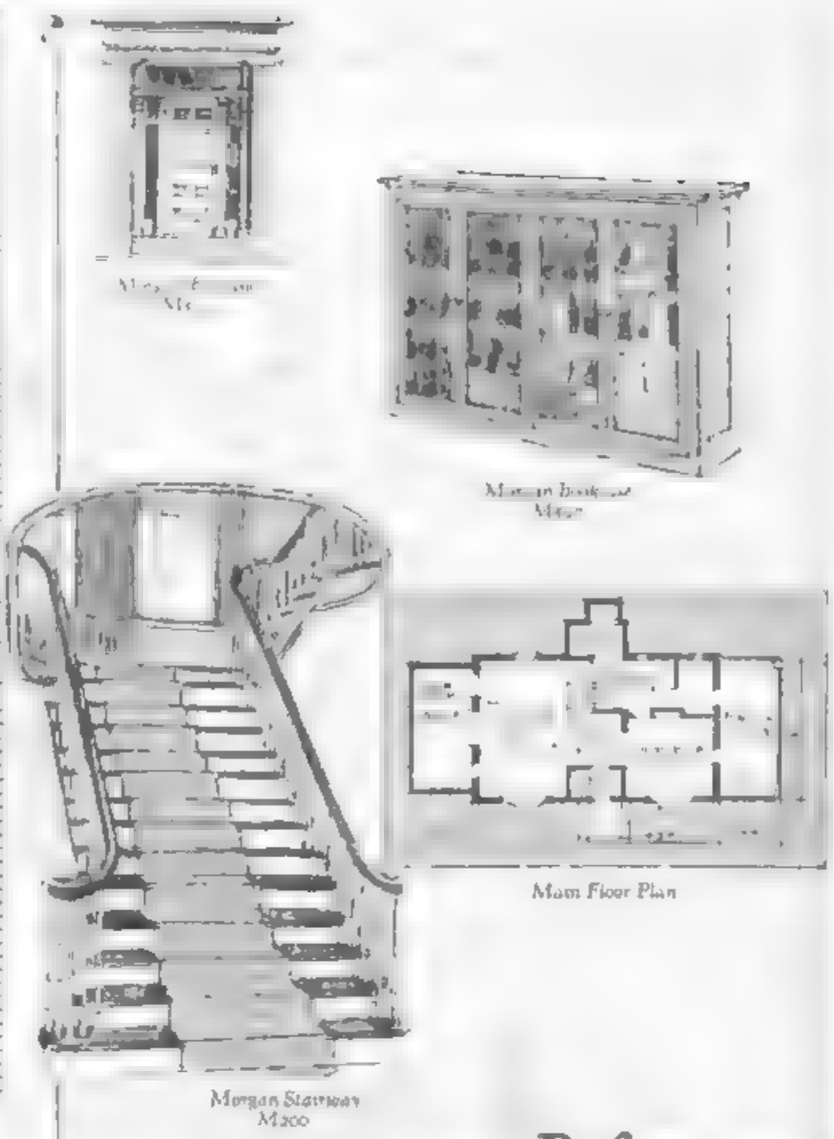
As long as business is good and her designs are selling, a designer's life is a pleasant one. But if business should be slumping a bit, if one or two of her designs fall in the pup class, the designer does not have such a happy time. Upon her shoulders falls the burden of the boss' complaints; she is ruining his business, she is responsible for his downfall. That is why I said before, when summing up the necessary requirements for a successful designer, that she should have tact. She must understand that when she is berated and abused, it doesn't really mean anything, but is simply a reflection of the poor man's worried condition. She must know how to handle him in these situations and not fly into a tantrum herself. It always blows over with the first sign of improving business.

There are not infrequently arguments between the designer and the rest of the house—proprietor and salesmen—about some detail of designing. Once several years ago, before the bateau neck had caught on in this country, I designed an afternoon frock with that neck. I had seen it in Paris and had a feeling that it would be an important part of the new season's style. When I showed the model to my employer and some of the salesmen they fell upon me as though I were crazy. Women would never wear a neck line like that, they unanimously agreed. It was too trying, not soft enough. I held out against all their arguments, even though the head of the firm declared that I was sending him into bankruptcy. We came out with the first boat-neck models and made a killing with them. Of course, then I got an increase in pay and a pat on the back for being foresighted. If I'd been mistaken in my judgment, on the other hand, life would have been miserable for me for the next few months. That's all a part of the game.

I know a designer very well who one day about four years ago decided that since women were going in so extensively for golf and other athletic activities, it would be a good idea to design some kind of dress that would be at once comfortable and attractive. So she had made up in her sample room a perfectly plain one-piece dress with a low,

(Continued on Page 177)

Morgan Plan Suggestion No. 15A



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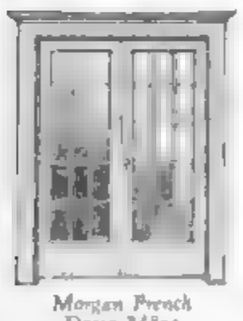
BUT YOU CANNOT BE SURE OF HAVING *THAT KIND* OF AN ENTRANCE IF YOU LOOK UPON IT AS "JUST WOODWORK"



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Woodwork is a fixture. It is a major factor in importance and in cost. Once in place, it cannot be torn out or made over except at heavy expense. Either it is a joy or a sorrow. Either it grows dearer as the years go by, or is a source of regret. Therefore it should be selected with thoughtfulness and care.

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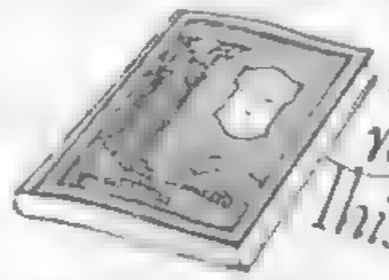

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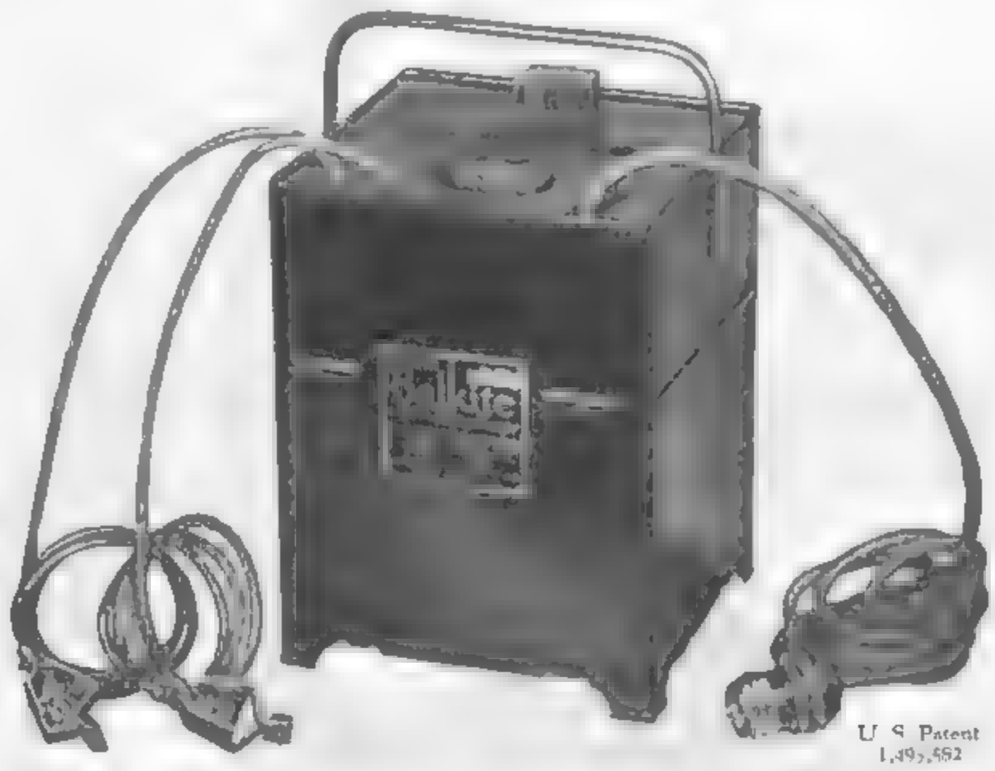

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(Continued from Page 174)

round neck and no sleeves. The armholes were cut out deeply to allow for perfect freedom of motion, and they were bound, like the neck, in braid. In short, she designed the now standard shirt-waist dress.

Pleased with her contribution to modern womanhood, she took the model to her employer, who failed to see its possibilities. Women didn't want to be bothered with shirt waists, he told her, and they would never fall for this model. Despite her urgent pleading, he absolutely refused to have anything to do with the model. But the designer was dead certain that it would fill a long-felt want, and since her own firm refused to handle it, she took it to a shirt-waist manufacturer of her acquaintance and suggested that he try it in conjunction with his line of sports blouses. Though not exactly enthusiastic about it, he accepted it—as a gift; the girl never realized a thing from the idea—and manufactured a number of these dresses. The result was sensational. The man made a huge fortune out of the shirt-waist dress, which today is as much a part of every woman's wardrobe as her shoes and stockings.

That's the way those things happen. It's so much a matter of chance. The success of a designer depends a great deal upon uncertain elements, such as the weather. This past spring, for instance, a curious condition prevailed in the garment trade. You may remember that as far as weather was concerned there really was no spring. The weather remained cold until it got really very hot, so that all the intermediary dresses remained a drug on the market. There was no incentive to buy light things. The weather remained so cool that they kept on wearing the cloth suits which had had such a vogue earlier in the season. As a consequence, the retail stores, having more dresses in stock than they could possibly sell, did not order any more from the manufacturer, and in some cases, where it was possible, returned orders. The manufacturers in turn were heavily overstocked, and the designers, who really couldn't be held responsible for the weather, suffered. The public benefited, as it always does when the supply of a commodity is greater than the demand. Prices of spring and summer dresses catapulted down. Stores, in order to clear their racks, marked down their things until spring and early summer saw lower prices than have prevailed for ten years or more.

The Model Houses

The problems of a designer are endless. A model that will enjoy a great vogue in New York, and perhaps one or two of the great cities, is absolutely useless throughout the country. And since she has to create dresses that will sell from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, she has to have a great sense of values. And that is a gift that is practically impossible to explain. It's just an instinct, difficult to grasp, but a very important part—more than that, an indispensable part of every good designer's equipment.

There are a few designers who, instead of working at a salary by the week for some specific manufacturer, have places of their own, where they design and have made up a variety of models which they sell to the manufacturers at about seventy-five or one hundred dollars a gown—this for the needle only; materials and trimmings are extra. This is exceedingly profitable, for they can really use the same ideas over and over again with slight modifications for each purchaser. Then, too, for the aid of the designers, there are organizations known as model houses. These firms import large collections of Paris models which the wholesale designer can view upon paying a certain sum of money. There are regular exhibitions, with manikins displaying forty or fifty different French dresses. Of these, the wholesale designer is allowed to select four or five and have the use of them to copy from and adapt. But of course if she's good she can take a mental photograph of at least half a dozen more, so that on the whole the investment proves most profitable.

There's another source, too, in the textile manufacturers. Silk houses have models made in Paris employing their fabrics; then to those wholesalers who use their materials they give the use of the French models.

As I said before, I am really familiar only with the problem of the wholesale designer, and I am inclined to believe that the wholesale designer has the hardest job of all, because the designer for a big exclusive shop has to think of the gown she is creating in terms of only one woman, or at the most half a dozen, who will ultimately wear the costume; and the theatrical designer has definite people to design for, while the wholesale designer must create clothes for a whole army of invisible women, must fashion dresses that are sufficiently standardized to appeal to a great many people, and yet sufficiently individual really to take on some of the personality of the ultimate wearer. It must be mass production with an individual touch, and if you think that's simple just try to do it sometime.

After I had been established for some time as a designer, a friend of my former days of leisure, a girl who designed all her own clothes and was considered quite an authority on style, decided that if I could make a success of professional designing, there was no reason why she couldn't. She asked me to help her get a job, which I did gladly and without any difficulty. Let me repeat, there is no trouble about getting a job; the manufacturers are willing to give anyone a chance in the hope that something new and interesting will develop from it. The difficulty is in holding the job. It gets pretty trying at times, turning out from five to ten new designs every week.

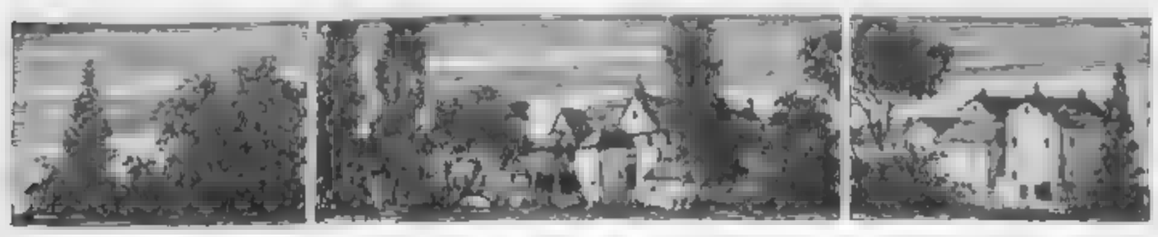
Theatrical Designers

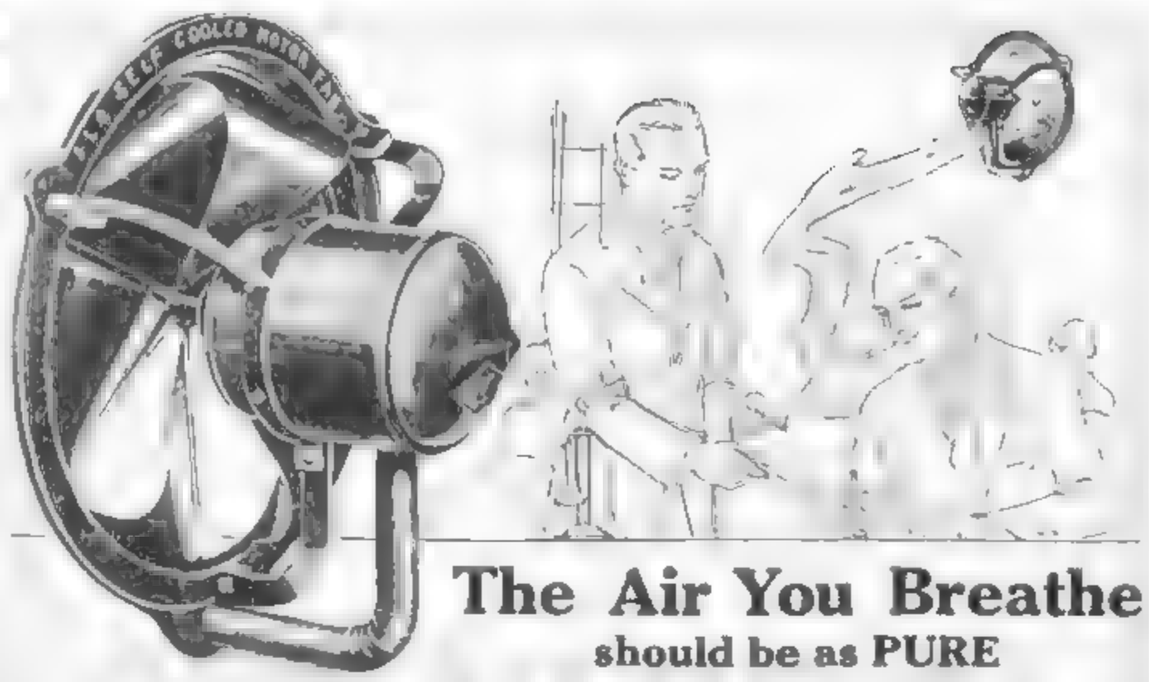
Well, to get back to my friend, she was soon ensconced in the sample room of a well-known wholesaler, trying to apply her dress sense to the problem of creating clothes for a lot of women she had never seen. She lasted exactly a month. The trouble was that she kept designing, unconsciously, dresses for herself. She couldn't visualize this unknown quantity, and without the ability to do that, the cleverest woman in the world cannot be a success in the field of designing—wholesale designing, at least.

She was discouraged and never tried to work again, contenting herself with creating her own clothes and those of some of her friends; but it is quite possible that she might have commercialized her talents as a designer for an exclusive shop, where every dress, or nearly every one, is intended for a different woman. Occasionally you will find a designer who combines both these talents. There is a woman, once a cash girl in a department store and now the head of one of the biggest and most exclusive shops, who is equally clever at expressing an individual or clothing the masses. Although to the public she is known as an expensive and highly desirable modiste, she also makes models for the trade, and the spies about whom I spoke before will risk their lives almost to get a peek at her collection. This woman makes eight crossings a year, and is accorded all sorts of special honors by the Paris dressmakers.

Theatrical designers, of course, have a great deal more freedom, because they can do things with color and line that would be absolutely fatal with clothes to be worn privately. The aid of the footlights and the glamour of the stage permit a very wide scope to the designer of theatrical costumes, and special talent is needed for it.

I have had several opportunities since I began to be well known to leave the wholesale trade and design exclusive gowns for one of the Fifth Avenue houses; and though I am pleased and flattered that I should be considered for such a job, I really prefer to remain where I am. There is something that appeals to my imagination in the idea of designing dresses for women all over the country. I can always amuse myself with the notion that perhaps a romance began because some man somewhere admired the way a girl looked in one of my dresses, or perhaps a tired wife was made happy when her husband said, "Darling, how sweet you look in that frock!" It makes me feel like an instrument of fate. Foolish, perhaps, but fun.





The Air You Breathe
should be as PURE as the water you drink

The ILG is the only ventilating fan made with a fully enclosed self-cooled motor.

The ventilating fan that's painted green.

FRESH air is a part of your life 17 to 20 times a minute. You can efficiently ventilate your office, store, workshop, restaurant, etc., with an ILG Fan at a cost of a few cents a day.

In your vicinity are many ILG Self-Cooled Motor Fans ventilating restaurants, stores, offices, theatres, factories, hotels, etc. Be guided by the satisfaction of these owners. Submit your ventilating problem to us. We'll send comprehensive literature and a logical solution through your nearby dealer or our branch office.

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Ventilation
FOR OFFICES · STORES · FACTORIES · PUBLIC BUILDINGS · THEATRES · RESTAURANTS · HOUSES — ETC ·

Ralston Smart Styles for Young Men

Putting Brawn and Biceps Into a Shoe

THIS is the style for collegians and for the legions of smartly dressed young men who rightly take their cue from the university man.

The "Dundee" is a shoe that betokens brawn-and-biceps. It looks rugged without being rough, comfortable without being cumbersome. It will stand up under a lot of punishment.

Send for Ralston Style Packet and name of the nearest dealer.

Ten Dollars, Nine and Eight.

RALSTON SHOEMAKERS
953 Main St., Brockton, Mass.

Ralston

The "Dundee" Model

Have
HEAT
in Your Car
with an
ARVIN HEATER

FORD (Regular) -- $1.25
FORD (Special) --- $6.00
CHEVROLET --- $6.50
OVERLAND --- $3.00
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MAXWELL --- $5.00
Slightly Higher in Canada and Extreme West

Drive Warm and Snug

At all dealers. Quickly and easily installed.

ARVIN MOTOR ACCESSORIES

Your satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Want $50.00 Extra For Christmas?

AMONG the things which Mr. John F. Griffiths of Pennsylvania wants for Christmas each year is more money. Mr. Griffiths is employed all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $80.00 extra in a single month. All *you*, too, really need to profit is a willingness to suggest to people that they give *you* their renewals or new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In Your Spare Time

We will pay you generously for results whether you sell us only an occasional hour or eight hours a day. Profits begin at once. If Mr. Griffiths, busy as he is, can earn $80.00 in one month surely you can earn $50.00 extra between now and Christmas. You need no experience—just the willingness to try. The first step is to mail the coupon for details.

Send This Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
273 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Gentlemen: Indeed I can use more money. Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your plan.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

TRADE NAMES AND TRADE-MARKS

(Continued from Page 31)

other container of goods that left his little plant.

That these signatures constituted a trade-mark never occurred to him either at the time or during the succeeding twenty years he remained in business. They had only one meaning so far as he was concerned—namely, the retort furious to any living human who dared to insinuate that he wasn't standing foursquare on his own product without regard to a name fastened upon him at birth. But the business prospered and from time to time he extended operations into allied fields, always using the lithographed name on every wrapper or package. Not many years ago the old man died and the administrators of his estate found it necessary to sell various of the plants to different companies. Every one of these companies insisted upon its right to use his signature upon the product of any plants thus acquired. They could not, of course, use his signature on other products, but it was their intention to operate his plants without change of policy or quality, and they wished to proclaim this fact by continuing the same trade name. Negotiations continued for a long time, but eventually one of the buyers succeeded in obtaining exclusive right to the signature by paying $300,000 into the estate.

It is difficult to estimate the value of trade-marks, because they are seldom appraised, as happened in the case just mentioned, and they cannot be sold in this country apart from the product to which they belong. The buyer of a plant producing a trade-marked article would have his own idea on the subject of the value of that trade-mark, but the figure might not appear in the contract of sale. In fact it usually does not. Nevertheless, these intangible values are estimated by experts as well above $1,000,000,000 in this country alone. However, no other country has so many of them, or any that compare in value with the best in the United States. This is due to three important factors: first, the American domestic market is the largest and richest in the world; second, American facilities for advertising a trade name are unequaled; third, the American people prefer trade-marked goods to those sold unbranded on the recommendation of the retailer.

The Value of a Name

The latter fact is often remarked upon by foreigners as a distinctive and rather amusing Americanism, but it is not. All peoples, both ancient and modern, have respected trade-marks. These insignia cause laughter only when you do not use the article to which they are affixed. For instance, if the habit of chewing gum strikes you as bordering upon insanity, then the existence of different flavors and grades of chewing gum will be equally ridiculous. But if you use the article in question, then you will pay some attention to trade-marks and trade names associated with it. The Englishman who doesn't chew gum will nevertheless have very definite notions about the varying qualities of suet puddings—notions that would vastly amuse a man from Kansas who found all suet puddings indigestible. An Italian may laugh because there are trade-marks on American shaving soaps, but just the same he knows who makes the kind of spaghetti he likes best, and he will walk far out of his way to buy it.

The mark on the package may not be registered in either Rome or Washington, but it serves its purpose and can be protected against infringement in the courts of either country. In other words, it is a trade-marked article.

There is now and always has been sound common sense behind the custom of looking for the maker's name on his goods. Centuries of experience had justified this precaution on the part of buyers long before any nation had made provision for the registration of these marks.

For reasons that are difficult to explain, but not at all difficult to understand, men of exceptional ability have always liked to put their names on their work. Makers of swords and spears, of armor, porcelain, cloth, tapestry, musical instruments, and even bricks, marked their products long before printing was invented. Some of these marks were known throughout Europe and as far as sea-borne commerce could carry them even during the Dark Ages. And there were trade-marks in Egypt as far back as recorded history reaches. Trade-marks originated in human vanity and had become common in all lands before their commercial value could possibly have been very great; more probably it was not recognized at all. Some of the oldest trade-marks appear to have been nothing more than outlets for an artistic urge; for instance, the workman thought he drew a very engaging dragon and would put one on a bolt of cloth He couldn't write his name, so this became his mark. He may have been an apprentice who used this device for the information of his employer. Or on the other hand, he may have had no motive at all except a fondness for sketching dragons. But one can readily imagine the importance of that tiny dragon to a customer who found it a guaranty of superlative quality and workmanship.

The Trade-Mark Defined

Trade-marks were far more common in the field of art than in the commercial world a few centuries ago. One will find nearly as many trade-marks on articles displayed in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City as he could hope to discover in a commercial exhibit at his state fair. Vanity is not without its uses, as no less a philosopher than Benjamin Franklin observed in his autobiography. Indeed, he thought men might not be very far wrong if they thanked the Deity for their vanity, because so much good work sprang from it. The man who rises proudly from his bench, surveys his work with pride, and then indulges his ego by placing his initials or a sketch or design on the finished product is not necessarily a good workman, but the probabilities are strongly in his favor. After several centuries of experience with all kinds of workmen, the verdict of mankind is to the general effect that nearly all artists are vain, while bunglers seem to have a corner on humility. Therefore the purchaser, whether in Philadelphia, Turkish Asia, or Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has been favorably impressed when he observed merchandise bearing a signature. He could not avoid the obvious conclusion that the man who made it was proud of it.

There was no provision for registration of trade-marks in any country until the nineteenth century, although the use of them had already become so general during the eighteenth century that a few court decisions on the subject resulted. In this country trade-mark laws have existed for only about fifty years.

One authority—H. D. Nims, in Law of Trade-Marks and Unfair Trade—remarks upon this fact as follows:

"It is rarely that one life sees the genesis and maturity of law, yet it has almost seen them of trade-mark law. . . . It is safe to say that the great mass of trade-mark and unfair-trade law is the development of the last forty years."

And while quoting authorities, this is as good a point as any at which to give the legal definition of the term trade-mark. The Court of Appeals of the state of New York—87 N. E. 674—says:

"A trade-mark may be tersely defined to be any sign, mark, symbol, word or words which indicate the origin or ownership of the article as distinguished from its quality, and which others have not the equal right to employ for the same purpose. In its strictest sense, it is applicable only to a vendible article of merchandise to which it is affixed."

A trade name may apply to one or one thousand articles; it covers a business as a whole. Thus "Smith's," referring to his store or chain of stores, could be developed into a trade name, while Coca-Cola, for instance, is a trade-mark.

Because this whole subject is comparatively new, under modern conditions, some very amusing errors have been made in the selection of trade names, labels, devices and insignia. Probably not more than half those now in existence were originally selected with a view to their advertising value; however, this statement will not long remain true. One authority suggests

(Continued on Page 181)

The NEW Mystery Radio Speaker

Sold on
Money-Back Guarantee
Through Music Dealers Exclusively

YOU don't have to walk on "tip-toe"—you don't have to watch your elbows to keep from knocking it over. The new MYSTERY Radio Speaker is compact and secure—small but artistic in appearance and performance.

Scientific construction with the *fiber reflex tone bell* gives it real volume and clear-cut, wonderfully sweet tonal quality.

Why the MYSTERY Speaker Is Sold Only Through Music Dealers

Radio is a musical instrument—it belongs in a music store, and that is the right place to make your radio purchases.

This, because the music merchant is a real judge of tone quality and bases his business on service. We sell the MYSTERY Speaker through the music trade exclusively because we believe that the music dealer is best equipped to select and serve you.

What's Back of the MYSTERY Speaker

The new MYSTERY Speaker is a product of the Q·R·S Music Company, with factories in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, Canada.

For twenty-five years the Q·R·S Music Company has been making quality musical merchandise—the famous Q·R·S Player Rolls, favorably known and used all over the civilized world.

Regular Size $30, Complete
Extra Size $35, Complete

Canada Prices, $35 and $40

Clip and mail this coupon for full particulars of the Mystery Speaker.

The Q·R·S Music Co.
306 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Name

Address

Town State

SEE THE MYSTERY SPEAKER AT YOUR MUSIC DEALER'S STORE

The Greatest Ten-Cent Value in the World is a Gillette Blade ~ with Two Shaving Edges!

These are facts you did not know:—

It takes a month to make it.

Seventy-two operations are performed in making it.

All the resources of a research laboratory have been employed in learning how to make it.

It has taken twenty years of practical experience to produce its unequalled keenness and durability.

There is no other edge like it.

No other edge will ever approach it, because

—the research work which has produced it is still going on and will always continue. This is our Pledge.

Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

BLADES

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 178

the following examination to determine whether a proposed trade-mark should be selected:

Is it easy to speak?
To remember?
To spell?
Is it simple in design?
Pleasing as to sound and appearance?
Is it suggestive of the good qualities of the merchandise?
Different from other trade-marks of the same class?
Can it be affixed to the goods for which it is designed?
Can it be registered and protected?

The most casual consideration will show that very few trade-marks can make a perfect score under this test. But the man who devised it thinks nothing less than an affirmative answer to every one of the nine questions should be accepted as satisfactory.

Many good trade names will meet every requirement but one—they do not suggest the good qualities of the merchandise. The effort to meet this test along with all the others explains the amazing outburst of incorrect spelling one encounters nowadays on packages and advertisements. Straight descriptive words and phrases such as "Excellent," "Best on Earth" or "Pure Havana" could not be registered as trade-marks for obvious reasons. Therefore we encounter such inventions as "X-Lunt" and "Bestunerth." Some are clever and others decidedly not so. But these inventions and evasions cannot be registered any more than the phrases they are intended to suggest. Very few manufacturers know this, and the Patent Office turns down thousands of them every year to the utter astonishment of the applicants.

All sorts of schemes are tried to get around that provision of the law which says descriptive words or phrases are barred. When English fails, the applicant will often resort to foreign languages and meet a second failure. Finally quite a number of manufacturers decide to worry along without registration, depending upon the common law for protection. But others do manage to get over this hurdle. For instance, the word "Ideal" has been registered as a trade-mark on the ground that it is not and could not be descriptive, but is fanciful. Yet it certainly suggests good qualities. And there are numerous other examples, so every man confronted with the need for a trade-mark strives to find something suggestive of description but still within the law.

Dangerous Pitfalls

Other authorities in this field do not recommend a trade-mark suggestive of qualities. They would advise a word with no possible meaning or suggestion—a pure invention, in brief, that would be given meaning by the product, and advertising. They base this advice on two grounds. First, a pure invention is readily granted registration; second, one cannot be absolutely certain, in advance of experience, as to just which are the best qualities to suggest. Dangerous pitfalls await the manufacturer who determines upon and names the good qualities of his merchandise before the public has brought in its verdict. Strange as it may seem to the inexperienced, a man, figuratively, can miss the bull's-eye by a million miles on this delicate point even when he tells the literal truth about an article that fairly exudes excellence.

Even after a manufacturer has shown genius in selecting his slogans, trade names, labels, trade-marks and similar insignia, strange things can happen. For instance, it may develop that the name he invents for his product answers all of the test questions with a score of 100 plus, and enters the dictionary. There was a time when manufacturers counted this a real triumph. Nowadays they are not so sure about it.

Many trade names have been included in the dictionary. The list could be extended to include at least a score of words in common usage. Some are already in the dictionary, others might as well be, for they no longer suggest immediately to ninety-nine out of a hundred persons a trade-marked article produced by one company.

The trade-mark as we know it in the United States has all the qualities of youth, including restlessness; that is to say, it may jump a fence and wander off, heedless of its anxious parent. And the brighter it is the greater the danger; dull ones remain at home, leaning against the solid old firm name. Sparks of genius in a trade-mark usually mean that it is known to thousands of persons who cannot recall instantly the name of its owners. Therein lies both advantage and danger.

The advantage of a short, pleasing word to designate the product is very considerable if the firm name is long, difficult to pronounce and to remember; but if the word strikes public fancy there is always the danger that it may become a generic term. In some lines of business, however, this fact is unimportant. When a railroad company, for instance, gives an attractive title to a limited train it is not extremely important for everyone to recall the full name of the corporation operating it. If the passenger asks for a certain train he will usually be directed to the right station. In merchandising, on the other hand, not only invented words but geographical, as well as proper names, may become so associated with the product as to acquire new meaning. This had happened even before printing presses contributed to the efficiency of advertising. The word "Toledo" at one time meant a sword, not a town in Spain. There are other words which are generally supposed to be the names of various kinds of cheese and beer that are, in reality, the names of cities and provinces.

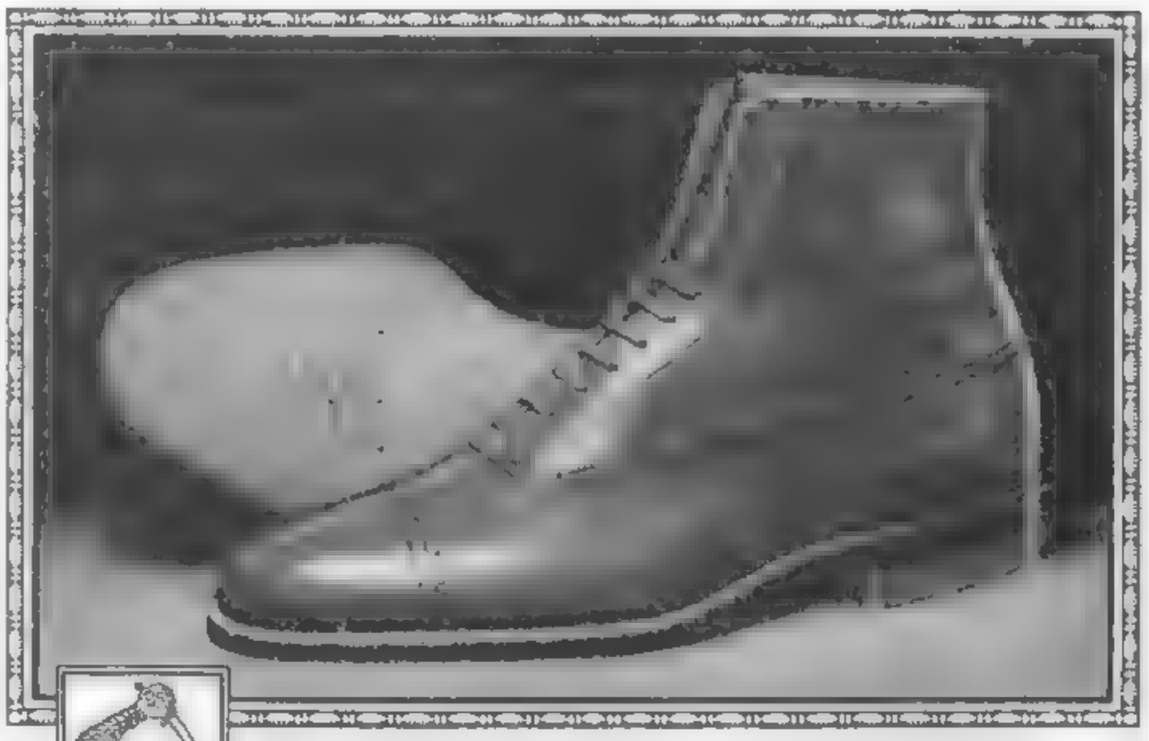
Protecting the Prince

Evidently no sort of name is entirely secure against being twisted into a generic term for sewing machines, tomato catchup or steam pumps. At one time there were thousands of men and women who would have testified under oath that they knew of a mighty empire across the sea which was called by its inhabitants Salem. They would also have testified that they had never heard of the United States of America. They had seen clipper ships from Salem, Massachusetts, and had deciphered the words painted on the boats, but it did not occur to them that Salem might be only a part of a larger whole.

Under the present law geographical names cannot be registered as trade-marks in this country. Nevertheless, several are now in use which require a few words of explanation; any trade-mark that has been used exclusively and continuously since February 21, 1895, can be registered even though it violates the present law. This provision had to be made because trade-marks were recognized under the common law as property and therefore were not created by the act which admitted them to registry. In other words, ownership was just as explicit as in the case of title to real estate where the deed had not been recorded. New regulations could be imposed—and were imposed—but they couldn't be enforced retroactively. Therefore nearly anything one writes on this subject today at once suggests to the reader exceptions with which he is familiar. For instance, under the present law the portrait of a living individual could not be registered as a trade-mark without written permission of the person in question, but portraits have been used in the past without anyone's permission. And there are still means for evading the letter of the law.

An interesting case of this kind developed during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales. Someone wanted to use his title as a trade-mark. There are historic precedents for doing so, in the case of a former heir to the British throne who visited America, but it cannot be done now. The manufacturer who recently conceived this bright idea was turned down, but offered to compromise by using the Prince's traveling name, Baron Renfrew. That also is barred. So he pondered the law's obstructions and presently came up smiling with another suggestion. Why not register the name "Lord Renfrew?" I haven't heard how the matter came out.

Photographs and names of living persons used to be far more popular as trade-marks than they are today. Their eclipse is due largely to the better results obtained by the use of paintings, sketches, photographs without names, and even cartoons. In the last-named category would be listed the delightful old woman who chases dirt with a stick. Nearly everybody knows her and she is considered one of the best trade-marks in existence, especially for the product she guards. This old woman is an excellent example of a trade-mark that suggests the qualities of the merchandise and yet is not a descriptive phrase. She is a descriptive picture worth half a dozen



LONGMARCH—Winter is just around the corner. Step into it with "Longmarch"—rich tan calf tailored with fine decoration—a gentlemen's shoe in quiet good taste.

STYLE *that* STAYS

Built to the real shape of your foot, BOSTONIANS need no "breaking in." Comfortable as old shoes, when new; good looking as new shoes, when old.

More than a million men wear BOSTONIANS.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men
$7 to $10

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY · BOSTON AND WHITMAN · MASS.

Stopped!
at Number 36
with 68 more to go

WHEN Dad sailed into the new book of 104 Puzzle-Peg problems, he was chock-full of confidence. It takes a tough one to stop him—but another Puzzle expert from Texas certainly tucked away a teaser in that simple looking Problem No. 36. Dad sweats and works. His reputation is at stake. He'll win, of course, but when? It looks like a busy winter for Dad.

You'll enjoy the complete I S B "Fun Package," 4 games—Puzzle-Peg, Blox-O, Toss-O and Zoo-Hoo. All for $1.75 (Foreign Countries $2.00)

"Puzzle-Peg" Most baffling, mysterious puzzle ever invented. Biggest seller in years. Played by one makes fun for all. The ideal gift for shut-ins or lonely. At all Game Dealers', or sent postpaid, with Book, for only 50c (in Foreign Countries, 75c).

Great Fun for Two
BLOX-O
The sensational new game hit—totally "different." Play is fast and furious. A 3-ring circus of fun. For sale by all Game Dealers, or sent postpaid direct. Complete set only....50c
(In Foreign Countries, 75c)

A Thrilling Game of Skill
TOSS-O
Five skillful tosses of the steel ball may win you a perfect score—but even the best players find such a score as rare as the perfect ball seven in marksmanship—par in golf—a no hit game in baseball, etc. If you like a contest of real skill you will enjoy Toss-O immensely. Played by any number of persons. At all Game Dealers 25c
(In Foreign Countries, 35c)

The Double Purpose Game
ZOO-HOO
Educational and amusing for the children, it becomes an exceedingly difficult and absorbing Puzzle for grown-ups, by simply removing one disc. Folks of all ages have endless fun helping "Wash," the colored Zoo keeper, to get his animals back [illegible] at Game Dealers for 50c
(In Foreign Countries, 75c)

LUBBERS & BELL MFG. CO. 721 SECOND AVENUE CLINTON IOWA
The Fun Factory

DON'T LET STOREKEEPER FOOL YOU

WHY BUY IMITATIONS MADE OF COTTON AND CHEAP WOOL

INSIST ON GETTING

TIM'S CAP

Mild Weather
Muffler Buttoned Around Cap

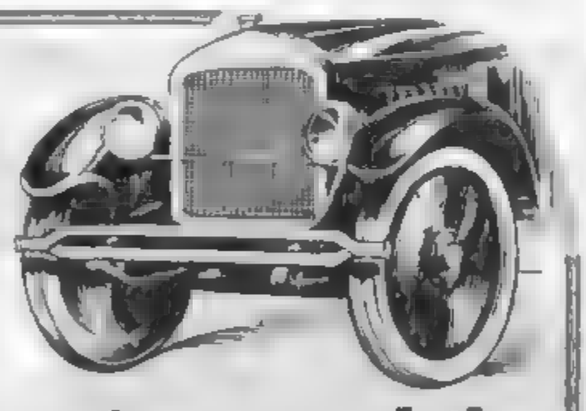
Cold & Stormy Weather
Muffler Buttoned Around Neck

For Boys, Children and Men

ON SALE AT LEADING STORES

TIM'S CAP CORPORATION, 50-52-54 WEST 17TH ST., NEW YORK

Suppose *You* Wanted Extra Money To Pay For An Automobile



$3.25 in 2 Hours

With that record at the start, Howard Baker of New York won't be long paying for the new car he has just bought.

IF YOU'RE buying a car or if you'd like to—If you need money for the "upkeep" of your old car—If you'd like to have some extra spending money—Or if it's just a case of wanting more cash to meet your daily expenses, here's your answer:

You Need No Experience

Without previous experience, without investing a cent, and in whatever time you can spare from your regular work, you can earn easy, extra dollars in a pleasant way. Hundreds of men and women are making from $5 to $25 extra a week in their free hours by acting as subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. The coupon will bring you the same offer they had. Do you say, "Send it along"?

Then Mail This Coupon Today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
272 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, send along details of your spare-time money making plan.

Name ___

Street

City

words. There are many pictorial trade-marks that are far less suggestive of specific performance and yet have enormous advertising value. These often take the form of a person holding in his or her hand the product thus trade-marked. It is possible to suggest by such pictures not only the qualities of an article but its uses, an appropriate time for using it, and the sort of persons who, in the opinion of the producer, would be likely to approve of it. In only the rarest instances, if ever, could a word or a combination of two or three words accomplish so much.

A man cannot register his own name as a trade-mark under the present law, nor the name of a firm, corporation or association. But this rule also is evaded with ease. The name may be written, printed, impressed or woven in some distinctive manner and thus comply with the regulations by becoming a minor part of a design.

The Government does not protect trade-marks on its own initiative. They are regarded simply as property which the owner will guard. In the event of infringement he would sue in a state court unless the offender resided in another state. The principal value of registration lies in the fact that the burden of proof, in the event of suit, rests upon the man whose mark is not registered. It might be 100 years old, but its owner would nevertheless have to become plaintiff and prove his prior right to it while the other man rested upon prior registration. It is not always easy to furnish proof in such cases. Samples of the labels used twenty years ago might not be at hand. And if it happened that they were affixed to butter, for instance, all the earlier product would quite possibly have succumbed to the ravages of time along with the labels.

The Winning Combination

Many persons are under the impression that a trade-mark can be given value through advertising, apart from the merchandise to which it is affixed, but experience proves quite the contrary. In fact, certain registrable words are shunned because they have been associated with goods of some other sort that were not of high standard. The value of the trade-mark rests entirely upon the goods. Nothing can be wrung from it which is not inherent in the quality of the product. Probably no greater misfortune could overtake the distributor of a disappointing article than to have attached to it an easily remembered, catchy name. Thus a mark does nothing more than facilitate public acquaintance with whatever qualities the merchandise happens to possess, regardless of whether these are good or bad. Many efforts have been made to work magic with trade-marks, but they stubbornly retain the same commercial characteristics with which they emerged from the Stone Age. The most stupid among them may be worth millions if attached to the right merchandise, and the cleverest are the worst boomerangs if the goods disappoint purchasers.

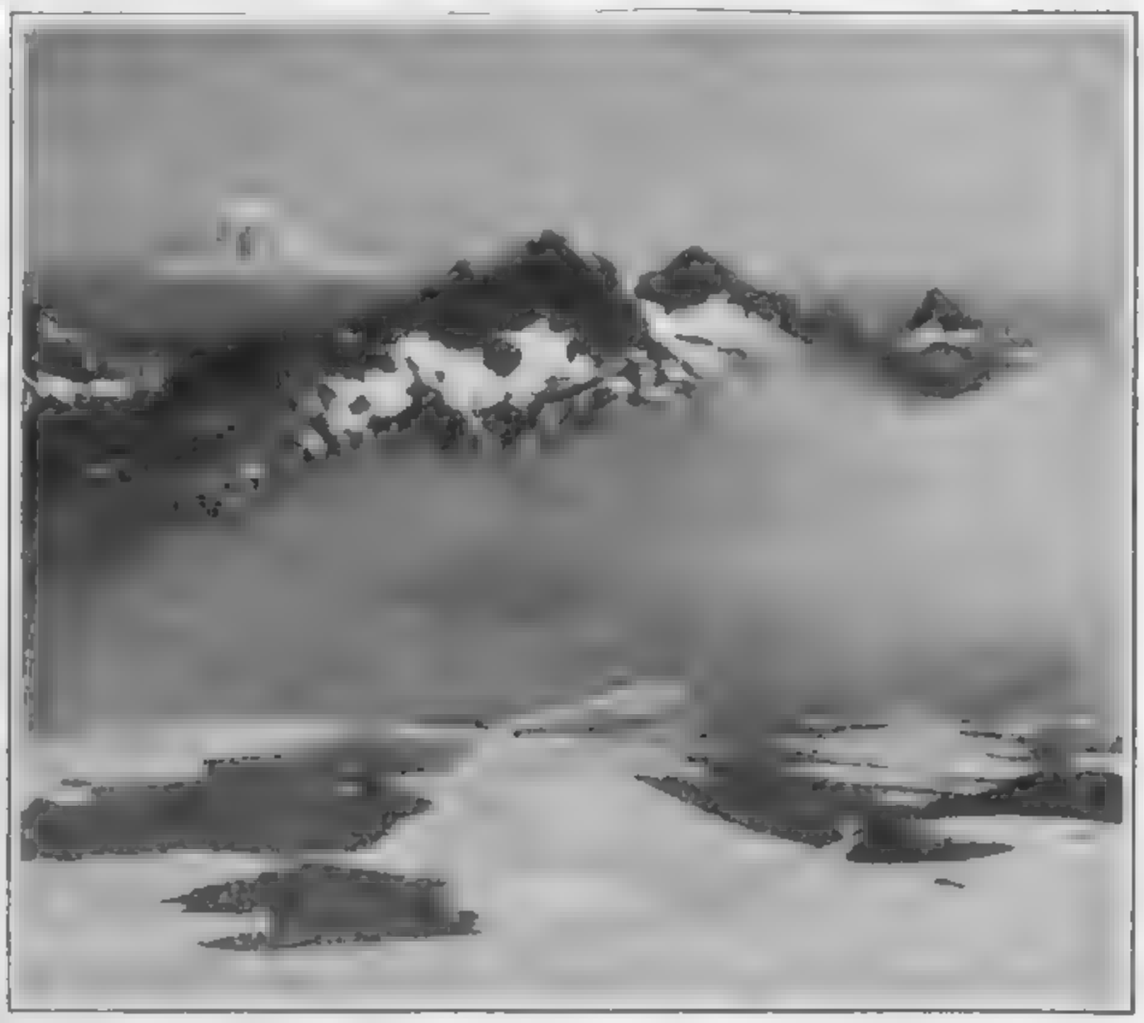
As competition becomes more keen there will be fewer accidental trade-marks such as that acquired by the angry old man who daubed his name on the ten-cent-size package. Just think what might have been the result if his name had contained eighteen letters and sounded like someone falling downstairs! The fact that his name was easy to pronounce and remember helped him more than he realized. American manufacturers today usually attempt to win more than a local market, therefore the advertising value of their trade-marks must be considered. Moreover, they want to start with one and not wait several decades for its accidental evolution.

Branded Dyes

An interesting example of the present attitude toward trade-marks in this country is furnished by a very recent development in the dye industry. Before the World War, German dyes dominated the American market, as indeed they dominated the world market. It was a tradition that German dyes were the best made. When they could no longer be purchased in adequate quantities the American dye industry began to expand. Its products, on the whole, were very good and some were equal to the best on earth; but there were certain colors with which the industry had to experiment. All these experiments, quite naturally, did not instantly succeed. The result was that German dyes gained new prestige during their absence.

The present situation may be summed up briefly in the statement that American dye manufacturers have made enormous progress—and must now confront German competition. The problem for them is to meet not only German goods but German prestige which fattened off those earlier experiments, all of which did not succeed instantly. They have a fight on their hands and they are organizing every factor in fair commercial rivalry that will assist in holding their market.

One of their very first strategic moves was the adoption of trade-marks. A score or more of them have now been registered. And what is the nature of these trade-marks? What qualities do they suggest? Every one is designed to impress the idea that the dye to which it is attached is a fast dye; that is to say, one that will not fade. The words used are for the most part very clever inventions that dodge the legal proscription of descriptive phrases, but they carry their message. In due time they will doubtless furnish the outstanding example of that dual rôle which the trade-mark is now assuming—namely, a means to identify the goods and at the same time a slogan by the use of which they are subtly recommended.



Looking Across the Tatoosh Range to Mount Adams, Washington

W O R K R I T E R A D I O S E T S W O R K R I G H T

"Look Daddy! I can make music, too!"

ANYBODY can "make music" with WorkRite Super Neutrodyne Receivers. WorkRite is so simple to operate and yet so unerring in results that it is a continuous source of delight and fascination for everyone in the family.

Really, if you've never used a WorkRite set you'll be astonished to learn how easy it is to get—*and hold*—any station you want. You'll find no provoking interruptions, no irritating distortion. And once you've tuned in a station you can get it instantly at any time, simply by using your previous dial settings.

WorkRite positively assures an unusually vigorous reception with all the original depth and clarity of tone—unmarred by howls, whistles and other disturbing noises.

Tunes Out Powerful Local Stations

Another WorkRite superiority that's a revelation even to experienced radio fans, is the astounding selectivity of these superb sets. Just a slight turn of the dials tunes out the most powerful local stations—*and keeps them out.* If you live in a city you know what an advantage that is.

Then there's WorkRite's exceptional range! Under favorable conditions it will easily span the continent for you. Even distant stations come in regularly and distinctly on the loud speaker.

There are other WorkRite advantages, of course. The ingenious super neutrodyne "hook-up"—the fine materials that we use—the painstaking care given to building each individual WorkRite set—all these combine to make receivers that establish a brand new peak in radio performance.

WorkRite Has Won Great Popularity

Don't be disappointed if the dealer you visit can't demonstrate WorkRite for you. WorkRite has won such tremendous popularity both among novices and experienced operators that most stores find themselves pressed to meet the demand.

So, if the one you visit hasn't WorkRite in stock, write us and we will send you the name of a store that has. Also, if you want a beautifully illustrated rotogravure folder, giving full information on all WorkRite models, fill in the coupon below and send it to us. You'll get the booklet by return mail.

But above all, know what WorkRite will do before you invest another dollar in radio.

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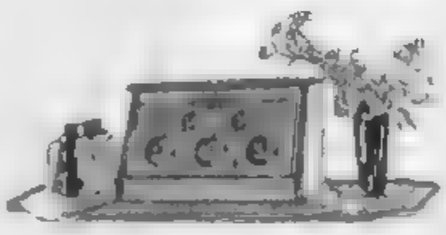
1812 EAST 30th STREET • CLEVELAND, OHIO
Branches, Chicago, 536 Lake Shore Drive;
Los Angeles, 339 South Los Angeles Street



WORKRITE AIR MASTER
A 5-tube Neutrodyne Set

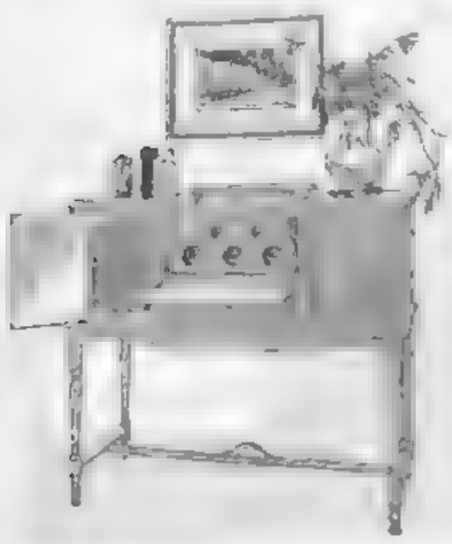
Encased in brown mahogany cabinet with graceful sloping panel. Almost identical with WorkRite Radio King, shown in main illustration, except the latter has a loud speaker built into cabinet.
Price, Air Master, without accessories, $160
Price, Radio King, without accessories, $220

WORKRITE CHUM
A 3-tube Neutrodyne Reflexed Set

Similar to Air Master in appearance. Equal to 4-tube sets in performance. Cabinet provides space for both A and B batteries.
Price, without accessories $75

WORKRITE ARISTOCRAT
A 5-tube Neutrodyne Set

In this beautiful mahogany console, the loud speaker is placed on one side and compartment for A and B batteries on other side. All connections made inside with cable and plug. A set unsurpassed in any respect
Price, Aristocrat, without accessories, $350



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The WorkRite Manufacturing Co.
1812 East 30th Street Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a copy of Rotogravure booklet which describes WorkRite.

Name

Address

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DEALERS—If you don't know about WorkRite Super Neutrodyne Receivers, by all means write us immediately for full particulars.

WORKRITE
SUPER NEUTRODYNE RADIO SETS

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How much does a GOOD overcoat cost?

Your overcoat is a mighty important garment. It won't give you what you need unless it's made of luxurious, warm all-wool fabrics—like Styleplus.

You won't get satisfaction out of wearing it unless it has style and is tailored to keep its style—like Styleplus.

How much does a good overcoat cost? Too much, if you are not a judge. Look for the mark of distinctive clothes at reasonable price—Styleplus—and be certain that your coat is stylish and good quality throughout.

Styleplus offer all the fashionable models, weights, fabrics. Select yours today and make sure the Styleplus label is in it.

Henry Sonneborn Company, Inc., Baltimore.

Special Suit Features
$37.50

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Windsor Blue—an all-wool cheviot in beautiful shades of blue, cut in popular young men's models.

York Blue—all-wool, unfinished worsted—dark blue—silk lined—cut in our famous York two-button English model.

All—Styleplus features for fall.

"America's foremost style clothes at popular prices"

Look for this label
—a big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Trade Mark Reg.

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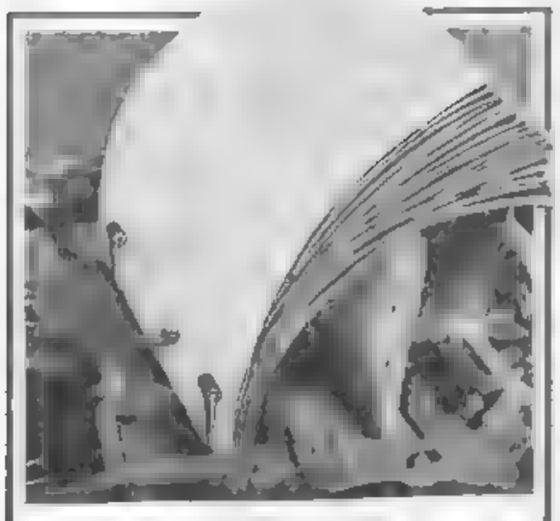

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A kind for every purpose

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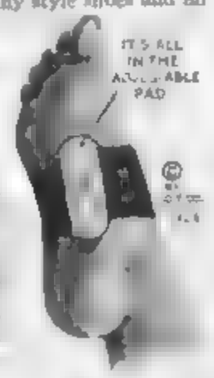
Non-Skid Arch Uplift is the improved type of arch saver, perfected through our 35 years' experience in the manufacture of all types of body braces. Elastic and light-weight. The adjustable, Non-skid cushion pad conforms to every movement of instep muscles and corrects fallen arches and foot strain. Overcomes pain in ball of foot and heel. Corns, other foot troubles, sprains, etc., and strengthening muscles.

Positive Relief for Corns, Callouses, Bunions

Eliminates use of metal plates and leather liners. Worn by men, women and children with any style shoes and no larger size required.

NON-SKID ARCH UPLIFT



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State size of shoe when ordering. Will send on 5 days' trial for only $1.95, without pad $1.00. If your druggist, chiropodist or dealer cannot supply, order direct. Sent C. O. D. if desired.

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(who uses inflammable cleaning fluid)
"Nothing has ever happened to me yet."

MISS PRUDENCE:
"But when it does happen you may be disfigured for life or killed outright, then it's too late for advice."

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CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color

This absolute guarantee is printed on the label:

Guaranteed not to contain Benzine, Naphtha, Gasoline, and to be Non-Combustible and Non-Inflammable

20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

VOTES FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 17.)

"For the regular Democratic nominee, of course. You come around to the club with Mr. Rawlins and we'll make you both members at the same time. The dues are two dollars a year, but if you don't want to pay them that will be perfectly all right. Yes, the club is making a big drive to get in all the women of the district, and we're looking especially for women of your caliber, Mrs. Rawlins. How would you like to get out and work for us? You're a business woman, and you're used to meeting all sorts of people, and you can make your own hours."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Rawlins, studying him.

"I'm perfectly serious. Women are in politics to stay, and we need workers to handle the woman vote. It might be a very good thing for you, Mrs. Rawlins. In any event, you come around to the club with Mr. Rawlins and we'll have a little talk with Jimmy Clahan. Now listen. Your house is half empty in the summertime anyway, isn't it? Cut out the washing and fill in with politics; we won't ask you to do anything for nothing."

She went upstairs some time later looking for Dewey. The lad was sitting on his father's knee and was drinking in his parent's instruction with open mouth and rapt eyes. The lad was pale and undersized. He had been half starved in his babyhood and had been kept thereafter much in the house for fear of motor trucks.

"Speaking of dogs," said Mr. Rawlins, "say, Dewey, maybe you never saw a real house dog, did you? I had a house dog out West that was a daisy; yes, sir, a daisy. When I got him he was only as big as your two fists. Put your fists together—that's how big he was. But how he did grow! I made a house for him and put him in it. Well, sir, he kept on growing and soon I had to cut holes in the bottom of the house to let his legs out and make him comfortable. Well, one morning I whistled to him and he come a-running with the house on his back. Actual fact—he was so big he couldn't get out. Well, sir, he grew to fit that house to a dot, and when the house broke and fell off him one day I didn't know it until I heard him yelp on account of the flies, and I had to hurry and put a gravel roof on him. What's that? Well, you see he had no hair on, and that was on account of being fed on dishrags, which made his hair grow inside out. When I cooked a ham or corned beef I used to swab a rag around in the pot and throw it to my dog and he would bolt it down. One thing you mustn't feed a dog on, Dewey, is dishrags. Well, sir, this house dog, as he was called on account ——"

The sight of Mrs. Rawlins in the doorway interrupted this farrago, which had evidently entertained father and son equally. Mr. Rawlins set the lad down and pointed a rigid finger at him.

"You thank your ma for sending me up that dollar, young fellow, and then go to studying your book, you hear? A boy like you has got no time to fool."

II

WHEN the door to the flat was opened, Mrs. Rawlins said, "Good afternoon," and walked by the woman who was holding the knob and seated herself firmly on the bumpy sofa in the parlor. Then she said to the woman, "Won't you come in and sit down?"

She had developed this strategy in the course of the day's canvassing. In the morning she had knocked lightly on doors and had said winningly, "May I come in?" And the women who were holding the knobs and peeping past the jambs had said ordinarily, "I should say not! What do you want?" Thereafter Mrs. Rawlins had been at a disadvantage and had been commonly unable to rid her prospects quite of the fear that she intended to sell them imitation laces out of a satchel or to hit them with a blackjack; they knew what to expect from ingratiating strangers. An adaptation of the police approach—mandatory, thrusting—was best. So now the woman let go the knob and rubbed her hands in her blue apron and came forward with rounded shoulders and evidently searching her conscience. Mrs. Rawlins smiled and nodded reassuringly to let the woman know that nothing very dreadful was planned for her or hers. "Have you registered yet to vote?"

"Oh, is that all?" said the woman, sighing and sitting down. "You gave me a turn. I don't know what I could have been thinking of. Yes, ma'am, the name is Tobin."

"Tobin? Yes, of course," said Mrs. Rawlins, consulting a list. "He's a Democratic inspector of elections, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am, and a member of the club and in the Street Cleaning Department. Tobin said we were all to register and he'd bring us and show us who to vote for. My sister was in bed with the German measles, but Tobin said she'd have to get up and nobody was excused.

"He got that impatient because my little Norah, the child, won't be twenty-one in time. 'Tis a new law, ma'am, that the women have to vote?"

"Not that they have to vote, Mrs. Tobin, but that they're allowed to vote."

"Ah and indeed! Then Tobin is the man will allow us to vote. 'Tis a trick of the Republicans, he says, to vote him out of his job with the department and the inspector of elections, but Tammany Hall'll be able for them. Yes, ma'am, we registered the first day, but thank you for thinking of us. Good afternoon to you, ma'am."

"There's a Mrs. Peace lives in this house," said Mrs. Rawlins, pausing.

"Is it old Mrs. Peace, the widow woman that works in the wet wash, ma'am? That's her door there in back."

Mrs. Rawlins knocked on Mrs. Peace's door and then pushed it open. She saw in the main room two dark figures engaged, as it seemed, in performing a parlor trick with an overstuffed taupe armchair. The male figure had the chair on its head and the female figure was trying to climb upon the chair. The snarls that issued from the male figure, however, suggested to Mrs. Rawlins that the seemingly obvious situation required another interpretation, and she advanced upon the group and seized the legs of the chair to stabilize it until an explanation was had. Mrs. Rawlins was not the woman to stand back under such circumstances and to scream; to lay hold of furniture and to defy delinquent guests to move it was an incident of her profession as rooming-house keeper.

"He'll kick!" warned the little woman who had been climbing onto the bucking chair.

"If he does I'll smash him," said Mrs. Rawlins decidedly; and she put her weight upon the chair, whereupon the man under it collapsed. He wriggled from under and sat on the floor, twisting his tried neck, and glowered infernally at Mrs. Rawlins. Seeing that his evil scowl was likely to get him nothing but another encounter with the large lady, he got up hastily and retreated from the flat, shaking his fist and promising trouble to come.

He was a small young man of the street-corner type.

"And that's not half!" screamed the little woman after him.

"I've got a police whistle," said Mrs. Rawlins, going toward the window.

"Don't blow it," said the little woman, slumping into the righted chair and fanning her hot face. "That was only my son Ralph."

"But what ——"

"I came back and found him going out with the chair and he said Mrs. Fargis was giving a party and wanted it; but I know where he was going with it. He was going down to the secondhand store to sell it. My best chair, and payments on it yet! Now I know who was the burglar stole the hair mattress."

"But you should do something with that boy, Mrs. Peace."

"Oh, what's the use?" said Mrs. Peace, rising and walking swiftly up and down with an exaggerated expression of discouragement on her face. "It ain't that he's a bad boy, really; it's the gambling. He used to pay into the house every week, and now he don't do nothing but watch to see where I keep the rent money. Plays stuss over at the Sunbeam Social Club."

"You should complain to the police."

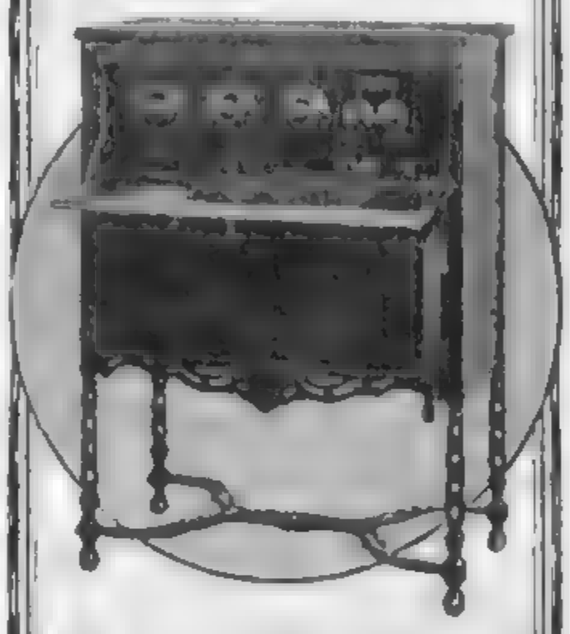
"What's the good?" cried Mrs. Peace, throwing out her arms and letting them fall heavily. "Complain your head off and it don't get you nothing. That Sunbeam fellow has a pull and the police won't do nothing to him."

"Then there's just one thing for you to do—get a pull of your own," said Mrs. Rawlins with an eye to business. "Join the Eskimo Club and talk to Mr. Clahan, the

A Receiver To be Proud of!

THE rich, pure tones of a 5-Tube Stromberg-Carlson Neutrodyne Receiver delight everyone; its artistic beauty attracts attention in any room.

Simple to use—you always get any station, previously logged, by setting the dials at the same points. Gets great distance, too. Has a record of 7400 miles on the loud speaker.



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Beautifully finished in American Walnut or Adam-Brown Mahogany. Built-in Loud Speaker and space for batteries and battery charger—all out of sight. When closed, shows choice panelling.

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If he cannot supply you, write us. Descriptive folder free.

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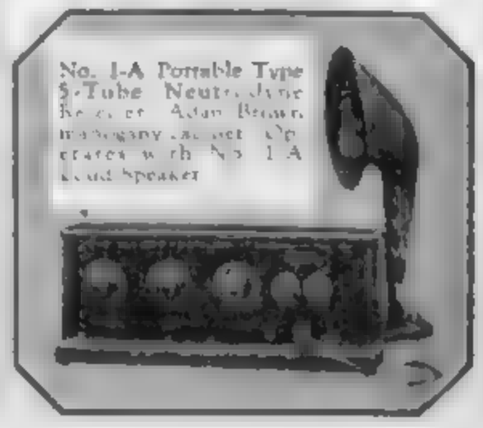

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Take the family- excellent schools for your children -

The journey there is just as easy as going down town-

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Fred Harvey "all the way"

after California—Hawaii

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Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets:
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leader. Women are going to vote this year, Mrs. Peace. Have you registered yet?"

"Say, that's rich," said Mrs. Peace. "Marty Granniss, that owns the Sunbeam, belongs to the Eskimo Club. That's why, I was told, they couldn't shut him up."

"That's just why you want to belong," said Mrs. Rawlins, who had been well supplied with campaign arguments. "You join up and you'll see that Mr. Clahan will tell that man to keep your son out of his club. And if you don't like the people in the Eskimo Club, why don't you get in and put them out? That's what women are going to do; they're going to purify politics."

"If he would only make Ralph stay out of that place I would vote for him," said Mrs. Peace doubtfully.

"I'm taking your name and address," said Mrs. Rawlins, rising. "Next Wednesday you go around to Eighth Avenue in this block and you'll see a man will show you how to register. My, that's a real nice chair, isn't it? On time? Where did you get it?"

"Sit in it," said Mrs. Peace proudly.

They discussed furniture, and then rents, and then family history, and so to diseases of infancy, husbands, and to a general comparing of afflictions.

Mrs. Peace promised over a cup of tea to come around to the Eskimo Club and see how really nice it was.

Mrs. Rawlins left the cold-water tenement and crossed the street to a row of old red brick houses, some of which were still tenanted as private residences despite the degeneration of the neighborhood.

She mounted a wooden stoop and rang the bell. The door was opened instantly, and a thin and black-eyed spinster looked out at her.

"Miss Taaffe?" said Mrs. Rawlins. "I called to see you about registering to vote."

"Do come in," said Miss Taaffe relievedly. "I'm so glad to see someone, if it's only a woman. I've been standing behind this door ready to run out into the street. Sit down, Miss—Mrs. Rawlins. So you belong to the party, do you? Yes, I've registered. Oh, surely! I think it's every woman's duty to her sex to register and to vote. . . . Sh-h!"

Miss Taaffe caught Mrs. Rawlins by the wrist and sat still with widened eyes. Mrs. Rawlins looked vainly about the comfortable sitting room for a clew to her hostess' uneasiness.

"No, it was nothing that time," said Miss Taaffe. "Yes, every woman should register and vote women into office. It's high time that women had their rightful share in government, and it will come about when every woman registers and votes for women. A woman who will vote for a man I call a traitor to her sex. Don't you feel so, Mrs. Rawlins? But I know that you do. That's the only plank the party had agreed on up to last night, and really it's the only plank we need. Don't you think so? Certainly you do, and I don't need to ask. Did you read the despicable statement that that Mrs. Euston, the wife of the big Republican politician, gave out? That woman should be crushed!"

"She should indeed," said Mrs. Rawlins. "A Republican, was she, Miss Taaffe?"

"Women must not lose their identity in the old men's parties, Mrs. Rawlins. They must stand together and vote as a sex. Woman for women! We must bring sex solidarity to the sex conflict, Mrs. Rawlins."

"Do you mean we mustn't vote for men at all, Miss Taaffe?"

"Never, when his opponent is a woman. We must restore government by women, the matriarchate, which was the golden age before man asserted his brute strength and enslaved us. But the time for the use of brute strength is past, Mrs. Rawlins. The world is ruled by law in these days, and we've emerged from the Dark Ages, when force ruled. The sex conflict is irrepressible, Mrs. Rawlins, and it must end in domination or downfall. . . . Sh-h!"

"What is it?"

"Didn't you hear something downstairs? It makes me so dreadfully nervous to be alone in the house. I wouldn't have come in if my brother did not say he'd be home by half past three. I'm sure I heard something prowling in the basement. But as I was saying —— Sh-h, there it goes again!"

"Let's go down and see what it is."

"But it might be a man! Didn't you read of that shocking murder over on Convent Avenue only last Friday? What could two women do alone?"

"You wait here and I'll go down," said Mrs. Rawlins, patting the elderly maiden's hand.

"Oh, but I couldn't wait here alone. It would drive me simply insane to sit here and watch the stairs."

"I'll have to be going," said Mrs. Rawlins, rising. "I'll send you a policeman, if you want, though I didn't hear anything."

"Naturally you wouldn't, because it was just prowling. Must you go? Well, I've certainly enjoyed this chat with you, Mrs. Rawlins; you don't know how strengthening and refreshing it was to listen to you. I think I'll wait here on the stoop until Warren comes. I do hope the telephone doesn't ring. Well, good day. Success!"

The adjoining house yielded Mrs. Rawlins a short interview with an unsmiling man who said, "Mrs. Porter is not interested in your proposition, madam."

"She's not going to register? But you know the new law allows her to vote this year!"

"Yes, and the law allows her to chew tobacco and hang out with the gang in the barber shop; but I don't. I have something to say about what my wife can do, madam."

"But, my land, now that she has the vote she ought to use it!"

"Not necessarily. I myself haven't voted in ten years. There are no politicians in this family, madam, and there won't be any if I know it. Was that all you wanted to see Mrs. Porter about? Good afternoon, madam."

III

ON AN evening following the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November of that year—a first Tuesday that saw the piling up of unprecedented Tammany majorities—Mrs. Rawlins entered the Eskimo Club. The club was conveniently situated within a few doors of her house. It was one of the same row of one-time private residences, but now it emitted nightly much light and noise, and the street lamp before it shone upon a large black-and-gold sign that said:

ESKIMO CLUB

PUT YOUR CROSS IN THE CIRCLE UNDER THE STAR

As on all other evenings during the year, the assembly rooms held a numerous company. Except that all those present at this early hour were men, there was no common stamp upon them; they were young and old, well-dressed and shabby, red-faced and clerically wan. They were playing cards, playing checkers, swapping jokes, drinking the club's private brew. Mrs. Rawlins, not being flirtatious or sex conscious, walked among them placidly on her way to her interview with Jimmy Clahan.

A card player, his face convulsed with disappointment and rage, hurled his hand of cards to the board and opened his mouth to utter his frank and forceful opinion of such luck. He saw Mrs. Rawlins and he closed his lips just in time on a red-blooded he-man oath. He swallowed hard, as though the oath had stuck in his throat, and he reached out and caressed the cards.

"Hey, Mul, tell them that one of yourn about the darky bootlegger. Get this one, Frank, it's a darby! Go on, Mul."

"There was a shine and his wife," said the obliging Mul to a circle that sniggered politely. "They were pinched for peddling hooch, see? Well, another shine was put on the witness stand, and the judge says to him, he says ——"

"Hey, Mul!"

"Mul, shush that one. Here comes a lady member."

"—— and the judge says to him, he says ——" repeated Mul uncomprehendingly; but then he saw Mrs. Rawlins and he stopped dead and went to feeling in his pockets. When she had passed, he said from the corner of his mouth, "Hey, I didn't say nothing, did I?"

"She's gone, Mul. Go ahead."

But Mul was warned now and he was watching about him, and he said depressedly, "Here comes another one. Another dame just hopped in the door."

"Aw, rats! What's this club going to be after this—a henroost?"

With ill will poorly concealed under forced smiles, they watched woman after woman enter the Eskimo Club. The members knew the meaning of the invasion; another male stamping ground had gone. Tongues would have to be checkreined; good stories would have to be mentally reviewed before launching. The saloon, the

(Continued on Page 188)

none genuine without this Trade-mark on the package

3 MINUTE

TRADE MARK

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Cook 3 minutes only —no more—no less.
A Distinctive Product.
A Matchless Flavor.
A Package for a Dime
(except in Far West)
Do you like Wheat or Corn?
Then buy—
3 Minute Wheat Flakes
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THREE MINUTE CEREALS CO.
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in mahogany or walnut, completely equipped
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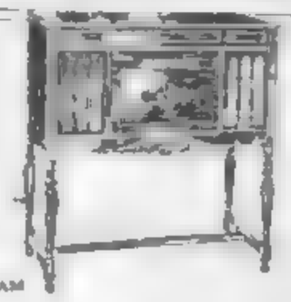

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(Continued from Page 186)

barber shop, and now the political club; the pages of history were turning under the eyes of the stalwarts of the Eskimo Club, and they looked and said disconsolately, "Aw, rats!"

Mrs. Rawlins mounted to the second floor, which was reserved by prescription for the use of the strong men of the district. She passed a door behind which chips rattled, and strong men had their say without needing to temper strength with sweetness. Seats at the poker table went by favor and there were no women present. The strong men preserved here a remnant of their ancient rights. The front room, where was the leader's desk, was free to any members coming on business, and Mrs. Rawlins entered it without announcement.

Jimmy Clahan, Tammany leader of the district, rose to greet her. He was a strongly built and handsome man, with curling gray hair and a thick black mustache and a big and welcoming hand.

"Evening, Mrs. Rawlins," he said, taking her hand and holding it after shaking it. "How you been? How's the kiddies? Say, you're looking fit to fight for your life. Ain't she, Tom? Meet our new congressman, Mrs. Rawlins; shake hands, Tom, with the best lady politician in the district. That's right; you know each other, don't you? That's one on me—ha-ha! Sit right down here, Mrs. Rawlins. Go on now, Tom, and say it pretty; thank Mrs. Rawlins for sending you to Congress. Go on, you big dog."

"Mrs. Rawlins certainly worked like a Trojan," said the congressman elect.

"Goodness, I didn't do so much," demurred Mrs. Rawlins.

"The other women too," conceded the leader. "It was the women did it. I said they would, Tom, didn't I?"

"Like fun you did, Jimmy!" chuckled Tom Gentry. "You were scared stiff."

"Well, that's so, too, not to lie out of it. When I heard first that the women were going to vote, my knees caved in until the people were getting out of my way to let me jump. Yes, sir, and madam! It give me the shakes. Say, if they slipped a pair of castanets over my thumbs I could ha' gone on in a cabaret and brought down the house with a Spanish dance. I was a little nervous at first, what I mean. Well, do you blame me? Look at all the blah the papers were printing about what the women were going to do to us. Say, they were going to walk in on us and sit down and order things right and left, like a half-starved deputy sheriff in a bankrupt restaurant. Crape hangers. On the level, if the rent wasn't paid till the first of the month I'd have put up the shutters. Well, they come, didn't they—and where are we? Business as usual, only bigger and better than before. Sitting pretty, ain't we?"

"That's because you helped the women and showed them how to vote," said Mrs. Rawlins. "My land, somebody had to show us!"

"You said the very thing," agreed the leader. "That's what done it. That was the word was passed in the executive committee in Fourteenth Street, and that was the word was passed down the line in this district. I says to my wife, 'Nellie, put on your hat and get that mother of yours on the wire.' She says to me, 'Are we going to the movies, James?' Like that. Well, I will say that Nellie is a bit of a politician, too, now, and last week I come home and find the baby eating liver from the ice box and Nellie is out at a meeting. The little snoozer got right up out of his crib, he did. Say, Mrs. Rawlins, how's that youngster of yourn? He didn't look so wonderful when I seen him the other day."

"He had a hard summer, Mr. Clahan. I do wish I could get him out in the country."

"No, you can't do that," said Jimmy. "You got to live in the district. We want you to keep up your good work. Yes, it's tough on the kids, but business before pleasure. Say, Mrs. Rawlins, this is what I wanted to see you about: How about you being captain of that election district? Tom here's got to give it up. We can't have a great man like a congressman going around pushing doorbells. How about you taking hold of it? We were figuring on a man and a woman captain, but maybe you can swing the job alone, and then you'll have the pie in your lap. What do you think?"

"I couldn't spare the time, Mr. Clahan. You don't pay your captains, do you?"

"Not just like that, but they get theirs—hey, Tom? We'll find you something nice with the city that won't cut into your afternoons. You like the work, don't you? Listen, Mrs. Rawlins, I got something for you that will fit you as neat as a six-dollar all-wool suit in a cloudburst. What rent are you paying?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"A month? And for that you get the privilege of living in the cellar, and when you want some fresh air for the kids you got to send a bucket up the dumb-waiter. Say, how would you like the city to fit you into the finest house in the district, all for yourself, with nothing to do but jaw the public when they come to steal flowers? Sure, flowers! Geraniums and dandelions and magnolias and—well, you know, flowers—all around. Trees, too, and walks, and no automobiles, and the old sun shining into every window twenty-four hours a day."

"As much as that, Jimmy?" asked the congressman elect.

"Well, she could do with less and not be cheated, Tom. And the landlord will call the first of every month —— Wait! Instead of telling you to come across and stop weeping, the landlord will slip you up to one hundred and fifty berries, because the landlord will be the city. Go on, congressman, and tell her about Vosburgh Place."

Mrs. Rawlins waited skeptically, repressing insane hope and balancing her expectations between a joke and a fairy tale. She thought of Dewey, her pale little house-bound lad, and wished he could have heard this; he loved stories so. A muffled bellow of triumph came from behind the door to the card room as some strong man swept in a good pot, and then an elated voice was lifted in a song of another day:

"While her old man's working all the time,
She is marching up and down the line,
Shouting 'Votes, votes, votes,
Votes for women!' She's a ragtime suffragette."

"Shut up and play the game," said a voice in which was no elation. "This is a new deal."

IV

"THERE'S your board and there's your six hooks," said the janitor of the Raleigh High School to his handy man. "Put up that board and them hooks so we can have a place to hang the overalls. And for cripes' sake ——"

He shut his teeth down hard on his tobacco, shook his head and stalked out of the basement room.

Mr. Rawlins, so abandoned to the society of a spruce board and six japanned hooks, went briskly about his appointed task. He opened his carpenter's chest and lifted out nine S wrenches. These wrenches were graded to take nuts as small as would be used on a toy fire engine and as big as would be found clamping a four-cylinder marine engine to its oaken bed. He set the wrenches arow. He lifted out a cold chisel, a brass oil pump, a length of insulated wire and a rubber sucker on a stick to clear clogged traps. He had also a meat saw for cutting T-bone steaks, a monkey wrench and the head of a winter eel spear. These tools were not properly appurtenant to his profession of woodworking, but he liked to be prepared for eventualities. Farther down in his chest he found eleven assorted bits and an adz that was as good as new except that its cutting edge had been chewed by a nail.

He placed the board against the wall and reached for his hammer.

He remembered then that he had left his hammer at home, being unable to think of everything, so he drove in two nails tentatively with his monkey wrench and stepped back and closed one eye and looked. His judgment had been incredibly true. He was pleased, and he sat down and lit his pipe. When he had smoked his pipe out, he rose and went again to his chest to find a punch wherewith to set the hooks. He had no punch, so he opened his penknife. Then he stopped short and counted the screws.

"Won't center," he muttered. "Six."

He knocked his pipe out and reloaded it and walked about, puffing smoke and viewing the waiting board from various angles. The difficulty here had been raised by his sense of artistry, which revolted at even numbers; six wouldn't center. Any wood butcher could clap a board against a wall and stick six hooks into it, but Mr. Rawlins wanted to make a real good job. He considered cutting the plank in two with his meat saw and thus procuring two sets of

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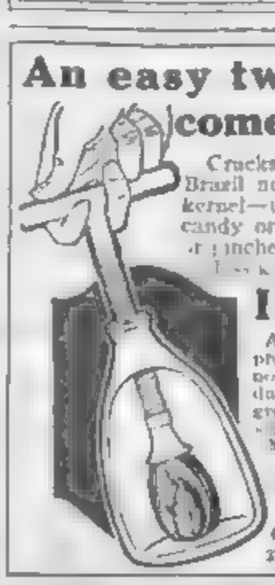

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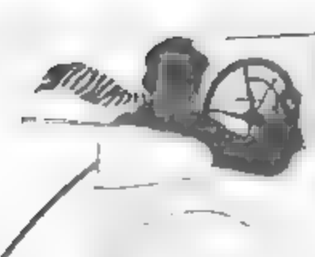

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threes, each of which would center to perfection. His employer, the janitor, was a difficult man, niggardly with praise and quick to blame; Mr. Rawlins yearned to wrench a respectful tribute from him. What to do, how best to place those two sawed pieces, if sawing should be resolved upon? In a line, or as an upper and a lower to accommodate with justice the overalls of tall and small men? Mightn't it be better, everything considered, to set the board or its pieces edgewise against the wall, so that it might serve as a shelf or shelves, and then the hooks could be fastened underneath?

He set to at once with cold chisel and monkey wrench and pried the board off the wall again. Two holes and a number of gashes were left in the plastered wall, but the board would cover them nicely when finally disposed.

He placed the board on the window sill and went to sketching on it with his carpenter's pencil. His position was an awkward one. He placed the board on the floor and knelt above it. When his knees bothered him he sat down on the floor. He lay over, supporting his head on his elbow and retouched his best sketch with his free hand. It was at last to his liking, and he gloated over it, puffing his pipe. For a better light on it, he lay down on his back, pillowing the hollow of his neck on the comforting round of his brass oil pump and setting the board on his chest. Perhaps he closed his eyes momentarily, the better to envisage the completed design against the wall, but he did not fall asleep; that story was made up by the janitor out of whole cloth.

"Great jumping jabbers!" said the janitor from the doorway

"I got it, Henderson," said Mr. Rawlins, leaping up, board in hand.

"Listen!" said the janitor, putting his blackened hands on his hips, bending over sideways and making play with the heel of one foot. "If you was Charley Murray himself, the boss of Tammany Hall, if every time you cast a vote it bounced t'ree times and exploded and t'rew out red fire, you're going to get off this job! I t'ought I been everywhere and I t'ought I seen everything, but s'help me cripes I didn't see nothing till I seen you! You learned me, fellow; you learned me. Beat it!"

"You'll hear more about this, Henderson," said Mr. Rawlins indignantly. "The matter with you is you don't know how to treat a real high-class mechanic. Who do you suppose you are anyway?"

"You heard me," said the janitor. "Pick up your scrap iron and be on your way! You can complain to the whole blamed United States Congress. They know where to find me. You tell 'em I said so!"

Mr. Rawlins put his assorted tools into his box and set the box upon his shoulder and trudged homeward to his furnished room. Dewey was in the room. The lad sat by the window and held a broomstick out into thin air. From the farther end of the broomstick hung a piece of twine that passed out of sight behind the window ledge.

"What are you doing, Dewey?" asked Mr. Rawlins.

"Fishing," said the lad soberly. "Like you told me about."

"Fishing, eh?" said Mr. Rawlins, entering into the spirit of the thing. "I bet you are catching a mess, aren't you? If you get this one and two more, you'll have three, hey? What bait have you got?"

"Worms I dug out of the yard," said Dewey, pointing at his father's tin of tobacco.

"Say, Dewey," said Mr. Rawlins, plucking earthworms out of the tin, "don't put worms into tobacco. It's bad for them. Are you getting any bites?"

"I think so," said Dewey.

"When you get a bite, strike!"

"Huh?"

"Strike, and hook them. Wait till I show you; let me have that pole. Hold it like this, see? Watch me now so you'll see how to do it. Well, you sit and wait until you get a bite, and then you strike—and there you ——"

A vacant expression replaced the animation in Mr. Rawlins' countenance and he lifted the farther end of the shaking twine into view. He had caught a very fine goldfish. It leaped and flashed in the sunlight, but he stared at it without exultation. He sprang up and leaned out over the window sill.

Miss Martine, the school-teacher who occupied the room below, was looking up at him. She had set her bowl of pet fish out upon the sunlit roof of the extension before her window and had supposed her pretty pets would be safe there.

"Honest, Miss Martine," said Mr. Rawlins, turning red, "it was an accident. I can't imagine how it happened. Would you mind taking it off?" He swung the dancing fish in toward her.

She seized the twine and yanked it, snapping it.

"And now," she promised, "I am going right out for an officer."

"Where is he?" demanded Dewey. "Didn't you strike him?"

"Say, Dewey," said Mr. Rawlins, "suppose you and me go out and take a walk. Miss Martine will want to think things over, but she is feeling very hasty just now. Where's your ma? Out fooling around with politics, I suppose, instead of attending to her business. Hurry up, Dewey. We will just slip in downstairs and get your hat and coat, and then we will take a nice long walk."

They walked down to Central Park and through the park to the menagerie at Sixty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. It was a long hike, but the hope of seeing a hippopotamus swallow whole loaves of bread like pills kept Dewey's strength up; Mr. Rawlins promised him he should see it.

They dawdled about the menagerie until the animal houses were shut for the night and until the goat man had refused to stay longer and to ride Dewey about alone in his six-seated vehicle behind the goats. They started homeward then through the darkening park, and Dewey pressed close to his father's side and held fast his hand and watched the shadowy shrubbery for the gleaming eyes of beasts of prey; his father had said that they were to be seen. Mr. Rawlins thought up harrowing details of what ravenous beasts escaped from the menagerie would do to any boy who did not have his father with him. So recounting, he got to studying the shrubbery himself, and when a bush ahead of them rustled suggestively he turned at right angles for an exit from the park and said to Dewey, "Pshaw, you're not getting scared, are you? What—a big boy like you scared of a lion? Why, say, Dewey, if a lion was to come at us now, I would shove my hand down his throat and grab him by the tail and —— What's the matter now?"

"I can't go so fast," gasped Dewey. "Look, pop, is that a lion ahead of us there?"

"Wh-where? Go on, that's only a bench. Don't be always talking foolishness. What puts such notions in your head anyway?"

He had intended to take a street car, but when he searched his pockets he found that he had spent all his money, and so they were obliged to make the long hike again. Dewey was quickly leg-weary and then he was hoisted to his father's shoulder. He marveled at his father's strength and endurance as he had theretofore marveled at his wisdom and courage; no father was like his father.

Mrs. Rawlins had returned from her interview with Jimmy Clahan at the Eskimo Club.

"Come down this way!" she called, and opened the iron basement gate.

"Honest, Betty, I had no idea it was so late," said Mr. Rawlins, "and the boy was having such a good time seeing the animals."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Rawlins. "Are you never going to get sense, and you forty-seven years old? What's this I hear about you?"

"What?" said Mr. Rawlins guardedly.

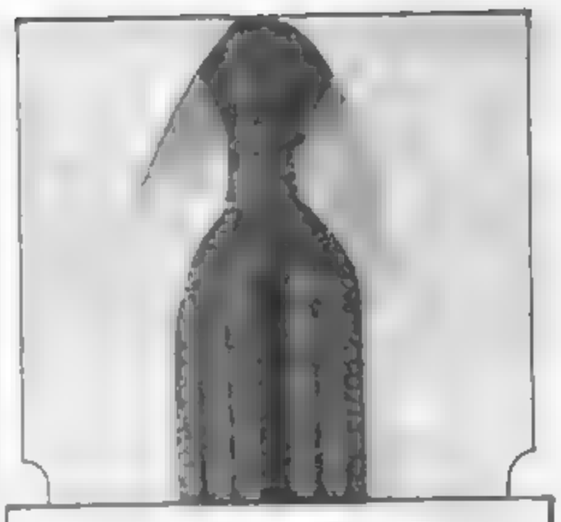
"You lost your job."

"I shouldn't have taken that job in the first place. If I didn't need the money, they wouldn't get me for no seventy-five a month. They took advantage of me. How can a man live and support a family on seventy-five a month?"

"You're not supporting any family."

"It ain't because I'm not willing to, Betty."

"Shucks!" she said. "You and your willingness! Well, I guess it's no use trying to make a man out of you, and you won't



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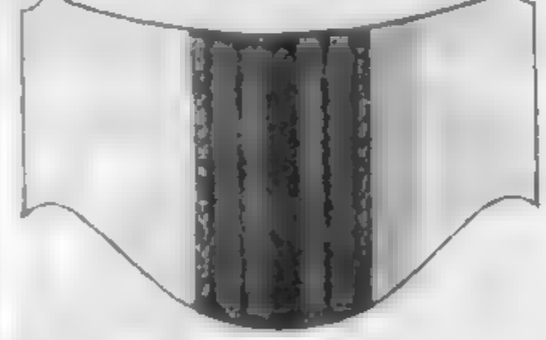

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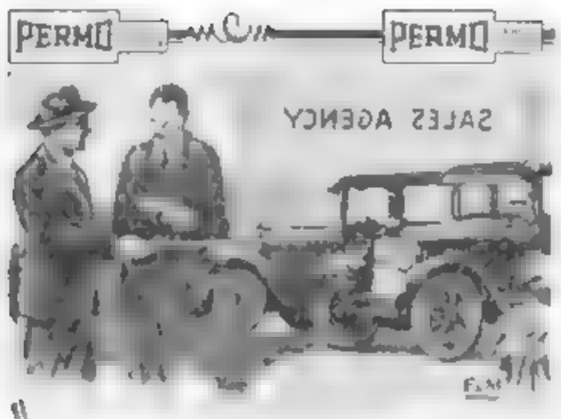

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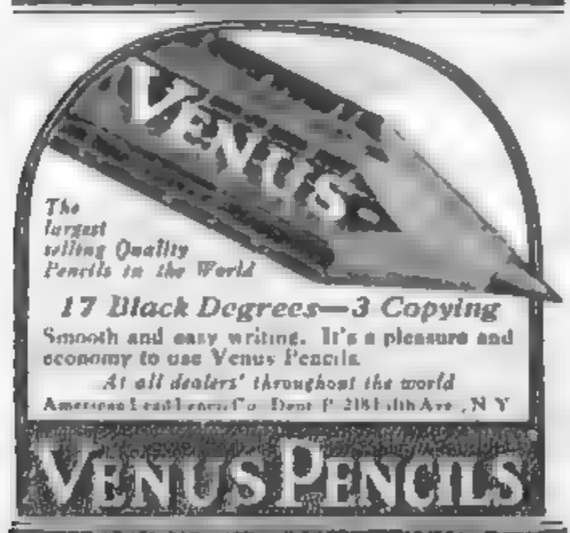
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change. Do you think you could sit around and do nothing for seventy-five dollars a month?"

"'Tain't enough for a family," he said doggedly.

"Never you mind about the family! You're not going to get the seventy-five dollars anyway, so you needn't worry about spending it. Mr. Clahan says it must be a couple. 'Male and female custodian,' he says; 'one hundred and fifty a month and quarters.' That's the law, he says. I'll draw the pay and I'll have the say, so you might as well understand."

"If we're only together again!" he said. "Hey, Dewey? What do you say, Veronica? Is it a political job, Betty?"

"It's to live in the old house behind the shanties in Vosburgh Place over on St. Nicholas Avenue."

"With all those colored fellows, Betty? Oh, no!"

"They're tearing down the shanties and making a park out of the Place and altering the old Vosburgh house for a museum or some such for the public to come into out of the cold. It's going to be Vosburgh Park, and somebody has to live in the house when it's fixed up to keep boys from breaking the windows. The house is two hundred years old, but Mr. Clahan says he'll make it up to date with steam heat and everything. He says the house is a relic, and when it is fixed up the public can come in and look at it from nine to six."

"We'll get a couple of Angora goats from the menagerie," said Mr. Rawlins, sitting up. "Hey, Dewey? They will look very pretty dotted about the lawn, and they will eat up the peanut shells and Frankfurter skins and newspapers and keep the place looking nice. A goat will eat anything, and when there is nothing else, they will eat the grass and we don't have to cut it. In this hot climate their long hair will fall out, so it don't have to be clipped, and the wool lying around will breed moths and butterflies and all kinds of song birds will come to eat them. Say, Betty, I will have a dozen corking ideas before I go to bed tonight. Honest, Betty, is this the truth?"

"For the sake of the children," said Mrs. Rawlins sternly. "This life is no life for them, Fred."

"Nor for you neither, Betty," he said. He looked at her earnestly, and then he arose and knelt beside her chair and put his arm about her large waist. "Betty, when I came back here and found how you were living, I said to myself that I hadn't done right by you. I said to myself that I would work my hands to the bone, but I would take you out of this place and put you all into a nice home where we could all be happy together again. This is my chance, Betty, and I'm going to take it. When we are in charge of that house, I am going to sit right down and study up some scheme to make a lot of money, and meanwhile you can probably make a little with serving hot coffee and sandwiches. There, you never thought of that!"

"When I have redded up the house I will have something to do besides serving hot coffee and sandwiches," she said. "I have to attend to politics."

"Politics!" he scoffed. "A woman's place is in the home. Say, what did you women do with the vote in the last election? I was reading the paper over at the school last Wednesday morning and all I saw was that the vote was doubled and Tammany Hall got bigger majorities than ever."

"Never you mind what women are doing with the vote," she said. "The thing is, what is the vote doing to women? But, oh, Fred, if I take you back, do you promise you'll be a man?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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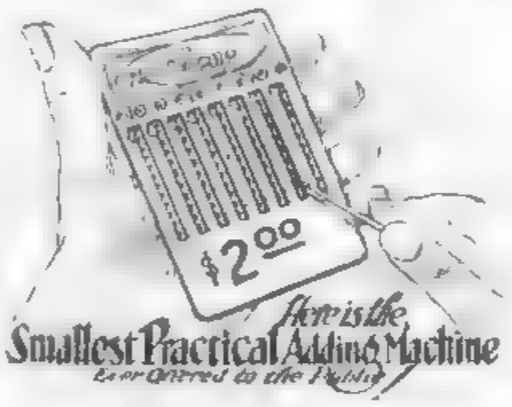

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YAY—a touchdown!

Mickey over the line! Listen to 'em cheer! 'Ray—Mick! Thousands at the game. Hundreds of thousands listening in! Everybody's eager—excited—keeping young with new enthusiasms. Listening in!

It's great to get every word from the field—just as sharp and distinct as if you stood beside the announcer. It's great to get music that comes from miles away, every tone and overtone mellow and clear. And these are the things that are making the fame of Radiola Regenoflex.

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COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base

Long before Percival Pangburn ever came down from Parnassus to read from his own works, the once familiar goatee had gained historic significance.

In Egypt, when Memphis and Thebes were still minor league towns, chin whiskers were worn, ostensibly as an indication of rank, but in reality because the barbers in those days were all slaves, and the masters deemed it advisable to have no shaving done in the vicinity of the jugular vein.

So it has been up through the ages. Thick whiskers and thin whiskers, side whiskers and chin whiskers have bruited men's dread of the razor. Now that dread is gone, never to return.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes shaving so easy and takes the discomfort out of it so thoroughly that poets, parachute performers, and devotees of other lofty pursuits have ceased to let their features be concealed from the public.

In addition to softening the beard *at the base*, where the razor's work is done, Colgate's puts an end to the need of swathing with hot towels, and of rubbing the lather in with the fingers. It leaves the face soothed and velvety, with no smart or disagreeable dryness after shaving.

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Large tube
35c

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